SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LI FEBRUARY, 1912 NO. 2

THE NEW WASHINGTON

By Montgomery Schuyler

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO, AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE authorization of three new department buildings, designed to be seen together, and accordingly harmonized in their architecture, is the longest single step thus far taken in the evolution of a Virginian village into a city worthy to be the capital and show-place of the second in population and the first in wealth of modern nations. (One excepts from the comparison, for different but obvious reasons, the British and the Chinese "Empires.")

He who visits Washington now after ten years, who has not seen it, say, since just after the war with Spain, finds so great a transformation that he is fain to take his bearings anew from the ancient landmarks and is relieved to find the Capitol and the Monument still predominant. Even after five years one finds the new monuments, architectural and sculptural, vying in interest with the old. But the decade is a more eligible period than the lustrum, for the purpose of comparison, because it is ten years since the Senate authorized its district committee to employ experts "for the improvement of the park system of the District of Columbia," and it is from that authorization that we may date the beginning of the New Washington.

A chief element of one's wonder is the costliness of the new erections. Probably the first thought of the average American, visiting or revisiting Washington, is that of Mrs. Carlyle's domestic at the sight of the engraving of the Sistine Madonna: "Lor', mum, how expensive!" The expenditure on all these new expanses of hewn granite or elaborated marble has been not only ungrudging but lavish. The three new department buildings which form the immediate occasion of these remarks are estimated to cost eight millions, and the official explanation of the project accurately sets forth that its costliness is not its chief distinction, since that sum has been "not infrequently exceeded by single Federal or State buildings." It is worth noting that the cost of the Library of Congress, completed in 1897, the chief national monument erected between the civil and the Spanish wars, and a marvel of economical administration in the building, was six millions. That was the last important building projected and erected in disregard of the original plan of Washington, the last before the revision and extension of that plan so as to bring it down to date and adapt it to the probable growth of the capital for still another century. It is the last likely to be so erected. The marble palaces that have been built since are all contributions to the execution of that plan—the monumental Union Station, the House office building, the Senate office building, the new National Museum, the municipal building of the District of Columbia, and the two wings along the southern building line of the Mall with the gulf between yawning for a supplementary appropriation to erect the central pavilion which is to unite them and to complete the building of the Department of Agriculture. If our republic is by no means like Cicero's in "hating private luxury," it resembles it at least in "loving public magnificence." One wonders at the ungrudging liberality with which the capital has been amplified and adorned by a legislature from which other cities find some difficulty

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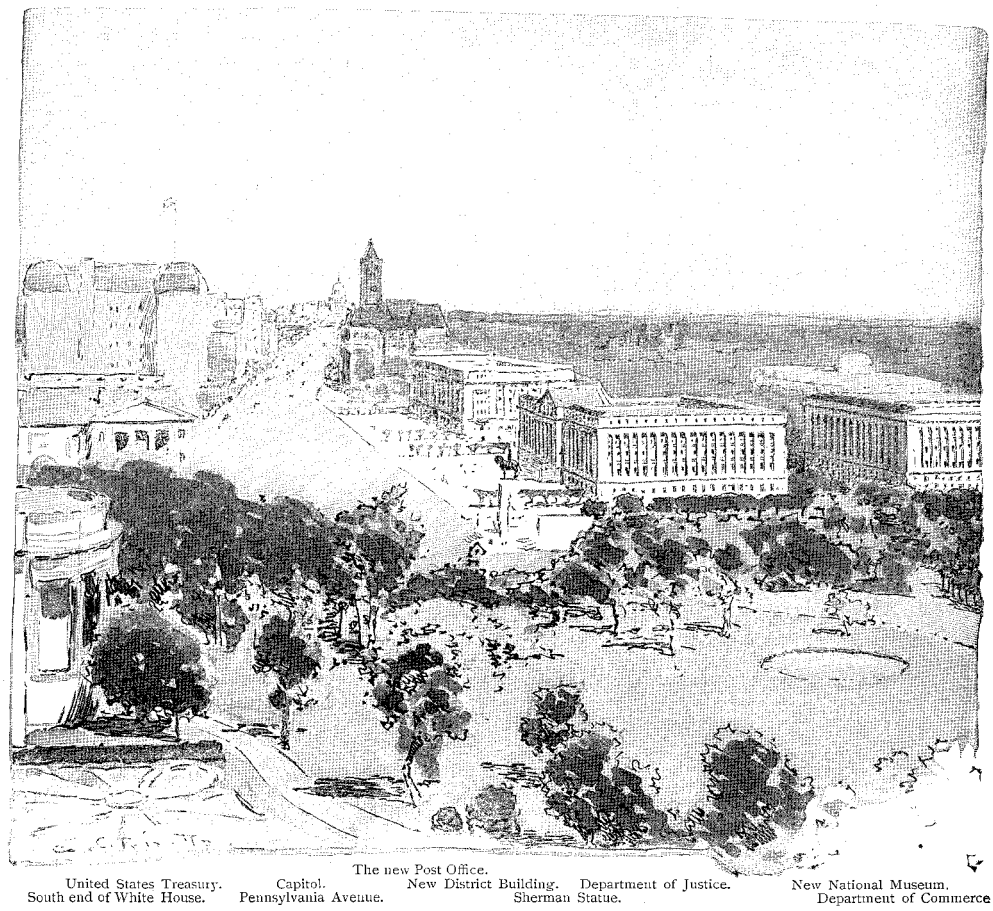

The three new buildings as seen from the roof

in obtaining suitable facilities and accommodations for their respective shares of the Federal service, and are fain, it is reported, to resort to the deprecable method of log-rolling in order to gratify their legitimate desires. Washington, one feels in Washington, is the spoiled child of the republic.

The reason is not far to seek:

> "The cities are full of pride,
> Challenging each to each—
> This from her mountain-side,
> That from her burthened beach."

If the representative in Congress of a city cannot perform the Herculean feat of obtaining an appropriation for its embellishment equal to its own appreciation of its own deserts, it at least behooves him to prevent its rival city from obtaining more. The competition is thus keen. But Washington is *hors concours*. The rivalry is at bottom commercial, and Washington has no commercial pretensions. It is still strictly a political capital, with the social attractiveness for residence or for sojourn which that position gives. Alone among American cities, unless you choose to call Newport a city, it must live on its beauty, like Paris. More exclusively than Paris, for Paris is, incidentally to its political position, the first commercial city of France. Washington is analogous rather to Versailles, except that it is the plaything not of a monarch but of a nation, which here delights to celebrate itself, and which celebrates itself on so much larger a scale than that on which Louis XIV celebrated himself by how much the national resources of the United States are beyond the dreams of Colbert. They are lavished upon the capital. "The District" is the Danæ upon which Uncle Sam descends in showers of gold. It is only

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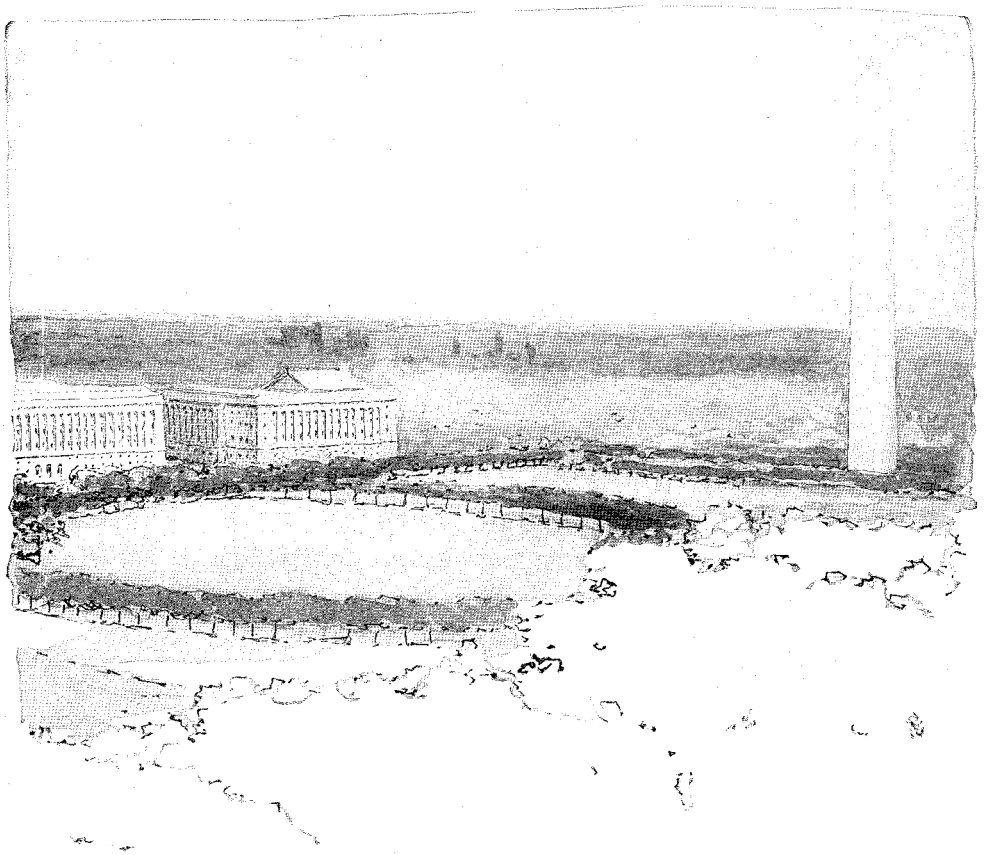

and Labor. Department of State. Washington Monument.

of the present State, War, and Navy Building.

Washington upon which these pecuniary refreshments fall with anything approaching this profusion. And one may say of the burghers of Washington, disfranchisement and all, as Virgil said of his farmers, that they would be too lucky if they only knew their own good. As it is, some of them are so ill-advised as to agitate for the commercial "booming" of the capital by the encouragement of manufactures. That would be a suicidal operation. In the first place, manufactories are unsightly and incompatible with "the city beautiful," which the whole country by its representatives in Congress assembled has shown and is showing its determination to make of the capital. From any point of view from which the city can fairly be seen as a whole, from the Potomac, say, or from the portico of Arlington House, the chimney shafts of such factories as now exist are unsightly and incongruous with the main purport and expression of the unique municipality, even the chimney shaft of so unquestionably necessary and pertinent an appanage of a political and uncommercial capital as that of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. As Mr. Muirhead puts it, in his "America: The Land of Contrasts":

"The absence of the wealth-suggesting but artistically somewhat sordid accompaniments of a busy industrialism contributes to Washington's position as one of the most singularly handsome cities on the globe."

In the second place, the encouragement of manufactures or of any "business" beyond what is strictly incidental and accessory to the primary purpose of the place tends to deliver Washington to the competition from which it is the very condition of its prosperity and one may say the very reason of its being that it shall be delivered. It

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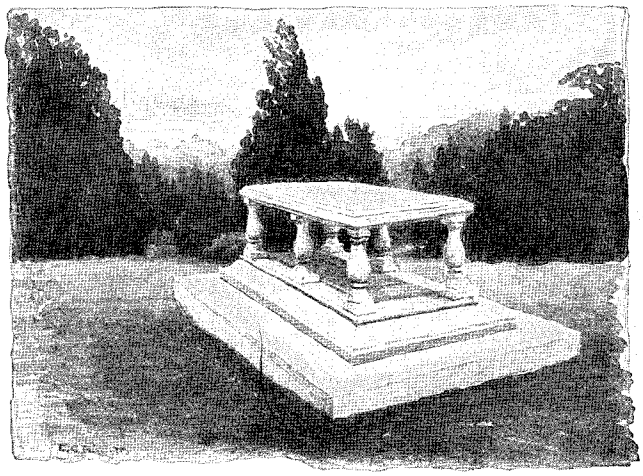
is only while Washington sits apart and aloof from the general industrial movement that no effective voice will be raised against the extraordinary privileges and immunities which are bestowed upon it in consequence of its detachment. The golden shower amounts to a mean annual rainfall of between five and six millions. The real entry of Washington into the interurban competition would startlingly reduce



Tomb of Major L'Enfant at Arlington.
W. W. Bosworth, architect.

this precipitation and substitute aridity. The Washington "base-ball team," one of the "circenses" of the District of which the Congress, excepting in the individual capacities of its members as sympathetic playgoers, has nothing to do with defraying the expense, probably deems itself the victim of a cruel fate, but might be actuated by high policy, in maintaining a modest last or penultimate position in the competition of its respective "league." And yet it appears that there are business men in Washington who even claim the praise of public spirit in demanding that the capital shall enter the industrial competition. The story might be commended to them of that French Theodore Hook who interrupted a singer of the music-hall, successively announcing his desire to be a butterfly and his desire to be an angel, by asking him "Which?" and sternly adding: "You cannot cumulate; you must choose." The true function of the capital in respect of the other cities of the country is that of a "counsel of perfection," the furnishing of a model of municipal planning and municipal administration which will be no less useful and exemplary to the cities engaged in the industrial competition from which it is exempted because the conditions of their existence put the complete attainment of it by them out of the question.

This function Washington is coming more and more perfectly to perform, and has extraordinary and even unique advantages for performing. The first of them is, of course, the priceless advantage of having been from the first intelligently planned with prevision of its special municipal destinies. Philadelphia had, indeed, been "regularly laid out" before Washington was thought of, and by its founder. But a British tourist, John Davis by name, who visited Washington for the inauguration of Jefferson, and when there was little, indeed, of Washington to be seen, except on paper, was appreciative enough to note:

"From the Capitol, the President's house, and some of the important areas are to be diagonal streets, which will prevent the monotony that characterizes Philadelphia. We here perceive the superiority of taste in a travelled Frenchman over a home-bred Englishman. Penn was the founder of Philadelphia; the plan of Washington was framed by Major L'Enfant."

Washington, it is true, found Pierre L'Enfant "of an untoward disposition," but this may have been only on account of the engineer's stickling, to what the great man

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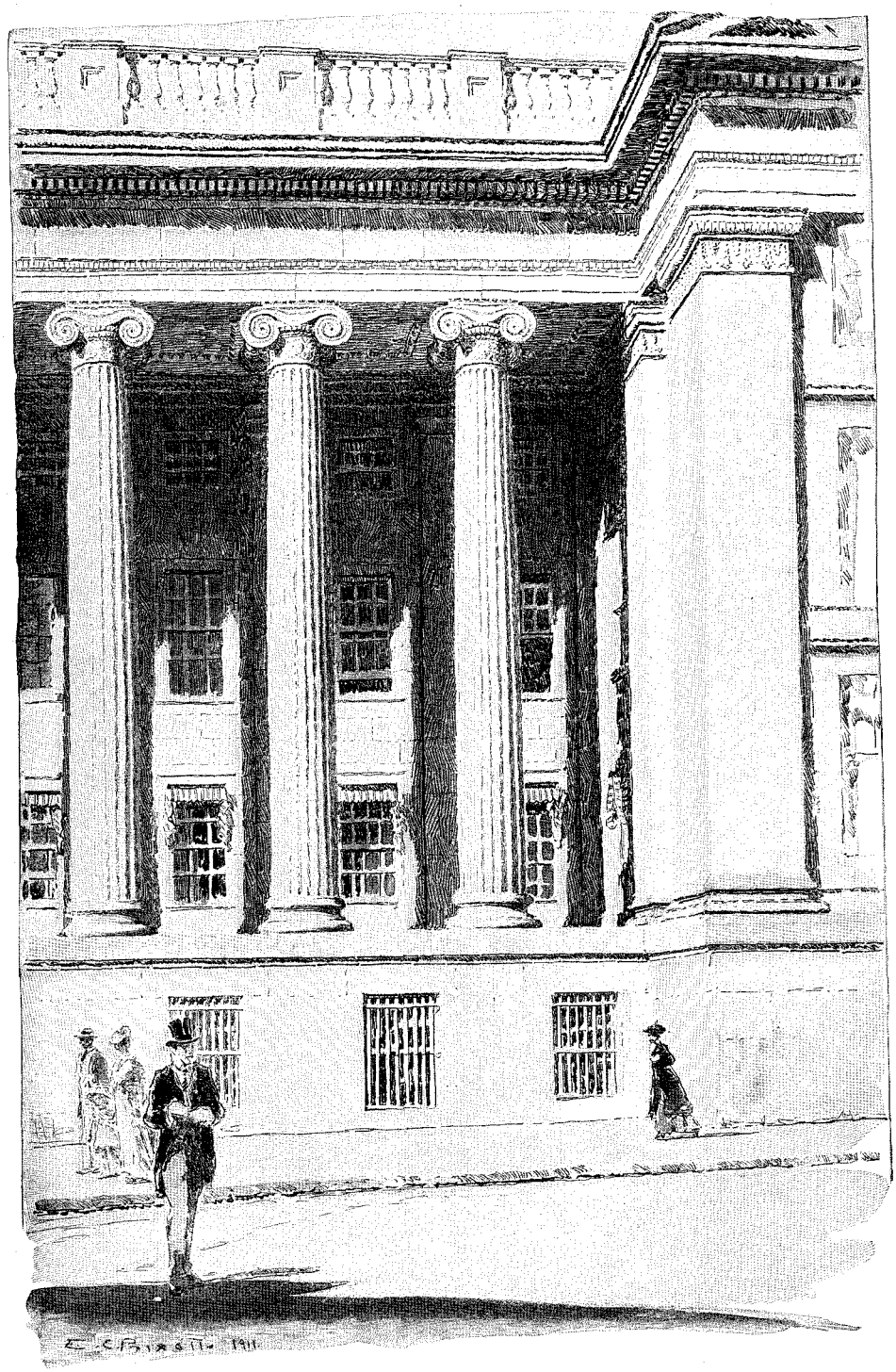

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Detail of the east colonnade of the Treasury Building.

Robert Mills, architect.

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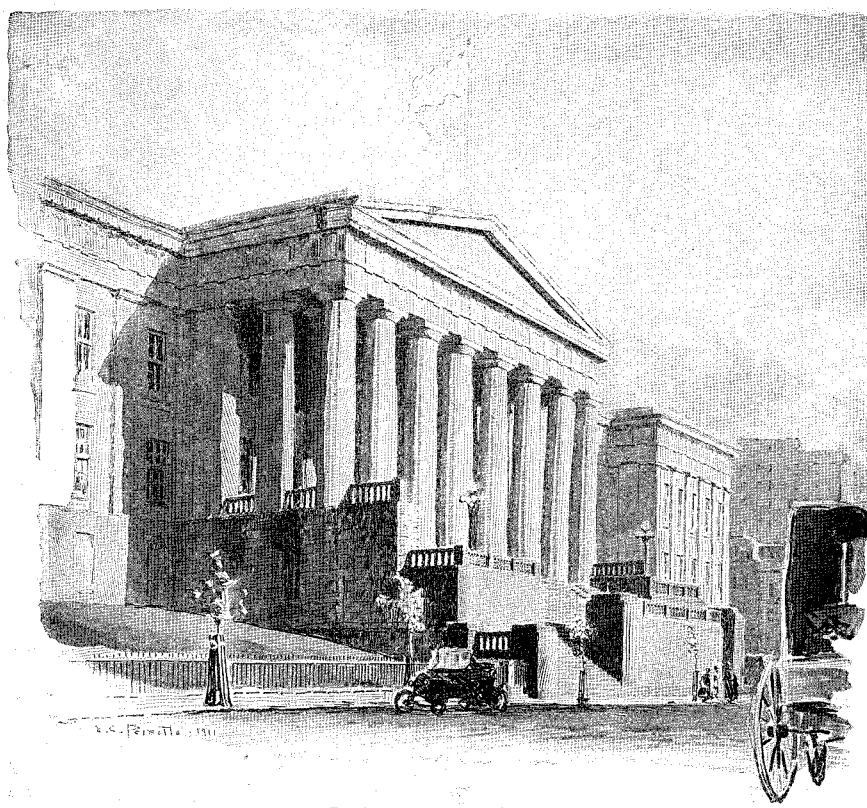

Portico of the Patent Office.
Robert Mills, architect.

thought an unreasonable degree, for his own notions of a capital city, although he was the only person in the councils of the new "Federal City" who had any detailed and specific notion of what a capital city was. If it be only just now that he has been appropriately commemorated by the tomb at Arlington, it is only just now, one may say, that the city of his design has earned the right to commemorate him by the execution of his design. No commemoration could be more appropriate than the erection of the engineer's tomb directly in front of the Arlington House which George Washington Parke Custis built at the beginning of the nineteenth century at the precise spot which commands the most effective bird's-eye view of the city, barring the top of the Monument and of the Capitol, and enables the best appreciation of the engineer's work. Thanks to that work it is that Washington has never had and never will have to be Haussmannized to fulfil its destiny. L'Enfant's plan fell, indeed, into neglect, fell into oblivion. From 1830 to 1900, one may say, the gist and essence of it had faded from all minds. To be sure, the Shepherd administration, of mixed memory, had recurred to the original map for the making of the streets and the embellishment by planting of the squares and circles and polygons accruing from the intersections of the original plan. These were the services for which that administration is entitled to be remembered, along with the undeniable set-offs, insomuch that it would take a very rigid and uncompromising moralist to regard the statue of Shepherd in front of the new District with the impulse of inconoclasm only. For all other purposes than those of sewering, paving, grading, and guttering, the plan vividly summarized by Mr. Muirhead as " a wheel laid upon a gridiron" (in fact, there are three superposed "wheels") had lapsed, in a single generation, from the memories of men.

And yet how effectual were these humble reclamations. Recall Dickens's account of Washington in 1842, John Tyler *consule:*

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"Plough up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought not to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble, anywhere, but the more entirely out of everybody's way the better; call one the Post Office, one the Patent Office, and one the Treasury, . . . leave a brickfield without the bricks in all central places where a street may naturally be expected; and that's Washington. . . . It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman."

The aspect of the city was essentially the same to and through the Civil War. During the war, indeed, the cupola of the Capitol was completed by the erection of the crowning figure of Freedom above the metallic simulation of lithic forms. That soaring bubble makes its unfailing effect in any distant view. But close at hand, it has the overpowering effect of an extinguisher upon the structure beneath. Particularly upon the east front, for in the view from the west the terrace added by Fred. Law Olmsted finds an excellent æsthetic function in dissembling the architectural baselessness of the crowning dome. But on the eastward front it is so plain that the dome rather crushes than crowns the substructure that the projection of the centre, for which Thomas U. Walter, the author of the dome, made a design, is still an urgent architectural need of the edifice.

The Washington that Dickens saw was the Washington that another British tourist saw twenty years later, Sir William Russell, not yet "Sir," when he came out to do the war for the *London Times* and to receive his American nickname. Revisiting it twenty years still later, in the early eighties, he was

Order of the old General Post Office.
Robert Mills, architect.

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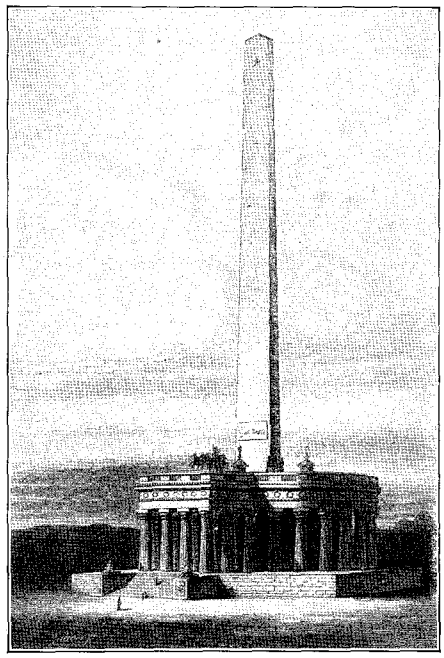
astonished to find it "by far the handsomest of American cities." And yet, during this interval there had been no addition to the architectural attractions of the capital. Nobody, then or since, counted among those attractions Mr. Mullett's State, War, and Navy Building, or General Meigs's Pension Building, of which it is traditionally reported that General Sheridan bitterly complained to its author that he had made it fireproof. The conversion of the Virginian village into the handsomest of American cities had been effected solely by the labors of the "Boss," whom one cannot too seriously blame old Washingtonians for delighting to honor.



Original design for the Washington Monument.
Robert Mills, architect.

L'Enfant himself had laid it down: "Lines or avenues of direct communication have been devised to connect the separate and most distant objects with the principal, and to preserve through the whole a reciprocity of sight." The three "principal objects" of the plan were the Capitol, the President's house, and the Washington Monument, at that time expected to take the form of an equestrian statue. The avenue which was intended to preserve "reciprocity of sight" between the first and second was Pennsylvania Avenue; between the first and third was the broad stretch of the Mall, bordered with trees and buildings; between the second and third the President's garden, or, as we say now, the White House grounds. The last alone has been maintained. The first was destroyed in the thirties, according to tradition, by the emphatic walking-stick of "Old Hickory," planted by his own hand at the spot he had determined for the corner-stone of the Treasury. The testimony of the architect of that building, Robert Mills, was explicit that the site was the President's personal selection. The selection showed how, within ten years after L'Enfant's death, a primary purpose of his plan had either been completely ignored or completely forgotten, probably the latter. In any case, the blunder is irretrievable. Pennsylvania Avenue is permanently deflected around the huge obstacle to "reciprocity of sight" between the White House and the Capitol. Equally forgotten or ignored, throughout the whole of the nineteenth century, was the primary purpose of the Mall, projected as a majestic and monumental promenade, or parade, between the Capitol and the Monument, a cisatlantic Champs Elysées on a much larger than the transatlantic scale, for L'Enfant's "Grand Avenue" is twice as long as the parked part of the Parisian promenade and four hundred feet wider. Washingtonians kept on calling it "the Reservation" without the faintest notion why it was reserved. The most active and importunate squatters obtained "pre-emptions" within it. Andrew Jackson Downing was invoked to magnify his office as a landscape gardener by dotting its unoccupied surfaces with plantations in the romantic taste, which would have been as appropriate to an environment in which the "place" was the chief attraction and the buildings subordinate to the landscape as it was inappropriate to an environment in which the landscape was auxiliary and conducive to the effect of formal and monumental architecture. The irregular and naturalistic scheme of plantation was in fact as much "from the purpose" of the Reservation as the intrusion into it of the tracks and the station of a great railroad. Already the Mall is freed from its chief obstruction, the railroad that traversed it having with-

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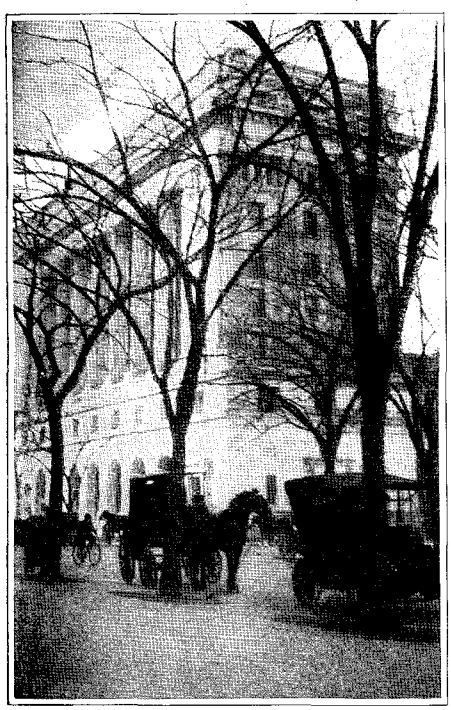
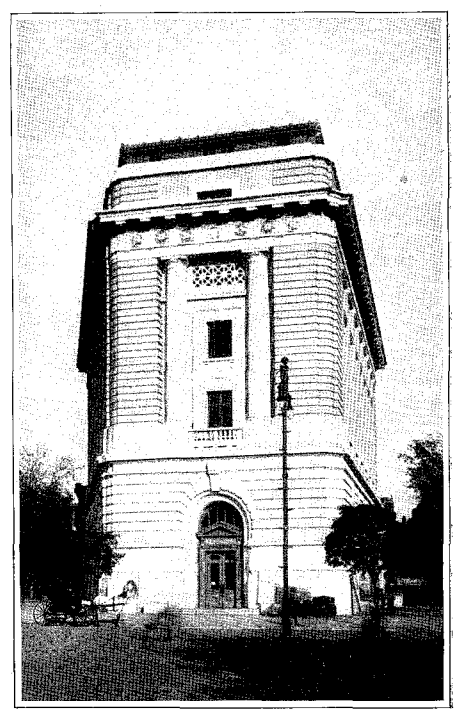
drawn to find much more suitable and dignified accommodation elsewhere, while the unfinished buildings of the Department of Agriculture and the new National Museum, on opposite sides of it, exemplify its intended use, which will be even more imposingly exemplified by the main front of the new Department of State. The three new buildings will also find one of their main uses in redeeming the triangle of which the base is the line that has been chosen for the three façades, and of which the Mall and Pennsylvania Avenue are the other two sides. In the contemplation of the commission of 1901, this triangle was destined to the buildings intended to supply the local needs of the District. Of these, the "District Building" is already in being, and is imposing by its extent and its material, a fresh and glittering white marble, if not altogether by its architecture. It is in sooth a very busy and eventful front, in which the visitor accustomed to the tamer and more reposeful aspect of the older public buildings will be apt to find that there is altogether too much going on. He will be apt to prefer the unbroken colonnade of the side to the colonnade of the front, interrupted by the three projected pavilions, which are one, if not two, too many for its extent. Even in the side he will be apt to resent the competition which is set up by the attempt to make the intercolumniations as interesting as the colonnade, and will be likely to hold that this elaboration justifies the architect of the old department buildings in relying for his effect exclusively upon his colonnades, and treating his windows as necessary evils, as mere unmodelled and unadorned rectangular holes.

We come here upon the question of the style, the "Official Style," of Washington. This may fairly be said to have been fixed not by the Georgian version of Palladian architecture, which we call "Colonial," and in which the Capitol and the White House are composed, but by the style which succeeded it, the "Greek Revival" of England, the "Style Empire" of France, which was founded on the publications of the "Antiquities of Athens." Of this style Latrobe, the second architect of the Capitol, showed knowledge, proposing, in fact, a



The Union Trust Company Building.
Wood, Donn & Deming, architects.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

The Masonic Temple.
Wood, Donn & Deming, architects.

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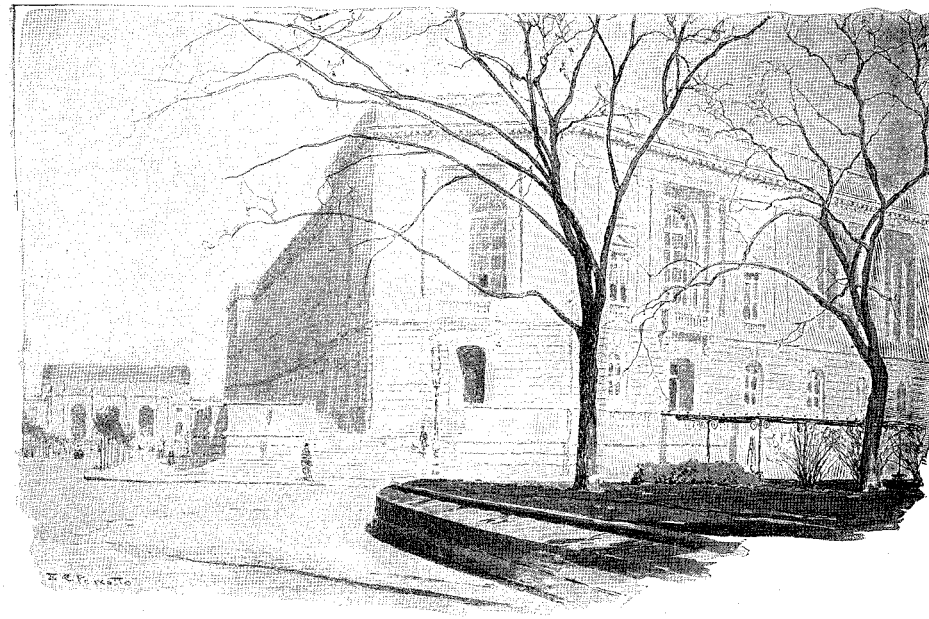

New Senate Office Building, showing Union Station at foot of street.
John M. Carrère, consulting architect.

little Greek temple as the entrance to the west front, a proposition which we may be thankful was not executed. But it became really fruitful only in the hands of Latrobe's pupil, Robert Mills. He was the architect, in the late thirties, of the three original department buildings. He designed the Patent Office in the Doric of the Parthenon, the colonnade of the Treasury in the Ionic of the Erechtheum, but in the Corinthian of the General Post Office he divagated from the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the only Grecian example of Corinthian then accessible, to the examples of the Italian Renaissance. One may admire Greek architecture more than any of its derivatives, and still maintain that he was in the right in his divagation, seeing that in the engaged Corinthian order of the Post Office he attained much of the effect of the colonnade or the portico, without the necessary interference with the practical uses of a modern building which the projecting and umbrageous colonnade entails. The fact remains that Mills's Greek buildings and not his Italian building set the pattern for subsequent public architecture in Washington, and it is they which have been reverted to by the designers of the three new department buildings now authorized. The architect who brought about that result is surely entitled to a memorial in the city which he embellished. The memorial which would do most to appease his manes is, doubtless, the completion of his Washington Monument according to his design. Twice did he attempt to adorn and enliven the base of an Egyptian obelisk with Grecian architecture, once in the Bunker Hill Monument, of which he complained that the decorative architecture, omitted in execution, was essential to the effect of his design, and again, upon a much larger scale, in this Washington Monument, and was both times baffled. In Washington he might reasonably have expected that his design would be fully executed, seeing that a picture of the entire design was the basis of the appeal in which the erection of the Monument was "earnestly recommended to the favor of our countrymen," during Taylor's brief administration, by the President and Vice-President, by all the surviving ex-Presidents and ex-Vice-Presidents, and by those citizens whose names commanded the largest measure of public confidence. Without doubt the omission was a misfortune for the Monument, since the crystalline shaft, so impressive from a distance, has now nothing to repay a closer inspection. Mills, in one respect, has suffered more grievously than L'Enfant from the neglect of posterity,

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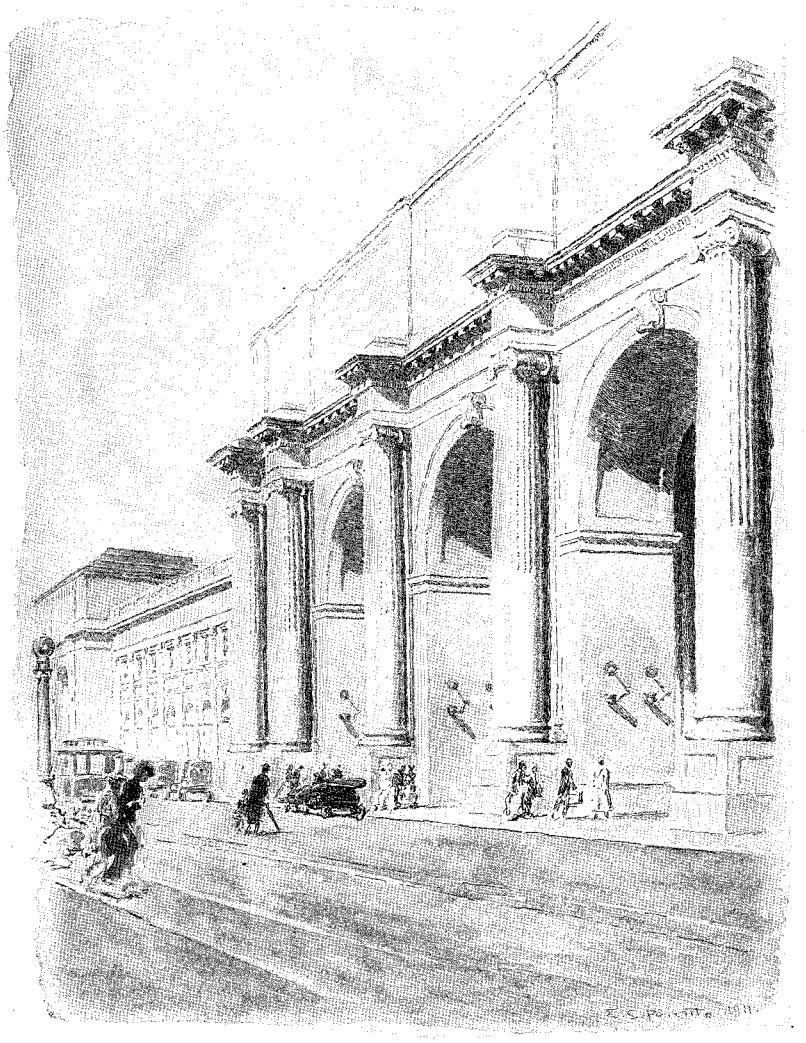
since the commission which rescued and extended L'Enfant's design not only did nothing for the execution of the most conspicuous of Mills's designs, but suggested another site and another plan for the patriotic Pantheon for which the peristyle of the Washington Monument purported to provide. The completion of the Monument, according to the intention of its architect, would without question be one of the notable embellishments of the Mall, when "reciprocity of sight" between the Capitol and the Monument is fully established, would be a pious recognition of services to the capital of a Washingtonian so well worthy of memory. Dumas puts into the mouth of his historical favorite, that French Alcibiades, Nicolas Fouquet, in relation to the château of Vaux le Vicomte, which excited the envy and emulation of Louis XIV, and which furnished quite its quota of hints to the Washington commissioners of 1901, words which are as applicable to the builders of Washington: "Vaux is not mine: it belongs to Levau and Le Nôtre and Le Brun," the three being respectively the architect, the landscape gardener, and the decorator of the more than royal residence. That an



Entrance of the New Union Station.
D. H. Burnham, architect.

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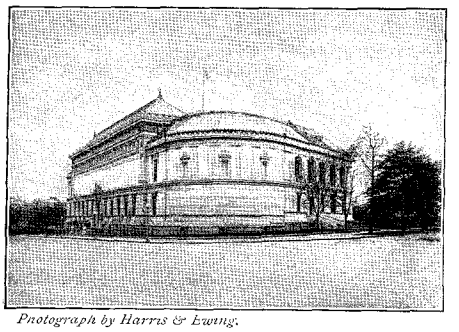
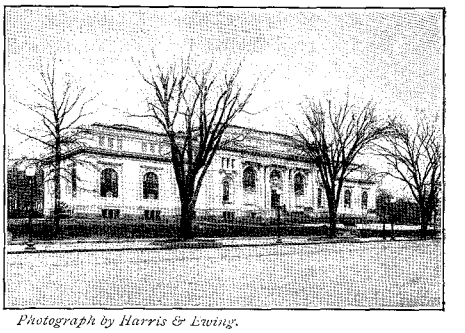


Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

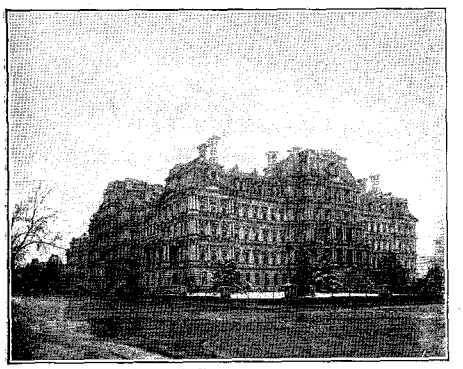
Corcoran Gallery of Art.
Ernest Flagg, architect.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

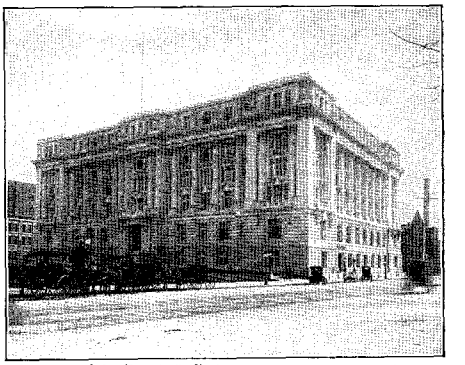
Carnegie Library.
Ackerman & Ross, architects.

artist has a vested interest in his work which does not determine with his death is a proposition repugnant and incredible alike in commercial and in Congressional circles; but the acceptance of it seems to be a condition of the most enduring public art. The extensions of all three of Mills's department buildings were intrusted to Thomas U. Walter in the early fifties, after he had won the competition for the extension of the Capitol and when Mills still survived, though superannuated. Mr. Walter showed in these works the same admirable deference and conformity and self-abnegation which he had showed in the greater undertaking. In extending the Patent Office and the Post Office, he simply repeated his predecessor's work, adding nothing of his own. In the Treasury, the extension of which Mr. Walter designed, though he declined additionally to burden himself by undertaking its superintendence, this modesty was not permitted. The Treasury Building, from 1840 to 1855, consisted only of the shallow east wing, fronted by the Ionic colonnade which, like the painted stone centre of the Capitol, attested that it was built in the day of pecuniary small things, the columns being laid up in successive drums of sandstone. It is only within these last years that these have been superseded by monoliths of granite in conformity to the later work. What Walter did was to enclose the colonnade between powerful, pedimented pavilions containing an engaged order, "distyle in antis," of the same scale as the colonnade, to the great architectural advantage of the colonnade, and to omit the order on the other three fronts, excepting in a projecting portico at the centre and an engaged order at the ends, to the great practical advantage of the building as a place to do work in. It was not until the seventies that a violent departure was made from the examples of Mills and from the public architecture of the capital, in the design of the State, War, and Navy Building. Irretrievably misplaced as the Treasury Building had been by the ignorant



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

The old State, War, and Navy Building.
A. B. Mullett, architect.



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The new District Building
Cope & Stewardson, architects.

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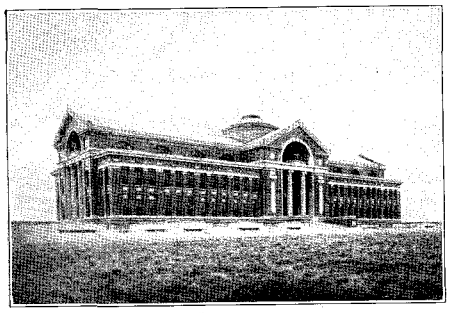
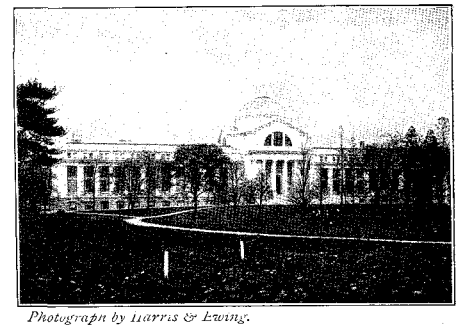


Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

The Army War College.
Charles F. McKim, architect.

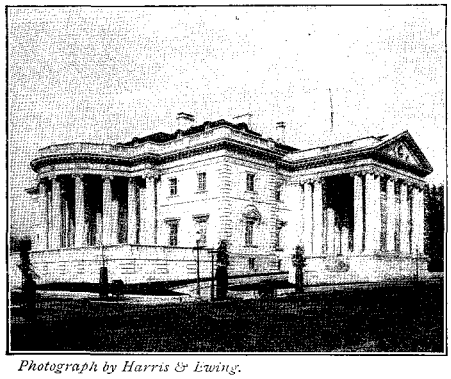


Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

The new National Museum.
Hornblower & Marshall, architects.

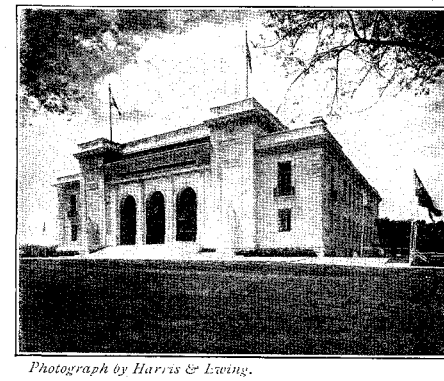
insistence of Jackson, there could be no question that a department building on the other side of the "White Lot" ought to conform to it, even to the extent of being a counterpart of it. Every public building up to that time, "colonial" like the Capitol and the White House, or of the Greek Revival like the department buildings of the thirties, had had as its architectural unit an "order" sufficiently similar to the others in dimensions to give a common scale, an order including two stories in every building excepting the Treasury, in which it included three. The innovator not only destroyed the scale by superposing orders of a single story each, but crowned the edifice with a makeshift Mansard by way of obtaining an additional story, and the resultant pavilions and chimneys torment the sky-line into the negation of dignity or repose. The huge building remains an anomaly in the public architecture of Washington, "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," for it did not occur to the next ambitious supervising architect, the designer of the new Post Office in the early nineties, to imitate it. He initiated another departure, this time in the Richardsonian Romanesque that then prevailed, to the current forms of which he brought nothing of his own. There is nothing in this to encourage imitation. Its sterility is the encouraging fact about it; its sterility and the circumstance that, standing where it does in "The Avenue," it compromises nothing but itself, and might be taken for one of the freaks of the private building of Washington more readily than for an example of the public architecture.

It is no wonder that these two horrible and Helotic examples of the danger of nonconformity should have sufficed for the succeeding architectural authorities, in those better days of our public architecture which are commonly dated from the "Tarsney act," allowing competitions for Federal buildings, but which really began with the appointment of a cultivated and competent



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

The Memorial Continental Hall.
Edward Pearce Casey, architect.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing.

International Bureau of American Republics.
Kelsey & Cret, architects.

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practitioner, in 1896, to be supervising architect of the Treasury, followed, in 1897, by the appointment of another architect of the same qualifications, who is in office still. One may be ever so firmly impressed with the inadequacy of classic architecture to general modern uses. He may hold ever so firmly that Greek architecture is a perfect and admirable style in which to build Greek temples, but not really available for any other use. He may insist upon the necessity of a manner of building which has a less meagre repertory both of "motives" and of details, which is more flexible and more variously and specifically expressive, and which gives more scope for the individuality and invention for which Greek architecture gives none at all. He may even both understand and sympathize with what Ruskin meant when he wrote:

"The choice of Classical or Gothic, using the latter term in its broadest sense, may be questionable when it regards some single and considerable public building; but I cannot conceive it questionable, for an instant, when it regards modern uses in general: I cannot conceive any architect insane enough to project the vulgarization of Greek architecture."

He may deplore the extension of the public architecture of Washington for any more practical purpose than the "court of honor" of a world's fair. And yet he may be compelled to admit that, for the public architecture of Washington, the case is closed, the capital is committed, and there is nothing for it but a reversion to the "official style." This is the view which the projectors of the competition for the three new buildings took, and which the successful competitors have adopted. They have welcomed the monotony which they have doubtless incurred as a refuge from the miscellany they have doubtless avoided. There is nothing in the architecture of the new buildings which smacks in the least of modernity, even of the modernity of the Beaux Arts, unless haply the interpolated attic or superpolated pediment of the Ionic Department of Justice be held to be a modern gloss, or the Roman instead of Athenian Doric of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The motive of the southern front of the Department of State is in effect the motive of the southern front of the Treasury, with the substitution of Corinthian for Ionic. It is all the architecture of the thirties and the fifties, and would have no disturbing novelties for Mills or Walter, for that matter none for Pericles or Phidias. But, doubtless, the better part has been chosen. Doubtless there are, along with the monotony, the essentials of dignity and repose which more animation and variety would have been in danger of impairing. Doubtless the new buildings carry on, in an imposing manner, on an imposing scale, and in an imposing material, almost compulsorily white marble, the tradition of the public architecture of Washington, which is, in sooth, in civil architecture, the only tradition we can be said to possess.

Elsewhere, in the actual or projected public or quasipublic new buildings, the rigor of the precedents has been somewhat relaxed. The new building projected for the Supreme Court, being a counterpart in size and site of the Italian Renaissance of the Library of Congress, is almost necessarily its counterpart in exterior architecture. The Library, as has been mentioned, is an anomaly in its situation, and would not have been placed where it is and as it is had it been designed after the commission of 1901 had reclaimed and brought into evidence the original plan of Washington. For the "wheel" of which the Capitol is the hub had no fewer than twelve radial spokes of streets, of each of which the Capitol closed the vista. Two of these spokes were cut off by the Library of Congress, and, in the interest of conformity to that edifice, the projected Supreme Court cuts off two more. But the architectural duplication of the Library, which need not, of course, exclude such improvements in detail, and even, within limits, of composition and arrangement as the designer may see his way to, will form a noteworthy addition to the attractions of Capitol Hill. The Senate and House office buildings, virtually identical in their architecture, are entirely conformable to the Capitol, if they have not much individual interest of their own. Another recent building which undoubtedly has such an interest is the Union Station, and this is sufficiently conformable, though neither its conformity nor its interest depends upon the order, which is here a negligible and omissible detail. The power of the design resides in the simplicity and the largeness of its exterior and interior

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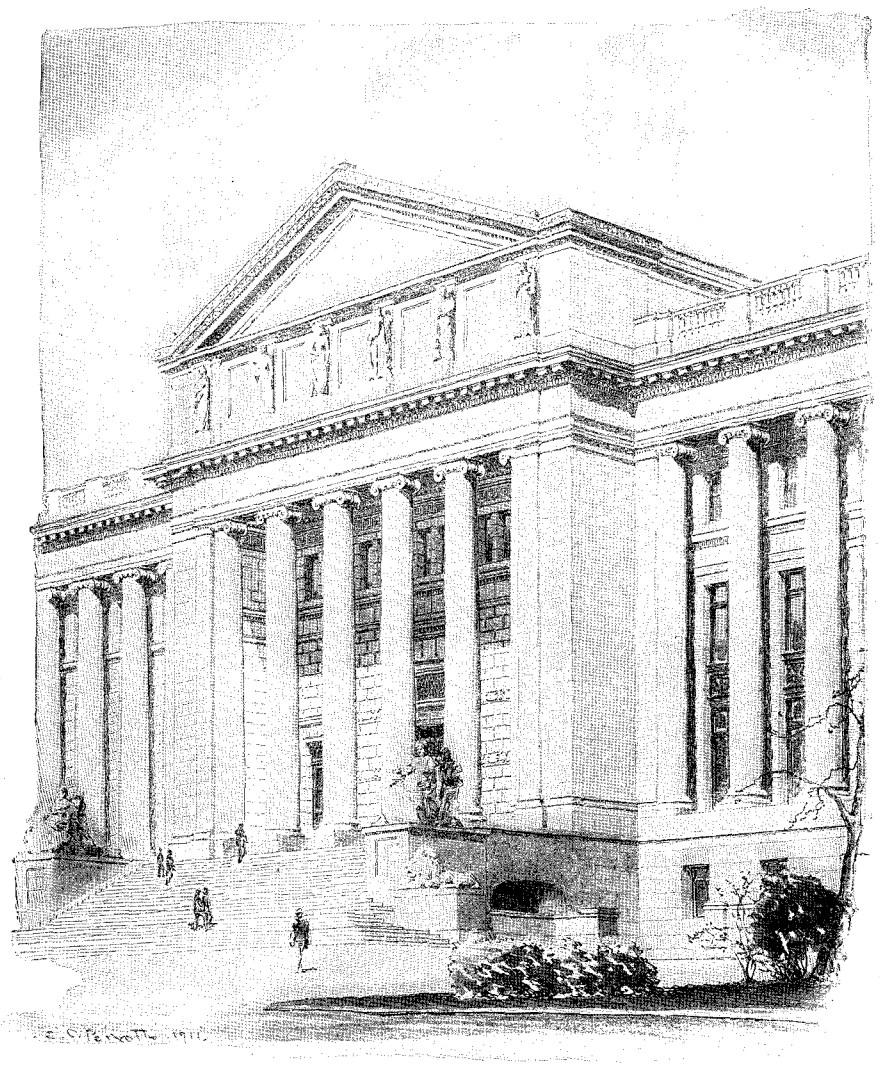

Portico of the new Department of Justice.
Donn Barber, architect.

disposition, the arch being substituted for the column as the unit of the architecture, and the arcade for the colonnade as the means of emphasizing the horizontal expanse. This is the contribution to the execution of the plan of ten years ago, made by one of the architectural members of the commission. The Lincoln Monument, reserved to the other, the lamented Charles F. McKim, and represented in his sketch as an extreme example of classicality, being in fact the periptery of a Greek temple without the cella, is still, one learns, on the knees of the gods. Meanwhile, the only executed work of the architect at the capital is the War College, which the casual visitor is liable to miss altogether, unless he be well enough advised to make his pilgrimage to Mount Vernon by the river. It is in the main an unpretentious and businesslike building of humble brickwork, which is classicized and architecturalized by a central feature at each end and on each side, an arched aperture enclosing a colossal order. The single and lonely statue in front of it indicates the War College as the most appropriate place which could be found in the capital of the American Republic for

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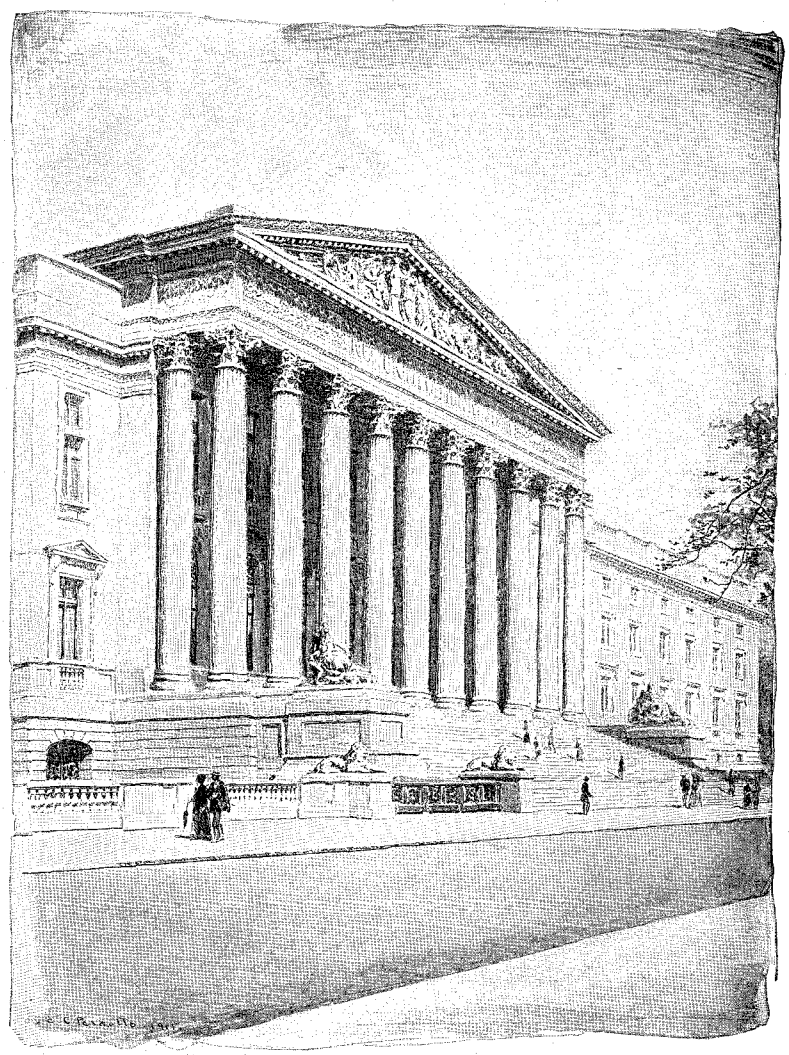

The new Department of State Building.
Arnold W. Brunner, architect.

the imperial and somewhat elephantine gift of a statue of Frederick the Great.

The public buildings, other than Federal, which have been erected to the westward of the White House are attractive additions to the New Washington. The situation, purpose, and ownership of these dispensed the architects, it should seem, from adhesion to the official style imposed upon the government. Not all of the architects have lived up to their privileges. One is moved particularly to congratulate the architect of the Corcoran Art Gallery on his success in showing that the classical effect can be attained, the effect of "magnitude, uniformity, and succession," in an "astylar" front which does not contain a single classical member, even while condoling with him on the imposed necessity of annexing the curvilinear and excrescential structure which so evidently does not "belong." The Memorial Continental Hall, which we owe to the piety of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was plainly indicated as "Colonial," and the indication might with advantage have been even more strictly followed. Similarly, the Bureau of American Republics offered an opportunity of

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paying a graceful tribute to our Southern little sisters of "Latin" traditions by a much stronger suggestion than the exterior architecture offers of the Spanish Renaissance of the sixteenth century, though to be sure this "leading" has been followed in the interior patio, and to a very attractive result. But of all three buildings it may fairly be said that they execute variations upon the "style officiel" within permissible limits, and that the variety they attain is not gained at the expense of any quality more important than variety.

With much of the recent commercial building of Washington one has to quarrel upon the ground that it is too strictly in the "style officiel," that it comes altogether too closely into competition with the edifices which are national possessions. Directly envisaging the north front of the Treasury, for example, are two banks in granite, with "orders" effectively of the scale of that monument, designed with academic accuracy and scholarly sensibility and which one would be glad to meet almost anywhere else, but cannot help wishing away from where they are. Just to the north, again, is an office building in white marble of which the order outscales that of the public buildings, old or new, since it includes five complete stories against their maximum of three. This strikes one as a kind of architectural lèse majesté, that the commercial hustler should thus domineer over the official edifices. It is related of a certain pope of the Renaissance that he enjoined architects and owners, on pain of the major excommunication, or equivalent penalty, from presuming to put a pediment on any building but a church. There were popes of the period whose deliverances ex cathedra on questions of taste are accepted by posterity as at least as infallible as their deliverances on questions of "faith and morals," and many moderns visiting Washington will sympathize with the prohibition and wish that it might be extended to the use of the colossal order by private and unauthorized persons, intent only on their singular lucre and profit. One would at any rate like to see the commercial competition with the official architecture prevented by a permanent injunction against using both the style and the material of the public monuments. White marble and the colossal order might very well be reserved for public uses. The Masonic Temple, besides being in truth a quasi-public building, evades competition by its humble material, which is only baked clay, and escapes censure by the singular suitability to its site of the motive of its truncated end. Likewise the New Willard, both by its detail and by its renunciation of marble or granite in favor of a modest limestone. The architect of the Hibbs Building is entitled to congratulation for showing that an effective commercial front may be attained without the use of an order, and that of the pretty little office alongside, although his front is garnished with an order, for employing "such a little one" as by no means to challenge the government architecture on its own ground. But upon the whole, the recent commercial architecture of Washington shows that there are not one but many architects "insane enough to project the vulgarization of Greek architecture," many of the mind of Clough:

> "I from no building, gay or solemn,
> Can spare the shapely Grecian column."

The architectural Bacon would surely "note no deficience" of Grecian columns if another were never to be set up in Washington. The three Grecian orders are already worked nearly to the limit of their capacity and are likely to be overworked, and the monotony which is the defect of their quality to degenerate into tiresomeness, in the official employment in which no eligible substitute for them has been suggested. It were greatly to be wished, in the interest of the New Washington, that they might be confined to that employment, if necessary, by some secular proceeding analogous to the papal injunction.

At this suggestion, naturally, all Anglo-Saxondom will be up in arms. The right of a man to do as he will with his own, so commonly held to be the palladium of our liberties, is assumed to be invaded if he be not permitted, in his office building, department store, or what not, to copy or caricature the public monuments. This impatience of restraint is often said to be an expression of "democracy." It is not so. It is the voice of an exclusively Anglo-Saxon individualism. Building restrictions are quite as rigid in Paris under the republic as they were under the monarchy or the empire. When the question is of the beauty of a capital which largely lives by its

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beauty, collectivism must prevail over individualism, and, after a civic education of some three centuries, this is recognized by the Parisian, and the necessary sacrifices of his individual preferences are cheerfully incurred. Why should it not be equally recognized by the Washingtonian? The beauty of the capital is a national object, but it is still more a local object. If Washington were to relapse to the condition described by Dickens, the first sufferers would be the business men of the District, who would also presumably be the first protestants against any curtailment of their right to build as they like. "The condition of our nature is such that we buy our blessings at a price." The Washingtonians can no more than other people eat their cake and have it. To have as a municipal partner an uncle of boundless resources and boundless liberality to divide your bills and even to advance your share of them, is a happiness that is worth paying for in some renunciation of your own devices and desires. Washington pays for it even to the extent of disfranchisement. It has its reward in being better governed than any American municipality of which the inhabitants govern themselves. Of what other municipality is the local taxpayer so sure of receiving a dollar's worth for his dollar? In fact, the Columbian taxpayer receives, through the liberality of his uncle, two dollars' worth. The budget of the District is highly satisfactory, the debt, in part a legacy from the days of the questionable Boss, is in process of steady extinction at the rate of a million a year. Largely, thanks, no doubt, to the moderation and forbearance of the benevolent uncle who is a principal creditor, and still more largely to his own contributions, the current revenues considerably exceed the current expenses. In return, the District does fulfil its function of a model for other municipalities in all points of municipal housekeeping. It is thirty years since the experiments of "Captain Greene, of the Engineers," now General Greene, upon street pavements inured to the benefit not only of Washington but of all the cities, for not one has failed in some measure to profit by them. The "engineer commissioner" of the District government has ever since worthily represented the corps to which the country owes so much, in peace and in war. The present engineer commissioner has made the liberality of the general government the basis for an argument that taxpayers who contribute so largely to the prosperity of the District are entitled to something more for their money than mere maintenance, that they are entitled to see monumental betterments in progress. He accordingly has urged an annual appropriation "for permanent works of improvement," beginning in 1913 with $1,230,000, and increasing annually thereafter by not less than $100,000. The proposed use of the appropriations is the execution of such large designs as the reclamation of the Anicostia Flats and their conversion into a public park, the extension of the improvement of the Rock Creek Valley, the improvement of the harbor front by means of public wharves, and the completion of the park system—all works of embellishment as well as of utility. To these might be added the provision of such a special or supplementary supply of water as will enable the execution of the design of the commission of 1901 for a profuse use of that element for decorative purposes. The work which should answer that requirement would have no historical parallel since the aqueduct of Marly.

But it is upon the private still more than the public building that the general aspect of any city must depend, and the engineer commissioner has sought for the passage of a law that would mark a long stride in the direction of a collective control of individual rights. This will authorize the commissioners to designate such streets as may seem to them fit as "Class A" streets, preferring them for improvement in their discretion, and imposing "such requirements as to height of buildings, materials of construction, and architectural design as shall secure, in the judgment of such commissioners, the beautiful and harmonious appearance, as viewed from the public streets, of all structures to be erected or altered on the land to which such restrictions shall apply." The proviso is that the owners of nine-tenths of the property concerned shall convey to the commissioners the easements which will enable the enforcement of the special restrictions, taking compensation for the easements less deductions for the benefits. It is left to the discretion of the commissioners whether the "submerged tenth" shall be excepted from their operations of embellishment or included in them

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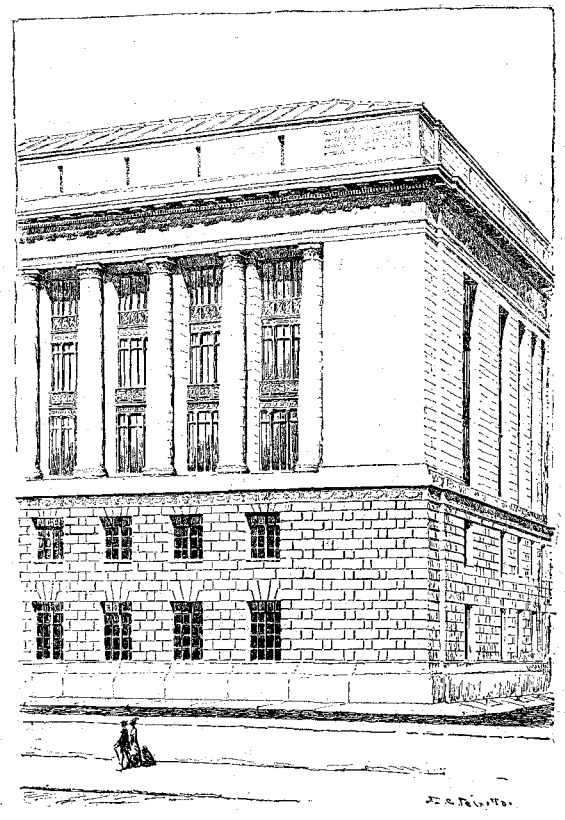
after proceedings for condemnation; all in complete disregard of the palladium of our liberties, the right of the individual to do as he likes with his own—the grand old principle that the Anglo-Saxon's house is

twelve-story building meant a good deal more than it would mean now, aroused a sense of pain and outrage by no means confined to Washington itself, and a general hope was expressed that if this malefaction



South-west corner of the Department of Commerce and Labor Building.
York & Sawyer, architects.

his castle for offensive as well as for defensive purposes.

The enactment into law of this project would probably mark the greatest triumph of collectivism, as applied to civic æsthetics, in the legislation of any Anglo-Saxon community. It would be an effective set-off to Matthew Arnold's famous example of the triumph of individualism in the establishment of a truss-factory on "the finest site in Europe." Washington also has had its triumphs of individualism. Some fifteen years ago a private owner, doing as he liked with his own, erected a stark twelve-story apartment house in a quiet residential region—"N.-W." It was consolatory to remark that the erection, at a time when a

could not be undone, at least some means might be found of preventing its repetition. The means have been found. Under the complicated and minute building regulations of the District another "Cairo" would apparently be impossible. Even here, however, one must note the curious Anglo-Saxon prejudice according to which it is necessary to allege some pretext of sanitation or safety from fire in order to prohibit an outrageous erection. But what real necessity is there for thus whipping the cosmetic devil around the utilitarian stump? Why resort to any subterfuge? An offender against the auditory or the olfactory nerves of his neighbors can be called to account. Why not an offender against their

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optical sensibilities? Why should a racket or a stench be justiciable and an eyesore not? Why, in a word, should not the official guardians of the "beauty and harmony" of the capital be clothed with the powers necessary to perform their function, with the powers, say, of a Roman ædile or of a French prefect, and thus enabled to protect the community from the ravages of individualism? It is certain that only by the lodgement of such a power somewhere can beautiful and harmonious cities be made, and that the power would be more safely lodged with the authorities of the District of Columbia than with those of any city dependent for its government on the suffrages of all its adult male inhabitants. Practically, the right of eminent domain inherent in the community can be exercised whenever the community considers that the object is of sufficient importance. Surely the beauty and harmony of their capital should be such an object to the people of the United States.

This view seems to be making its way into the minds of the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. It is noteworthy and encouraging that, after many years, an "art commission" has been authorized and appointed for the Federal building of the capital, including the surviving architect-member of the commission of 1901. Considering the Congressional, which is to say the popular, dread and distrust of "expertise," this is a signal victory for "collectivism." It is true that the powers of this body seem to be thus far limited to answering, and possibly to asking, questions. But the camel's nose is in the tent. If the commission continues to commend itself to public confidence, there is every reason to hope that its powers will be enlarged to include a permanent and salutary check upon the public if not also upon the private building of the District of Columbia. With the enlarged powers which are also to be expected for the authorities of the District, it is not wildly unreasonable even to hope that the end of the twentieth century may see what is already recognized as "the handsomest city in America," recognized as the handsomest city in the world.

The Hibbs Building (J. H. De Sibour, architect) and its little neighbor (Paul J. Pelz, architect).

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WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I.—UNHALLOWED GROUND

THE Witching Hill Estate Office was as new as the Queen Anne houses it had to let, and about as worthy of its name. It was just a wooden box with a veneer of rough-cast and a corrugated iron lid. Inside there was a vast of varnish on three of the walls; but the one opposite my counter consisted of plate-glass worth the rest of the structure put together. It afforded a fine prospect of Witching Hill Road, from the level crossing by the station to the second lamp-post round the curve.

Framed and glazed in the great window, this was not a picture calculated to inspire a very young man; and yet there was little to distract a brooding eye from its raw grass-plots and crude red bricks and tiles; for one's chief duties were making out orders to view the still empty houses, hearing the complaints of established tenants, and keeping such an eye on painters and paperhangers as was compatible with "being on the spot if anybody called." An elderly or a delicate man would have found it nice light work; but for a hulking youth fresh from the breeziest school in Great Britain, where they live in flannels and only work when it is wet or dark, the post seemed death in life. My one consolation was to watch the tenants hurrying to the same train every morning, in the same silk hat and blacks, and crawling home with the same evening paper every night. I at any rate enjoyed comparatively pure air all day. I had not married and settled down in a pretentious jerry-building where nothing interesting could possibly happen, and nothing worth doing be ever done. For that was one's first feeling about the Witching Hill Estate; it was a place for crabbed age and drab respectability, and a black coat every day of the week. Then young Uvo Delavoye dropped into the office from another hemisphere, in the white ducks and helmet of the tropics. And life began again.

"Are you the new clerk to the Estate?" he asked if he might ask, and I prepared myself for the usual grievance. I said I was, and he gave me his name in exchange for mine, with his number in Mulcaster Park, which was all but a continuation of Witching Hill Road. "There's an absolute hole in our lawn," he complained—"and I'd just marked out a court. I do wish you could come and have a look at it."

There was room for a full-size lawn-tennis court behind every house on the Estate. That was one of our advertised attractions. But it was not our business to keep the courts in order, and I rather itched to say so.

"It's early days," I ventured to suggest; "there's sure to be holes at first, and I'm afraid there'll be nothing for it but just to fill them in."

"Fill them in!" cried the other young man, getting quite excited. "You don't know what a hole this is; it would take a ton of earth to fill it in."

"You're not serious, Mr. Delavoye."

"Well, it would take a couple of barrow loads. It's a regular depression in the ground, and the funny thing is that it's come almost while my back was turned. I finished marking out the court last night, and this morning there's this huge hole bang in the middle of one of my side-lines! If you filled it full of water it would take you over the ankles."

"Is the grass not broken at the edges?"

"Not a bit of it; the whole thing might have been done for years."

"And what like is this hole in shape?"

Delavoye met me eye to eye. "Well, I can only say I've seen the same sort of thing in a village churchyard, and nowhere else," he said. "It's like a churchyard starting to yawn!" he suddenly added, and looked in better humor for the phrase.

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I pulled out my watch. "I'll come at one," I promised; "when I knock off in any case, if you can wait till then."

"Rather!" he cried quite heartily; "and I'll wait here if you don't mind, Mr. Gillon. I've just seen my mother and sister off to town, so it fits in rather well. I don't want them to know if it's anything beastly. May we smoke in here? Then have one of mine."

And he perched himself on my counter, lighting the whole place up with his white suit and animated air; for he was a very pleasant fellow from the moment he appeared to find me one. Not much my senior, he had none of my rude health and strength, but was drawn and yellowed by some tropical trouble (as I rightly guessed) which had left but little of his outer youth beyond a vivid eye and tongue. Yet I would fain have added these to my own animal advantages. It is difficult to recapture a first impression; but I think I felt, from the beginning, that those twinkling, sunken eyes looked on me and all things in a light of their own.

"Not an interesting place?" cried young Delavoye, in astonishment at a chance remark of mine. "Why, it's one of the most interesting in England! None of these fine old crusted country houses is half so fascinating, to me, as the ones quite near London. Think of the varied life they've seen, the bucks and bloods galore, the powder and patches, the orgies begun in town and finished out here, the highwaymen waiting for 'em on Turnham Green! Of course you know about the heinous Lord Mulcaster who owned this place in the high old days? He committed every crime in the Newgate Calendar, and now I'm just wondering whether you and I aren't by way of bringing a fresh one home to him."

I remember feeling sorry he should talk like that, though it argued a type of mind that rather reconciled me to my own. I was never one to jump to gimcrack conclusions, and I said as much with perhaps more candor than the occasion required. The statement was taken in such good part, however, that I could not but own I had never even heard the name of Mulcaster until the last few days, whereas Delavoye seemed to know all about the family. Thereupon he told me he was really connected with them, but not at all closely with the present peer. It had nothing to do with his living on an Estate which had changed hands before it was broken up. But I modified my remark about the ancestral acres—and made a worse.

"I wasn't thinking of the place," I explained, "as it used to be before half of it was built over. I was only thinking of that half and its inhabitants—I mean—that is—the people who go up and down in top-hats and frock-coats!"

And I was left clinging with both eyes to my companion's cool attire.

"But that's my very point," he laughed and said. "These City fellows are the absolute salt of historic earth like this; they throw one back into the good old days by sheer force of contrast. I never see them in their office kit without thinking of that old rascal in his wig and ruffles, carrying a rapier instead of an umbrella; he'd have fallen on it like Brutus if he could have seen his grounds plastered with cheap red bricks and mortar, and crawling with Stock Exchange ants!"

"You've got an imagination," said I, chuckling. I nearly told him he had the gift of the gab as well.

"You must have something," he returned a little grimly, "when you're stuck on the shelf at my age. Besides, it isn't all imagination, and you needn't go back a hundred years for your romance. There's any amount kicking about this Estate at the present moment; it's in the soil. These business blokes are not all the dull dogs they look. There's a man up our road—but he can wait. The first mystery to solve is the one that's crying from our back garden."

I liked his way of putting things. It made one forget his yellow face, and the broken career that his looks and hints suggested, or it made one remember them and think the more of him. But the things themselves were interesting, and Witching Hill had more possibilities when we sallied forth together at one o'clock.

It was the height of such a June as the old century could produce up to the last. The bald red houses, too young to show a shoot of creeper, or a mellow tone from door-step to chimney-pot, glowed like clowns' pokers in the ruthless sun. The shade of some stately elms, on a bit of old road between the two new ones of the

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Estate, appealed sharply to my awakened sense of contrast. It was all familiar ground to me, of course, but I had been over it hitherto with my eyes on nothing else and my heart in the Lowlands. Now I found myself wondering what the elms had seen in their day, and what might not be going on in the red houses even now.

"I hope you know the proper name of our road," said Delavoye as we turned into it. "It's Mulcaster Park, as you see, and not Mulcaster Park Road, as it was when we came here in the spring. Our neighbors have risen in a body against the superfluous monosyllable, and it's been painted out forever."

In spite of that precaution Mulcaster Park was still suspiciously like a road. It was very long and straight, and the desired illusion had not been promoted by the great names which had been painted on some of the little gates. Thus there was Longleat, which had just been let for £70 on a three-year tenancy, and Chatsworth with a C. P. card in the drawing-room window. Plain No. 7, the Delavoyes' house, was near the bottom on the left-hand side, which had the advantage of a strip of unspoilt woodland close behind the back gardens; and just through the wood was Witching Hill House, scene of immemorial excesses, according to this descendant of the soil.

"But now it's in very different hands," he remarked as we reached our destination. "Sir Christopher Stainsby is apparently all that my ignoble kinsman was not. They say he's no end of a saint. In winter we see his holy fane from our back windows."

It was not visible through the giant hedge of horse-chestnuts now heavily overhanging the split fence at the bottom of the garden. I had come out through the dining-room with a fresh sense of interest in these Delavoyes. Their furniture was at once too massive and too good for the house. It stood for some old home of very different type. Large oil-paintings and marble statuettes had not been acquired to receive the light of day through windows whose upper sashes were filled with cheap stained glass. A tiger skin with a man-eating head, over which I tripped, had not always been in the way before a cast-iron mantelpiece. I felt sorry, for the moment, that Mrs. and Miss Delavoye were not at home, but I was not so sorry when I beheld the hole in the lawn behind the house.

It had the ugly shape and appearance which had reminded young Delavoye himself of a churchyard. I was bound to admit its likeness to some sunken grave, and the white line bisecting it was not the only evidence that the subsidence was of recent occurrence; the grass was newly mown and as short inside the hole as it was all over. No machine could have made such a job of such a surface, said the son of the house, with a light in his eyes, but a drop in his voice, which made me wonder whether he desired or feared the worst.

"What do you want us to do, Mr. Delavoye?" I inquired in my official capacity.

"I want it dug up, if I can have it done now, while my mother's out of the way."

That was all very well, but I had only limited powers. My instructions were to attend promptly to the petty wants of tenants, but to refer any matter of importance to our Mr. Muskett, who lived on the Estate but spent his days at the London office. This appeared to me that kind of matter, and little as I might like my place I could ill afford to risk it by doing the wrong thing. I put all this as well as I could to my new friend, but not without chafing his impetuous spirit.

"Then I'll do the thing myself!" said he, and fetched from the yard some garden implements which struck me as further relics of more spacious days. In his absence I had come to the same conclusion about a couple of high-backed Dutch garden chairs and an umbrella tent; and the final bond of fallen fortunes made me all the sorrier to have put him out. He was not strong; no wonder he was irritable. He threw himself into his task with a kind of feeble fury; it was more than I could stand by and watch. He had not turned many sods when he paused to wipe his forehead, and I seized the spade.

"If one of us is going to do this job," I cried, "it shan't be the one who's unfit for it. You can take the responsibility, if you like, but that's all you do between now and two o'clock!"

I should date our actual friendship from that moment. There was some boyish bluster on his part, and on mine a dour display which he eventually countenanced on my promising to stay to lunch. Already the sweat was teeming off my face, but my ankles were buried in rich brown mould.

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A few days before there had been a thunderstorm accompanied by tropical rain, which had left the earth so moist underneath that one's muscles were not taxed as much as one's skin. And I was really very glad of the exercise after the physical stagnation of office life.

Not that Delavoye left everything to me; he shifted the Dutch chairs and the umbrella tent so as to screen my operations alike from the backyard behind us and from the windows of the occupied house next door. Then he hovered over me, with protests and apologies, until the noble inspiration took him to inquire if I liked beer. I stood upright in my pit, and my mouth must have watered as visibly as the rest of my countenance. It appeared he was not allowed to touch it himself, but he would fetch some in a jug from the Mulcaster Arms, and blow the wives of the gentlemen who went to town!

I could no more dissuade him from this share of the proceedings than he had been able to restrain me from mine; perhaps I did not try very hard; but I did redouble my exertions when he was gone, burying my spade with the enthusiasm of a gold-digger working a rich claim, and yet depositing each spadeful with some care under cover of the chairs. And I had hardly been a minute by myself when I struck indubitable wood at the depth of three or four feet. Decayed wood it was, too, which the first thrust of the spade crushed in; and at that I must say the perspiration cooled upon my skin. I stood upright and was a little comforted by the gay blue sky and the bottle-green horse-chestnuts. I fear I looked rather longer at the French window through which Delavoye had disappeared.

His wild idea had seemed to me the unwholesome fruit of a morbid imagination, but now I prepared to find it hateful fact. Down I went on my haunches, and groped with my hands in the mould, to learn the worst with least delay. The spade I had left sticking in the rotten wood, and now I ran reluctant fingers down its cold iron into the earth-warm splinters. They were at the extreme edge of the shaft that I was sinking, but I discovered more splinters at the same level on the opposite side. These were not of my making; neither were they part of any coffin, but rather of some buried floor or staging. My heart danced as I seized the spade again. I dug another foot quickly; that brought me to detached pieces of rotten wood of the same thickness as the jagged edges above; evidently a flooring of some kind had fallen in—but fallen upon what? Once more the spade struck wood, but sound wood this time. The last foot of earth was soon taken out, and an oblong trap-door disclosed, with a rusty ring-bolt at one end.

I tugged at the ring-bolt without stopping to think; but the trap-door would not budge. Then I got out of the hole for a pickaxe that Delavoye had produced with the spade, and with one point of the pick through the ring I was able to get a little leverage. It was more difficult to insert the spade where the old timbers had started, while still keeping them apart, but this once done I could ply both implements together. There was no key-hole to the trap, only the time-eaten ring and a pair of hinges like prison bars; it could but be bolted underneath; and yet how those old bolts and that wood of ages clung together! It was only by getting the pick into the gap made by the spade, and prizing with each in turn and both at once, that I eventually achieved my purpose. I heard the bolt tinkle on hard ground beneath, and next moment saw it lying at the bottom of a round bricked hole.

All this must have occupied far fewer minutes than it has taken to describe; for Delavoye had not returned to peer with me into a well which could never have been meant for water. It had neither the width nor the depth of ordinary wells; an old ladder stood against one side, and on the other the high sun shone clean down into the mouth of a palpable tunnel. It opened in the direction of the horse-chestnuts, and I was in it next moment. The air was intolerably stale without being actually foul; a match burnt well enough to reveal a horse-shoe passage down which a man of medium stature might have walked upright. It was bricked like the well, and spattered with some repulsive growth that gave me a clammy daub before I realized the dimensions. I had struck a second match on my trousers, and it had gone out as if by magic when Delavoye hailed me in high excitement from the lawn above.

He was less excited than I expected on hearing my experience; and he only joined me for a minute before luncheon, which he

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insisted on our still taking, to keep the servants in the dark. But it was a very brilliant eye that he kept upon the Dutch summer-house, or pavilion, mentioned in certain annals of Witching Hill, that he had skimmed for his amusement in the local

He was less excited than I expected on hearing my experience.—Page 152.

chairs through the open window, and he was full enough of plans and explanations. Of course we must explore the passage, but we would give the bad air a chance of getting out first. He spoke of some Turkish Free Library. There was no such structure to be seen from any point of vantage that he had discovered; possibly this was its site; and the floor which had fallen in might have been a false basement, purpose-

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ly intended to conceal the trap-door, or else built over it by some unworthy successor of the great gay lord.

"He was just the sort of old sportsman to have a way of his own out of the house, Gillon! He might have wanted it at any moment; he must have been ready for the worst most nights of his life; for I may tell you they would have hanged him in the end if he hadn't been too quick for them with his own horse-pistol. You didn't know he was as bad as that? It's not a thing the family boasts about, and I don't suppose your Estate people would hold it out as an attraction. But I've read a thing or two about the bright old boy, and I do believe we've struck the site of some of his brightest moments!"

"I should like to have explored that tunnel."

"So you shall."

"But when?"

We had gobbled our luncheon, and I had drained the jug that my unconventional host had carried all the way from the Mulcaster Arms; but already I was late for a most unlucky appointment with prospective tenants, and it was only a last look that I could take at my not ignoble handiwork. It was really rather a good hole for a beginner, and a grave-digger could not have heaped his earth much more compactly. It came hard to leave the next stage of the adventure even to as nice a fellow as young Delavoye.

"When?" he repeated with an air of surprise. "Why, to-night, of course; you don't suppose I'm going to explore it without you, do you?"

I had already promised not to mention the matter to my Mr. Muskett when he looked in at the office on his way from the station; but that was the only undertaking which had passed between us.

"I thought you said you didn't want Mrs. Delavoye to see the pit's mouth?"

It was his own expression, yet it made him smile, though it had not made me.

"I certainly don't mean either my mother or sister to see one end till we've seen the other," said he. "They might have a word too many to say about it. I must cover the place up somehow before they get back; but I'll tell them you're coming in this evening, and when they go aloft we shall very naturally come out here for a final pipe."

"Armed with a lantern?"

"No, a pocketful of candles. And don't you dress, Gillon, because I don't even when I'm not bound for the bowels of the globe!"

I ran to my appointment after that; but the prospective tenants broke theirs, and kept me waiting for nothing all that fiery afternoon. I can shut my eyes and go through it all again, and see every inch of my sticky little prison near the station. In the heat its copious varnish developed an adhesive quality as fatal to flies as bird-lime, and there they stuck in death to pay me out. It was not necessary to pin any notice to the walls; one merely laid them on the varnish; and that morning, when young Delavoye had leant against it in his whites, he had to peel himself off like a plaster. That morning! It seemed days ago, not because I had met with any great adventure yet, but the whole atmosphere of the place was changed by the discovery of a kindred spirit. Not that we were naturally akin in temperament, tastes, or anything else but our common youth and the want in each of a companion approaching his own type. We saw things at a different angle, and when he smiled I often wondered why. We might have met in town or at college and never sought each other again; but separate adversities had driven us both into the same dull haven—one from the Eygptian Civil, which had nearly been the death of him; the other on a sanguine voyage (before the mast) from the best school in Scotland to Land Agency. We were bound to make the most of each other, and I for one looked forward to renewing our acquaintance even more than to the sequel of our interrupted adventure.

But I was by no means anxious to meet my new friend's womenkind; never anything of a lady's man, I was inclined rather to resent the existence of these good ladies, partly from something he had said about them with reference to our impending enterprise. Consequently it was rather late in the evening when I turned out of one of the nominally empty houses, where I had gone to lodge with a still humbler servant of the Estate, and went down to No. 7 with some hope that its mistress at all events might already have retired. Almost to my horror I learned that they were all three in the back garden, whither I was again conducted through the little dining-room with the massive furniture.

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Mrs. Delavoye was a fragile woman with a kind but nervous manner; the daughter put me more at my ease, but I could scarcely see either of them by the dim light from

"I can't think why you've put them out there, Uvo," remarked his mother. "They won't dry any better in the dew, my dear boy."

I held it up while he crept through with his candle.—Page 156.

the French window outside which they sat. I was more eager, however, to see "the pit's mouth," and in the soft starlight of a velvet night I made out the two Dutch chairs lying face downward over the shaft.

"It's so tiresome of my brother," said Miss Delavoye, following my glance with disconcerting celerity: "just when we want our garden chairs he's varnished them, and there they lie unfit to use!"

I never had any difficulty in looking stolid, but for the moment I avoided the impostor's eyes. It was trying enough to hear his impudent defence.

"You've been at me about them all the summer, Amy, and I felt we were in for a spell of real hot weather at last."

"They won't make a hopeless mess of the grass, at all events!" he retorted. "But why varnish our dirty chairs in public? Mr. Gillon won't be edified; he'd much rather listen to the nightingale, I'm sure."

Had they a nightingale? I had never heard one in my life. I was obliged to say something, and this happened to be the truth; it led to a little interchange about Scotland, in which the man Uvo assumed a Johnsonian pose, as though he had known me as long as I felt I had known him, and then prayed silence for the nightingale as if the suburban garden were a banqueting hall. It was a concert hall, at any rate, and never was sweeter solo than the invisible singer poured forth from the black and

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jagged wood between glimmering lawn and starry sky. I see the picture now, with the seated ladies dimly silhouetted against the French windows, and our two cigarettes waxing and waning like revolving lights seen leagues away. I hear the deep magic of those heavenly notes, as I was to hear them more summers than one from that wild wood within a few yards of our raw red bricks and mortar. It may be as the prelude of what was to follow that I recall it all so clearly, down to the couplet that Uvo could not quite remember and his sister did:

"The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

"That's what I meant!" he cried. "By emperor, clown, and old man Mulcaster in his cups! Think of him carrying on in there to such a tune, and think of pious Christopher holding family prayers to it now!"

And the bare thought dashed from my lips a magic potion compounded of milky lawn and ebony horse-chestnuts, of an amethyst sky twinkling with precious stars, and the low notes of a girl trying not to drown those from the wood; the spell was broken, and I was glad when at last we had the garden to ourselves.

"There are two things I must tell you for your comfort," said the incorrigible Uvo as we lifted one Dutch chair from the hole it covered like a hatchway, but left the other pressed down over the heap of earth. "In the first place, both my mother and sister have front rooms, so they won't hear or bother about us again. The other thing's only that I've been back to the Free Library in what the simple inhabitants still insist on calling the Village, and had another look into those annals of old Witching Hill. I can find no mention whatever of any subterranean passage. I shouldn't wonder if good Sir Chris had never heard of it in his life. In that case we shall rush in where neither man nor beast has trodden for a hundred and fifty years."

We lit our candles down the shaft, and then I drew the Dutch chair over the hole again on Delavoye's suggestion; he was certainly full of resource, and I was only too glad to play the practical man with my reach and strength. If he had been less impetuous and headstrong, we should have made a strong pair of adventurers. In the tunnel he would go first, for instance, much against my wish; but, as he put it, if the foul air knocked him down I could carry him out under one arm, whereas he would have to leave me to die in my tracks. So he chattered as we crept on and on, flinging monstrous shadows into the arch behind us, and lighting up every patch of filth ahead; for the long-drawn vault was bearded with stalactites of crusted slime; but no living creature fled before us; we alone breathed the impure air, encouraged by our candles, which lit us far beyond the place where my match had been extinguished and deeper and deeper yet without a flicker.

Then in the same second they both went out, at a point where the overhead excrescences made it difficult to stand upright. And there we were, like motes in a tube of lamp-black; for it was a darkness as palpable as fog. But my leader had a reassuring explanation on the tip of his sanguine tongue.

"It's because we stooped down," said he. "Strike a match on the roof if it's dry enough. There! What did I tell you? The dregs of the air settle down like other dregs. Hold on a bit! I believe we're under the house, and that's why the arch is dry."

We continued our advance with instinctive stealth, now blackening the roof with our candles as we went, and soon and sure enough the old tube ended in a wad of brick and timber.

In the brickwork was a recessed square, shrouded in cobwebs which perished at a sweep of Delavoye's candle; a wooden shutter closed the aperture, and I had just a glimpse of an oval knob, green with verdigris, when my companion gave it a twist and the shutter sprang open at the base. I held it up while he crept through with his candle, and then I followed him with mine into the queerest chamber I had ever seen.

It was some fifteen feet square, with a rough parquet floor and panelled walls and ceiling. All the wood-work seemed to me old oak, and reflected our naked lights on every side in a way that bespoke attention; and there was a tell-tale set of folding steps under an ominous square in the ceiling, but no visible break in the four walls, nor yet another piece of movable furniture. In one corner, however, stood a great stack of

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"Lace and blood and diamonds!" said Delavoye.—Page 158.

cigar boxes whose agreeable aroma was musk and frankincense after the penetrating humors of the tunnel. This much we had noted when we made our first startling discovery. The panel by which we had entered had shut again behind us; the noise it must have made had escaped us in our excitement; there was nothing to show which panel it had been—no semblance of a knob on this side—and soon we were not even agreed as to the wall.

Uvo Delavoye had enough to say at most moments, but now he was a man of action only, and I copied his proceedings without a word. Panel after panel he rapped and sounded like any doctor, even through his fingers to make less noise! I took the next wall, and it was I who first detected a hollow note. I whispered my suspicion; he joined me, and was convinced; so there we stood cheek by jowl, each with a guttering candle in one hand, while the other felt the panel and pressed the knots. And a knot it was that yielded under my companion's thumb. But the panel that opened inwards was not our panel at all; instead of our earthy tunnel, we looked into a shallow cupboard, with a little old dirty bundle lying alone in the dust of ages. Delavoye picked it up gingerly, but at once I saw him

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weighing his handful in surprise, and with one accord we sat down to examine it, sticking our candles on the floor between us in their own grease.

"Lace," muttered Uvo, "and something in it."

The outer folds came to shreds in his fingers; a little deeper the lace grew firmer, and presently he was paying it out to me in fragile hanks. I believe it was a single flounce, though yards in length. Delavoye afterward looked up the subject, characteristically, and declared it Point de Venise; from what I can remember of its exquisite workmanship, in monogram, coronet, and imperial emblems, I can believe with him that the diamond buckle to which he came at last was less precious than its wrapping. But by that time we were not thinking of their value; we were screwing up our faces over a dark coagulation which caused the last yard or so to break off in bits.

"Lace and blood and diamonds!" said Delavoye, bending over the relics in grim absorption. "Could the priceless old sinner have left us a more delightful legacy?"

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked rather nervously at that. They had not been left to us. They ought surely to be delivered to their rightful owner.

"But who does own them?" asked Delavoye. "Is it the worthy plutocrat who's bought the show and all that in it is, or is it my own venerable kith and kin? They wouldn't thank us for taking these rather dirty coals to Newcastle. They might refuse delivery, or this old boy might claim his mining rights, and where should we come in then? No, Gillon, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but as a twig of the old tree I mean to take the law into my own hands"—I held my breath—"and put these things back exactly where we found them. Then we'll leave everything in plumb order, and finish up by filling in that hole in our lawn—if ever we get out of this one."

But small doubt on the point was implied in his buoyant tone; the way through the panel just broached argued a similar catch in the one we sought; meanwhile we closed up the other with much relief on my side and an honest groan from Delavoye. It was sufficiently obvious that Sir Christopher Stainsby had discovered neither the secret subway nor the secret repository which we had penetrated by pure chance; on the other hand, he made use of the chamber leading to both as a cigar cellar, and had it kept in better order than such a purpose required. Sooner or later somebody would touch a spring, and one discovery would lead to another. So we consoled each other as we resumed our search, almost forgetting that we ourselves might be discovered first.

It was in a providential pause, broken only to my ear by our quiet movements, that Delavoye dabbed a quick hand on my candle and doused his own against the wall. Without a whisper he drew me downward, and there we cowered in throbbing darkness, but still not a sound that I could hear outside my skin. Then the floor above opened a lighted mouth with a gilded roof; black legs swung before our noses, found the step-ladder and came running down. The cigars were on the opposite side. The man knew all about them, found the right box without a light, and turned to go running up.

Now he must see us, as we saw him and his smooth, smug, flunky's face to the whites of its upturned eyes! My fists were clenched—and often I wonder what I meant to do. What I did was to fall forward upon oozing palms as the trap-door was let down with a bang.

"Didn't he see us, Delavoye? Are you sure he didn't?" I chattered as he struck a match.

"Quite. I was watching his eyes—weren't you?"

"Yes—but they got all blurred at the finish."

"Well, pull yourself together; now's our time! It's an empty room overhead; it wasn't half lit up. But we haven't done anything, remember, if they do catch us."

He was on the steps already, but I had no desire to argue with him. I was as ripe for a risk as Delavoye, as anxious to escape after the one we had already run. The trap-door went up slowly, dragging something with it into a kind of tent.

"It's only the rug," purred Delavoye. "I heard him take it up—thank God—as well as put it down again. Now hold the candle; now the trap-door, till I hold it up for you."

And we squirmed up into a vast apartment, not only empty as predicted, but left in darkness made visible by the solitary light

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

It was the madness of utter ecstasy.—Page 160.

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we carried now. The little stray flame was mirrored in a floor like black ice, then caught the sheen of the tumbled rug that Delavoye would stay to smooth, then twinkled in the diamond panes of book-cases like church windows, flickered over a high altar of a mantel-piece, and finally displayed our stealthy selves in the window by which we left the house.

"Thank God!" said Delavoye as he shut it down again. "That's something like a breath of air!"

"Hush!" I whispered with my back to him.

"What is it?"

"I thought I heard shouts of laughter."

"You're right. There they go again! I believe we've struck a heavy entertainment."

In a dell behind the house, a spreading cedar caught the light of windows that we could not see. Delavoye crept to the intermediate angle, turned round, and beckoned in silhouette against the tree.

"High jinks and junketings!" he chuckled when I joined him. "The old bloke must be away. Shall we risk a peep?"

My answer was to lead the way for once, and it was long before we exchanged another syllable. But in a few seconds, and for more minutes, we crouched together at an open window, seeing life with all our innocent eyes.

It was a billiard-room into which we gazed, but it was not being used for billiards. One end of the table was turned into a champagne bar; it bristled with bottles in all stages of depletion, with still an unopened magnum towering over pails of ice, silver dishes of bonbons, cut decanters of wine and spirits. At the other end a cluster of flushed faces hung over a spinning roulette wheel; nearly all young women and men, smoking fiercely in a silver haze, for the moment terribly intent; and as the ball ticked and rattled, the one pale face present, that of the melancholy croupier, showed a dry zest as he intoned the customary admonitions. They were new to me then; now I seem to recognize through the years the Anglo-French of his "*rien ne va plus*" and all the rest. There were notes and gold among the stakes. The old rogue raked in his share without emotion; one of the ladies embraced him for hers; and one had stuck a sprig of maidenhair in his venerable locks; but there he sat, with the deferential dignity of a bygone school, the only very sober member of the party it was his shame to serve.

The din they made before the next spin! It was worse when it died down into plainer speech; playful buffets were exchanged as freely; but one young blood left the table with a deadly dose of raw spirit, and sat glowering over it on a raised settee while the wheel went round again. I did not watch the play; the wild, attentive faces were enough for me; and so it was that I saw a bedizened beauty go mad before my eyes. It was the madness of utter ecstasy—wails of laughter and happy maledictions—and then for that unopened magnum! By the neck she caught it, whirled it about her like an Indian club, then down on the table with all her might and the effect of a veritable shell. A ribbon of blood ran down her dress as she recoiled, and the champagne flooded the green board like bubbling ink; but the old croupier hardly looked up from the pile of notes and gold that he was counting out with his sly, wintry smile.

"You saw she had a fiver on the number? You may watch roulette many a long night without seeing that again!"

It was Delavoye whispering as he dragged me away. He was the cool one now. Too excitable for me in the early stages of our adventure, he was not only the very man for all the rest, but a living lesson in just that thing or two I felt at first I could have taught him. For I fear I should have felled that butler if he had seen us in the cigar cellar, and I know I shouted when the magnum burst; but fortunately so did everybody else except Delavoye and the aged croupier.

"I suppose he was the butler?" I said when we had skirted the shallow drive and avoided a couple of hansoms that stood there with the cabmen snug inside.

"What! The old fogy? Not he!" cried Delavoye as we reached the road. "I say, don't those hansoms tell us all about his pals!"

"But who was he?"

"The man himself."

"Not Sir Christopher Stainsby?"

"I'm afraid so—the old sinner!"

"But you said he was an old saint?"

"So I thought he was; my lord warden of the Nonconformist conscience, I always heard!"

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"Then how do you account for it?"

"I can't. I haven't thought about it. Wait a bit!"

He stood still in the road. It was his own road. There was that hole to fill in before morning; meanwhile the sweet night air was sweeter far than we had left it hours ago; and the little new suburban houses surpassed all pleasures and palaces, behind their kindly lamps, with the clean stars watching over them and us.

"I don't want you to think the worse of me," said Delavoye, slipping his arm through mine as he led me on. "But at this particular moment I should somehow think less of myself if I didn't tell you, after all we've been through together, that I was really quite severely tempted to take that lace and those diamonds!"

I knew it.

"Well," I said, with the due deliberation of my normal Northern self, "you'd have had a sort of right to them. But that's nothing! Why, man, I was as near as a toucher to laying yon butler dead at our feet!"

"Then we're all three in the same boat, Gillon."

"Which three?"

It was my turn to stand still, outside his house. And now there was excitement enough in his dark face to console me for all mine.

"You, and I, and poor old Sir Christopher."

"Poor old hypocrite! Didn't I hear that his wife died a while ago?"

"Only last year. That makes it sound worse. But in reality it's an excuse, because of course he would fall a victim all the more easily."

"A victim to what?"

"My good Gillon, don't you see that he's up to the very same games on the very same spot as my ignoble kinsman a hundred and fifty years ago? Blood, liquor, and ladies as before! We admit that between us even you and I had the makings of a thief and a murderer while we were under that haunted roof. Don't you believe in influences?"

"Not of that kind," said I heartily. "I never did, and I doubt I never shall."

Delavoye laughed in the starlight, but his lips were quivering, and his eyes were like stars themselves. But I held up my hand: the nightingale was singing in the wood exactly as when we plunged below the earth. Somehow it brought us together again, and there we stood listening till a clock struck twelve in the distant Village.

"'Tis now the very witching time of night,'" said Uvo Delavoye, "'when church-yards yawn'—like our back garden!" I might have guessed his favorite play, but his face lit up before my memory. "And shall I tell you, Gillon, the real name of this whole infernal Hill and Estate? It's Witching Hill, my man, it's Witching Hill from this night forth!"

And Witching Hill it still remains to me.

THE PRISONERS

By C. C. Gregory

God pity them, the souls chained in unrest
  Whom helpless silence and inaction bind;
The poet's vision, straining unexpressed
  Through the dim reaches of the ploughman's mind;
The artist's eye, judging unerringly,
  That cannot guide the weak and impotent hand;
And all the voiceless ones that, wordless, mute,
  Forever doomed, must hear and understand.

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THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

III

HOW does the rising generation compare educationally with its predecessors? How do American men and women compare educationally with those of Europe? What has been the effect of modern industrial fortunes on the minds and tastes of that portion of our community which enjoys the best opportunities for education? Do the material distractions of the present day tend to diminish individual culture?

These corollaries from Josephine's and my discussion concerning the influence of the really rich on the socially attractive young were propounded by me at the next meeting of my dinner club. The questions were scarcely out of my mouth before Dr. Henry Meredith, the eminent specialist on diseases of the nerves, a man still in his prime though past sixty, and an incisive reasoner on any topic, started off with a pungent fluency which suggested that here was a subject on which he had been longing to air very concrete opinions.

"The young men and women of to-day on the educational side? I am out of conceit of them. Well set-up, athletic, good-looking, young fellows—the girls, too, even better looking and just as good fellows—who do thoroughly and efficiently what they set out to do. I'm not quarrelling with their brains or their executive ability. It's their appalling ignorance concerning the things which every educated person ought to know; which every educated person in my day did know. Have you ever tested them on literature? They own up to Kipling and Stevenson; but what of the rest? Are they intimate—as we were forty years ago—with their Shakespeare, their Bible, their ancient classics, their Gibbon? It's not erudition I'm speaking of. I'm not referring to Thomas à Kempis or Sir Thomas More, but to the primary essentials. Intimate I repeat. Ask, off-hand, the average man or woman of your acquaintance under thirty-five, 'What is the story of Jephtha's daughter?' 'Where exactly do you find the lines, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune"?' 'What do you know of "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" or "Vixi puellis nuper idoneus"?' The odds are they would be struck dumb; the certainty is (and here's the real tragedy) they wouldn't be troubled if they were. And as to poetry—can they quote it by the page as I could at their age? Ask one of them to recite Lycidas by rote. Now don't tell me," he protested, looking fiercely round the table, "that poetry is dying out—that there's no poetry written nowadays. It's the old poetry I'm referring to. No, when it comes to civilized social intercourse, I find myself out of touch with the younger generation for the reason that it has ceased to be familiar with and love the things I care about."

The ball thus set flying was promptly struck back by my spiritual adviser, Rev. Bradley Mason, who, though more rigid on dogma than I permit myself to be, has a large fund of human sympathy which tends to enlarge his outlook in spite of ecclesiastical fetters.

"It's merely, Meredith, that the symbols have changed. They talk a different language."

My pastor has a pleasant voice and he spoke ingratiatingly. But his remark elicited a caustic retort:

"Oh, yes, I know. You refer to that infernal science. I know something about science myself, thank you. I get my bread and butter out of it. But it can't supply me with culture." Whereupon Dr. Meredith added the portentous words, "So far as I can see, polite learning is being strangled to death by science and her foster child, modern philanthropy—social service as they call it nowadays."

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His antagonist laughed amiably. "One thing at a time, Meredith, please." Then he carried the war into Africa with a vengeance, by remarking, "If I remember aright, you did not take honors at college in the classics."

"I stood about the middle of my class. I received the ordinary education which became a gentleman."

"Precisely. You will agree with me, I dare say, that the opportunities for advanced scholarship now offered at our colleges to the earnest student are fully tenfold greater than in our day."

"I will agree that the earnest student who intends to teach for a living can get a post-graduate degree which is worth having. But that isn't the point."

"The point is that the rest of us—the men not in the first flight, who stood about the middle of the class—in our time all learned the same shibboleth. Now the corresponding men learn a variety of shibboleths. You are deceived by glamour, Meredith. Don't interrupt me and I'll tell you why."

I noticed that the physician emptied his glass of port as a sop to silence.

"What is left to you and me of our Latin and Greek? Flotsam and jetsam. We were respectably proficient in them while at school and college, and I have no doubt that you, like myself, take down your Horace from the shelf every now and then and potter through an ode or two. It warms the cockles of the heart to find that we can still stagger along. When we hear a familiar mythological or classical allusion we prick up our ears, and nothing pleases us more than to drag one in, however trite. The triter it is the greater number recognize it.

"'*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum!*' We hear the hoof beats of the galloping steed!

"'*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*' What a timely commentary on modern social extravagance! How fondly our senses are titillated by any allusion to Falernian wine, Lucrine oysters, or Lalage. Even the dunces respond to the mention of the Trojan horse or the apochryphal 'Et tu, Brute.' Four-fifths glamour, dear Meredith. The classics have ceased to be a fetich to the young unless they are specialists."

"But what of Shakespeare and Milton? What of the Bible? Are they any more familiar with them? It is your affair, Mason, as a churchman, to deplore the growing lack of familiarity with the Bible as a stimulus to spiritual progress; it is mine, as a lover of literature, to point out that intimate knowledge with that reservoir of English undefiled has ceased to be the equipment of modern youth. Where did our great lawyers of the past seek their most pregnant illustrations? In the Bible and Shakespeare, because sure of striking a responsive chord in the hearts of their hearers. To-day 'a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' would make the jury stare. But at least we have a right to inquire, Mason, what they give us as a substitute. What are these new symbols? This different language? It isn't necessary for you to specify. I know well; I recognize them daily: the conservation of energy, the career of the morning star, the idiosyncrasies of the forest, the analysis of food supplies, the sovereignty of hydraulics. I admit their value—their infallibility if you like—but I dispute their title to be regarded as culture."

Here was a heated discussion already; almost a pretty quarrel. It so happened that we were interrupted at this stage by the entrance of one of my sons-in-law with the early election returns, indicating a political tidal wave, which substituted a new topic. I was not displeased, for I found myself, as the result of the argument, in the quandary of being on the fence and so unlikely, if questioned, to gratify either disputant. I was confident that my two friends were locking horns not merely to renew that oft-ventilated controversy of the classics against the field. That particular form of heterodoxy, which admits science and the modern languages to the same table with Greek and Latin, has ceased to be regarded as "insurgency" by progressive grandfathers; and it was patent to me from my previous knowledge of my physician and pastor that they were tilting not at college curricula, but at society at large.

Surveying the question from this broader stand-point my sympathies were divided, and I must admit that I felt puzzled. For, after making due allowance for what has been termed the change of symbols, and after discounting Dr. Meredith's arrant prejudice against regarding fundamental inability to forget whether the earth moves

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round the sun or the contrary is true, as a badge of culture, the modern world—and I, as a grandfather—cannot successfully contend that either the Classics, the Bible, Shakespeare, or Milton are the household words among normally educated people (other than ripe scholars and specialists) which they once were.

When we seek the causes a variety suggest themselves in swift succession. There are so many more books to begin with, and so many more diversions. The time once reserved for familiarizing ourselves with literature is spent in the perusal of the ubiquitous illustrated magazine and the mammoth daily newspaper. Our people are so absorbed in golden industrial enterprises which put a premium on practical knowledge that they take for granted the world's masterpieces, but rarely open them. An increasing fondness for athletic sports—some call it mania—on the part of well-to-do young men and women begets a disposition to devote week-ends and holidays to open-air exercise in lieu of studying the great prose writers or committing poetry to memory. Lastly, democracy, harping on its plea for the brotherhood of man, invites the earnest soul to consider whether settlement work, city sanitation, and the prevention of tuberculosis do not present claims superior to those of what is termed, invidiously, self-culture.

Reflection certainly strengthens one's impression that the old-world evidences of cultivation are moribund. But a patriotic, progressive grandfather instinctively avoids the conclusion that we have less genuine culture as a consequence, and seeks for convincing substitutes. What are they? As I ask the question I find myself reminded of my friend Dr. Meredith's caustic taunt at social service. At present, as all of us know, the imagination of this country—indeed of the civilized world—is controlled by a glorious wave of humanitarian and civic impulse which tends to dwarf all ideals other than teaching hygiene to the masses and cleansing the Augean stables of municipal incapacity.

Let me hasten to exonerate myself—and Dr. Meredith also—of lack of sympathy with this world movement. He is one of the most stalwart champions in the noble war against tuberculosis. His anathemas concerning the prevalence of dust along our highways as a vehicle for germs have been formidable. Similarly, all the branches of my own family are militants in this social crusade. There is scarcely a female member of either generation who is not lending a hand to the encouragement of tree planting, the care of alley-ways, the proper method of washing babies, the nutritive quality of foods or some one of the divers other absorbing civic needs which have suddenly become numerous as the heads of the Hydra. It is a source of considerable pride to us that my son David's wife—who is essentially what is termed a modern woman—has shown such marked aptitude in dealing with the milk problem that she has been chosen the President of our local Sanitary League; and it would be unjust to my granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins, not to allude to the active interest she has evinced in the recently established Federation of Girl Scouts.

It will thus be seen that Josephine and I recognize the essential importance and vitality of these united efforts to ameliorate social conditions. But such service can scarcely be regarded as a synonym for culture. Oddly enough, within six months of the meeting of my dinner club, when this subject was broached, my pastor, Rev. Bradley Mason, felt moved to point out in one of his Lenten talks that the beneficent purposes of social service must not be made a substitute for religion. I happen to know that some of his hearers were disposed to accuse him of jealousy and to insinuate that it was at least debatable whether the world is not at last on the right spiritual track. But I have no desire to renew at this time a dispute—sanctification by faith or works—so venerable that it dates back to the days of poor banished Anne Hutchinson, of whom, I dare say, none of my grandchildren has ever heard. But even though we agree that the basis of future religion may be inspired human sympathy, who will claim that sublime zeal and effective administration in the cause of social science are a satisfying substitute for all the graces of learning? Rather, on the contrary, is one not prompted to inquire how the earnest student of humanitarian progress can hope to avoid the slough of literalism unless his or her vision be aided by search-lights from the stored wisdom and beauty of the past?

If we take up the other substitutes col-

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lectively, it is because they seem in large measure co-ordinate. Familiar terms all, and decidedly impressive: Practical knowledge and the apt skill to utilize it, energetic healthy-mindedness, spontaneity in revolt against introspection, well-oiled executive ability, noiseless and undeviating as an engine, and, chief of all, that complacent, unadorned god, common-sense. The modern world is proud of them; and the peevish grandfather who complains that they are not symbols of culture is likely to receive the cheerfully unconcerned retort, "What of it?" which is an intimation that they are something better. Very possibly they may be; but this acknowledgment does not leave the indulgent censor without missiles.

"Why is it?" I asked, speaking aloud, so that I might have the benefit of my wife's enlightening comment, "that in civilized society nowadays one so rarely hears any talk which savors of distinction? American men are earnest, moral, high-minded, sensible, shrewd, energetic, and capable. They certainly do not lack ideals or straightforward intelligence. But when they meet around a table for mutual entertainment, unless they become boisterous or tell easy-going stories, they are apt to be eminently dull. Of course, the stereotyped reason given is that every American man sits down at dinner tired."

"The men are dreadful—a disgrace," murmured Josephine. "As regards their fatigue, I mean. They don't try to conceal it; on the contrary, they plume themselves on it to oblige us to entertain them. An American woman never admits she is tired until the doctor tells her she has nervous prostration." It was evident that my theme interested Josephine, for she folded her hands across her knee, which requires more deftness, now that skirts are so narrow.

Thus suitably reminded that my sex is of small social account compared with the other in this country, and that, in thoughtlessly putting the cart before the horse, I had appeared to overlook that, but for the clever adaptability and fluent tongues of our wives and daughters, civilized Europe might still be stigmatizing us as "a nation of shopkeepers," I nevertheless ventured to say:

"We will consider the women presently, dear. I was speaking of the men."

"And you mean that fatigue may be a ruse to conceal how little they know outside their ordinary vocations?"

The bluntness of this was almost unkind, and loyalty to my countrymen bade me respond with dignity. "I was merely investigating, my dear; not formulating. Scarcely a ruse. American men are perfectly natural—too natural, perhaps. But I must admit," I continued, "that when they assemble to partake of excellent food they seem to avoid everything vital in the line of conversation. For the most part, they whisper amiable commonplaces to the equally exhausted men on either side of them. If any subject is broached around the table, as sometimes happens after a glass or two of champagne—the national social invigorator—has made the company feel less tired, it is sure to languish and expire within two or three minutes. Every one seems to be afraid of dwelling on it lest he or some one else be bored. I sometimes think that the educated American man is ashamed to talk earnestly on any subject except his political grievances due to a drop in securities. Or is it that he lacks the requisite equipment?"

"Am I not constantly urging you to encourage general conversation at our dinner parties?" answered Josephine, the sequence of whose thoughts is not always what the lawyers would term responsive.

"Don't I try?" I asked meekly.

"You sometimes try; but the result is not apt to be exhilarating. I admit though, dear, it isn't usually your fault. General conversation is horribly difficult. Now don't say I'm dragging women in again, for the same must be equally applicable to dinners where there are only men. I know the French do manage it somehow; everybody talks at once, and yet everybody seems to hear the others and give them a chance; and nobody would dream of playing perpetual puss-in-the-corner with the person on his immediate right or left as we all do."

"That is partly race temperament. Though we Americans are said to have some of the mercurial traits of the French, we obviously lack their mental flexibility. But," I exclaimed, "compare ourselves with the educated Englishman of one hundred years ago—the worthies whose table-talk was famous. Undeniably there were bores among them, and some of their con-

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versation would sound labored to-day. I grant that they prepared themselves in advance and occasionally edited their good things the morning after; but it was conversation, genuine conversation, not subdued social small talk between two exhausted dinner companions. They were interested in subjects, and they delighted to discuss them with ardor—often for a whole evening. Who does not weary of any subject now after five minutes? World politics, the last religious heresy, the newest philosophy, the important books or plays of the day—how strenuously they battled over them; with what conviction, ardor, and humor they assailed their opponents or supported their own theories. And the point to bear in mind is they were equipped for the fray. Their minds were arsenals of learning, supplying ammunition to the minute-guns of argument and wit with which they raked their adversaries fore and aft. Their opinions meant almost life or death to them, and they had on the tips of their tongues the stored wisdom of the ages, be it Plato or Sophocles, Juvenal or Lucretius, Dante, Pascal, or Don Quixote."

As I paused in my eloquence, almost breathless, Dr. Meredith's plea of a change of symbols seemed merely a sop to shallowness.

"Of course," said Josephine, who had listened respectfully, appearing to be impressed, "the world has changed very much since then. Even the modern Englishman hasn't time to be so elaborate."

"It is partly a world change, I admit. But the habit of the modern Englishman is still to talk of things which suggest culture. He doesn't read so much as formerly, but, nevertheless, he reads. Our wives keep our library tables piled with books—but how many do we open, except to run through the pictures?"

"There are such quantities printed nowadays that it's impossible to keep up," murmured Josephine. "And that doesn't include reports of committees and pamphlets. The world is more natural than it used to be," she continued, "but it hasn't nearly so much time. Both men and women are so occupied with doing things and recovering from doing things that they haven't lesiure for the protracted discussions you spoke of. If women wish to know specially about a subject, we consult a magazine, engage a timely topic lecturer, or attend a joint debate. But there are plenty of people still who insist on talking—who struggle to keep on when one tries to choke them off. Some, too, who come primed in advance and are terribly boresome; for one can always detect them; they produce no illusion. What strikes me most, Fred," she added meditatively, "is that it is so rarely an æsthetic pleasure now to hear any one converse. One sign of a cultivated society ought to be the ability of a good many to express themselves so charmingly that no one wishes them to stop."

An æsthetic pleasure. Here was indeed a discriminating supplement to my own doubts. Who is not ready to listen indefinitely to the truly charming talker? But how few finished talkers or speakers we meet in private or in public! If we miss today the point of view and reserve power which emanate from a background of thorough knowledge, do not our contemporaries, who pride themselves on their conversational powers, lack also, in large measure, the graces of speech? It may well be that some of our social reticence in private proceeds from the dread of starting on the rampage the guest across the table. The way in which things are said—the voice, the bearing—constitute half of the charm, and the mere unadorned desire on the part of a talker to air his words grates on our weary spirits, and, as Josephine said, we would fain choke him off. In our revolt from the formalism and studied eloquence of our ancestors, in our effort to be natural and direct, have we not lost much of the distinction which made public and private entertainments memorable?

What more tedious, for instance, than the average "banquet" to which we are so much addicted—the anniversary or special gatherings of educational, professional, and commercial bodies? How seldom we are rewarded. We go, lured by the hope of an occasion which will relieve the routine of our utilitarian lives and appeal to the spirit; we return in dejection, nursing the bitter colloquialism "never again." To what have we listened? The inspired homilies and florid platitudes of the official dignitary anxious not to offend anybody; the painful articulations of the diffident man of mark struggling to say nothing and sit down; the dismal hortation of the serious

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speaker devoid of fancy or suppleness; to the complacent teller of anecdotes which bear the hall-mark of the drummer. So much of what is earnest is dreary; so much of what is jocose is commonplace or bourgeois. We possess a redundancy of people ready to rise to their feet and impart information—talk prosily without suspicion or concern as to their want of charm. In their eagerness to educate and preach, they disdain the sensibilities of their hearers. We have a few exceptions, of whom we are justly proud; but what we constantly miss in our public speakers is that felicitous compound of originality, conviction, courage, and scholarship which is best described by the word style. Ours is the era of graceless common-sense, monotonous sermonizing, and the warmed-over humor of the man of the street. Josephine is right; one can almost count on one's fingers the people whom it is an æsthetic pleasure to hear converse or discourse.

Having expressed myself to this effect, but somewhat more colloquially than is here written, I suddenly said, "And now it's your turn. Is the American woman a person of culture?"

My wife frowned as though the inquiry were unwelcome, then answered with a tragic air, "I have realized perfectly all the while that you were leading up to this, and I have been trying to consider. Is the American woman cultivated? Every one knows that the American man as a rule is not. It was scarcely worth while arguing the question. But is she?" Josephine paused a moment absorbed in reflection, then added, but more mournfully than her words seemed to warrant, "We are supposed to be. We have the reputation of being; at least among ourselves."

I felt the occasion to be one when silence on my part would be golden, and that the stern requirements of Josephine's conscience would not permit her to shirk the issue. Yet I could not refrain from egging her on, so to speak, by the basely specious words, "I have been brought up to believe that no foreign woman was to be mentioned in the same breath with her."

"Why not?" she retorted on the instant with the tenseness of protest. Then in a firm but plaintive voice she proceeded as follows: "Do we speak languages? In no city is there more than a sprinkling of American women able to converse fluently with the visiting foreigner. We have to scurry around to find them. What permanent contributions have we made to scholarship? Virtually none. Are we proficient musically? We take lessons from early youth and flock to fashionable concerts to hear prima donnas; but, unlike the English or German girl, unless we are prodigies, we shrink from performing within ear-shot of any one but the family. Are we accomplished housewives? The young American woman of every class has never bothered her head about housekeeping until she had to. Now the educators are trying to bring her to her senses by schools of domestic science. Are we familiar with or adepts at politics? A fastidious few follow the ins and outs of European political parties, but as a sex we have always complained that our own politics are not interesting. The clever Frenchwoman has her country's affairs at her tongue's end, and the Englishwoman kisses the babies of the voters at election time. Where, after all, is our great superiority, Fred? In what way do we manifest our culture? Mind," she added imperatively, "I wouldn't say this to any one else in the world."

"I should hope not," I said gravely. "The women's clubs are suspicious enough already that I lack serious purpose; though I have become their genuine admirer since they renounced those stilted essays on literary criticism in favor of civic sanitation."

"Wait a moment, dear. Of course we *are* superior—there's no question about that. But I'm not sure we're cultivated—not yet, that is. The great possession of the American woman—which distinguishes her from every other woman in the world—is her point of view. She thinks for herself, and insists on thinking for herself. This explains her social adaptability. Not only does she feel free to have opinions on every subject without regard to masculine prerogative, but to express them with all the untrammelled brightness at her command; which makes the women of other nationalities appear tongue-tied in comparison, especially as there is no lack of refinement or modesty in those of us who please the most. We are socially attractive because we choose to use our wits and to be lively companions from the outset rather than worshipped at long range and then appropriated as dolls

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or drudges. This was an innovation in Vanity Fair which gradually took civilization by storm. The American woman became the fashion—the cynsosure of the feminine universe. With what result? Woman has waked up everywhere; we no longer have the field to ourselves, but have competitors. Our independence, our energetic self-reliance, our bright, voluble, spirited ways are being successfully imitated in every quarter of the globe. We are given the credit of discoverers; but, with that granted, when you ask whether we compare favorably in culture with our imitators, a dreadful doubt assails me. We have our point of view; but a point of view must have background and perspective. Sometimes it seems to me, Fred"—and here Josephine weighed her words in token of the enormity of her utterance—"that American women simply chatter. What do you think, dear?"

"I would not venture to express an opinion on such a delicate subject," I answered promptly. "It is enough to have intimated that American men in general society are mum."

In my effort to escape responsibility I must have seemed a craven had Josephine heeded. But she has a way of asking me questions in order to mark time for thought, not expecting an answer, and this was one of the occasions, for she continued as though I had not spoken. "It isn't that we have no Madame de Staël or Madame Récamier. The world of feminine democracy, like that of men, is too busy to put up with elaboration. Yet the American woman at large has lately admitted the social bee to her bonnet and given it priority over the other bees. Thirty years ago the fashionable few who dressed for dinner were looked at askance—almost ostracized by the many. To-day the ambitious woman aspires under the flag of equal opportunity to belong to a social set and be mentioned in the society columns. With increasing wealth we've developed and are in the throes of a social renaissance, the outward signs of which are receptions, teas, Colonial or Revolutionary orders, leagues, readings, bridge, concerts, committee meetings, and conference lectures, from one of which she feverishly hastens to another. She is so afraid of losing something—that some other woman or family will get ahead of her if she doesn't appear at everything. There's always some new problem confronting her on which she is expected to converse so intelligently that no one will be able to detect that she really hasn't had leisure to consider it at all. The problems are even more numerous than the social functions, and are constantly changing. To hold her own she must appear familiar with everything—the newest books she hasn't read, the latest abstruse theories which she has managed to skim in the current magazines. No wonder, poor thing, she seeks to hide her ignorance behind a metallic brightness born of a smattering and the fear of never catching up." Josephine sighed, evidently from appreciative sympathy. "What I mean is this," she resumed pleadingly. "Ought not the freedom and propensity to form a definite opinion on every conceivable subject have some stabler balance-wheel than feminine intuition and gregarious tact? Oughtn't we to store our minds instead of perpetually draining them? Oughtn't we to attempt fewer things and do them more persistently? Yes, dear, dreadful as it sounds, I fear that the American woman of to-day is apt to mistake chattering for culture."

Josephine's eyes were fixed dreamily on distance, not on me. "We are very quick and very adaptive; 'lightning-change artists,'" she continued. "We all talk and talk; rather fast and, frequently, all at once. The saving grace is that every now and then, partly as the result of our talking, a commission is appointed, mostly composed of men, and some legislation is started. But that isn't culture exactly." She shook her head and was silent for a wistful moment, then turned to me and said, "The subject is—er—a ticklish one, Fred, and painfully perplexing. Don't let's discuss it any further."

Like the dutiful husband I try to be, I promptly popped back into its box the imp I had unwittingly let loose, and secured the lid. The American woman chatter? Heaven forbid. This would imply an element of shallowness in her make-up deplorable in one whose ambition it is to guide human progress. As an indulgent grandfather I feel confident that the stricture is too harsh and that Josephine would have softened or qualified it on second thought had I ventured to disobey her and prolong the conversation.

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And yet there is this to be said in connection with the broader aspect of the theme—the culture of both our women and men—that when one so loyal to her sex as my wife and such an earnest spirit as my friend Dr. Meredith voluntarily utter kindred doubts, even the most lenient of philosphers cannot afford to dismiss lightly the charge that our national civilization tends at present to produce but scantily those graces which are the symbols of genuine erudition and reserve power.

IV

You must have already gathered from the account given of Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote's conversion that our neighbor at Ocean-Lea, where we pass our summers, Hugh Armitt Dawson, far from being engrossed by money-getting and spending, is a man of refinement and public-spirited generosity. His benefactions to hospitals and colleges, not always heralded like those of some of his contemporaries, have been numerous and princely, and the ultimate success of several humanitarian projects is directly traceable to his discriminating support in the hour of need. I remember well that Mrs. Foote herself, within the month following that educational luncheon, flourished in my face a cheque, drawn by him in favor of one of her sociological hobbies, the amount of which made me open my eyes.

He is in the prime of life; an important figure in our industrial development, as some of you are aware; and a director in many corporations. Every one will concede that, though he inherited from his father a moderate fortune and the nucleus of a business, his present large wealth is the result of his own industry, enterprise, and able interpretation of financial conditions. He is known as a man of scrupulous integrity, incapable of feathering his own nest by means of knowledge derived in a fiduciary capacity.

He has been fortunate, too, on the whole, in his family affairs. His wife, who was of Knickerbocker extraction, and he are devoted helpmates. To be sure, their eldest son, though proficient as a polo player, graduated from a private sanitarium for dipsomaniacs prior to becoming a voluntary exile in Europe, where he oscillates in gentlemanly fashion between Paris and the Riviera for the sake of his health. But another son is associated with him downtown and seems likely to follow in his footsteps and ultimately to become paramount in the management of a business which has crowded or bought out its rivals and desires to be known as a "good trust." Still a third, after marrying the belle of the New York season, who was also conspicuous for her wealth, has interested himself in the erection of model tenement-houses, and hopes, presently, by proper political influence, to enter diplomatic life as minister to one of the minor courts of Europe. Mr. Dawson was not altogether pleased that his eldest daughter lost her heart and fortune to Lord Humphrey Bale, who has since become the Earl of Batterbrook. He would have preferred an American son-in-law. But the match has turned out reasonably well. There were rumors during the second year, when the bride returned to this country on a visit to her parents, that she would never go back, and people who should know better busily circulated the scandal that a variety actress associated with Lord Humphrey in his salad days had reclaimed him.

The details of the subsequent reconciliation have never been divulged. One can only surmise how it was brought about. It is important to bear in mind that in England mere quiet infidelity on the part of a husband, unless coupled with abusive treatment, is not a valid cause for divorce, and it has never been suggested that Lord Humphrey beat his wife. I am inclined to think that the timely death of Lord Humphrey's father was the saving factor in a troublesome situation. A woman hesitating on the ragged edge of abandoning her husband for cause might readily find in a countess's tiara the magnet to divert her from the final step. To be Countess Batterbrook, with the right to a seat in Westminster Abbey at royal weddings and funerals, is a perquisite not to be lightly renounced, however hollow as a sentimental consideration.

At all events, the matter was hushed up, and it is generally agreed that the culprit has conducted himself with such decorum or discretion ever since that his wife has recovered some of her good looks, in recognition of which her latest Christmas gift from her father is said to have been in ex-

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cess of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is almost the yearly habit of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson to participate in the gayeties of the London season and pay visits at English country houses before opening their own establishment at Ocean-Lea for the late summer and autumn. Their agreeable qualities, combined with his inside knowledge of what is going on in Wall Street, have made them social favorites.

It goes almost without saying that a man so successful has always had implicit faith in the material progress of his native country. But this is far from the limit of his patriotism. If his own opinion be a criterion, no citizen, however democratic and demonstrative, believes more firmly in her political destinies than Hugh Armitt Dawson. He thinks of her as the land of freedom and opportunity, an asylum for the down-trodden of foreign nations (if white), and the great exponent of republican ideals on which the eyes of the civilized world are fixed with envious admiration. While he deprecates the spread-eagle oratory of fire-eating politicians because of its effect on business, and favors arbitration as a panacea, I am confident that in case of actual war no one would be a more loyal and self-sacrificing supporter of the government. I have been told that at the outset he chafed at our retention of the Philippines; but he would not to-day entrust their protection to any one else; and he has learned to regard a powerful navy as the surest guarantee of peace. If it be said of him that he habitually refrains from slapping other men on the back in token of his democracy, and endeavors to screen his private affairs from the curiosity of the mob more closely than a greedy press approves, his demeanor toward people of every class is simple, direct, and conciliatory, like that of all sensible Americans, though he does not emulate a presidential candidate seeking the horny hand of the locomotive engineer. He is faithful to his political duties, attending caucuses in an emergency, and voting, irrespective of the weather; he used to contribute freely to campaign funds before publicity was required, and he gives freely of his time and money to all movements looking toward the improvement of our institutions and the furtherance of law and order.

I have given this detailed description of his claims to be regarded as a useful citizen of whom we may be proud because I was somewhat taken aback when Luther Hubbard, who is my son David's brother-in-law, stigmatized him the other day as an inveterate reactionary. This, too, was after Luther had partaken of a propitiatory dinner at the Dawsons' and conversed with him at some length.

I have already indicated that David's wife is a modern woman. As Miss Lavinia Hubbard she entertained even more advanced views on social problems than my second daughter, Winona. Her brother Luther is just as radical—a lank, thin-lipped man whose appearance suggests both a college professor and a factory foreman. Until he begins to speak his effect is rather colorless, and so quiet is his demeanor that what he says seems dry until one suddenly realizes how incisive it is and what startling sentiments he is uttering with that unemotional voice which, like an imperturbable river, sweeps away all obstacles as if they were straws. I am told that on the public platform, where he has begun to figure, he holds his audiences spellbound by the clearness with which he marshals his statistics and anticipates the arguments of those with whom he disagrees.

"Inveterate reactionary?" I queried. "I had assumed that, as men of his class go, Hugh Armitt Dawson's sympathies were decidedly progressive. He is an authority, you know, on profit-sharing, and has put into practice in his own enterprises the doctrines which he advocates. Think of the money he gives to promote all sorts of social reforms. His manners, too, betray not a trace of condescension. It surprises me that you do not regard him as a rather fine type of American democracy."

Luther smiled as if amused, though I know he tolerates my opinions and has more than once intimated that, were I twenty years younger, we should agree on everything. "Oh, yes, I grant all that. Highly commendable and not to be discredited. But I dispute your use of the word 'democracy.' Mr. Dawson's idol is property, and modern democracy is ready, if needs be, to subordinate property to human welfare. That society should venture to limit the prerogatives of complete ownership—prescribe how much one may accumulate, bequeath, or inherit—will never be otherwise than repugnant to him. He

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looks on all such measures as a species of piratical confiscation at the behest of the many against the fortunate few, and his opulent benefactions—spontaneous and commendable as they are—are, in part, a protest to show how much better equipped he is to dispose of his superfluous wealth than the State is to do it for him. There's the case against him in a nutshell. Every fresh interference with what he was brought up to term the vested rights of ownership, still produces the same effect on him as a red rag on a bull, with the result that he is blind to the fact that democracy left that flag-post in the rear half a generation ago."

Luther had certainly revealed with pitiless acumen the weak joints in the armor of my summer neighbor's civic righteousness. I recognized the essential justness of the criticism. Many times have I heard Mr. Dawson fulminate irately on this identical theme and lose all sense of proportion in the process. At the same time Luther Hubbard is apt to be so serenely sure of his conclusions that I instinctively seek grounds of dissent. I admire his earnestness; but in spite of his tranquil tones he has the air at times of preaching a gospel in the name of the American people, which is trying to those who remember that he failed in business at the outset of his career, has occupied a subordinate position downtown ever since, and is suspected of wearing, at times, celluloid collars as a badge of immunity from aristocratic contagion.

Do not misunderstand me. For all I know, his lack of commercial success may properly be regarded as another nail in the coffin of commercial competition. I have reason to believe that he performs his routine duties with scrupulous fidelity, and that his remaining energies are devoted without hope of pecuniary reward to the advancement of those social reforms on which he speaks so authoritatively. He is an eager student of current legislation, and no session passes without his frequent appearance before committees in behalf of bills to ameliorate existing conditions. If he is frugal in his wardrobe, he is always neat. I merely mean that if everybody were exactly like him we should be a rather dingy lot, however earnest and estimable.

Remember, too, that my sympathies with democracy are far from lukewarm. You may recall that Josephine has already admitted that, though I cherished doubts regarding airships, I have always lent a willing ear to those eager to promote the eventual brotherhood of man. It would have appeared to me trite to invite Luther Hubbard to change places in his mind's eye with Hugh Armitt Dawson. The inevitable reply would be, "Very likely I should look at the matter exactly as he does; but I should be wrong." The propensity to nurse the prejudices of one's own class is illuminating as a key to human nature, but not to human progress.

Luther's indictment was certainly well taken up to a certain point. There is no doubt that Mr. Dawson and many like him of equal prominence in the world of pecuniary affairs are in the predicament of one who busies himself with trying to set back the hands of the clock after the hour has struck. It is characteristic of them and their fashionable followers that they so rarely anticipate what is going on beneath the surface of society until it has been transmuted into concrete law. They awaken at the last minute with no resource but to calumniate the masses, who, as they claim, have nothing to lose. Within a year I have heard a fastidiously foolish American woman remark that the gift to every man of the right to vote was a fatal mistake, as if she cherished the hope that the privilege would some day be withdrawn. Similarly, any observant grandfather hears to-day in august circles on every side the horrified ejaculations of those who have suddenly discovered, through the death of relatives who have left them a windfall, that they must hand over a slice to the State for the privilege of entering into possession of somebody else's money. Tax the property which my uncle accumulated by his sagacity and bequeathed me of his own free will? Cut off twice as big a slice because he was shrewd enough to amass five hundred thousand instead of one? Compel me to pay at a higher rate than his son would have had to pay because I was so fortunate as to outlive his son? Require under the laws of conservative New York (as they stood until modified by the Legislature of 1911, in deference to fears of a general exodus) the wretch who comes unexpectedly by will into a million, but happens, poor man, to be no relation to the testator, to hand over one-quarter—twenty-five per cent—to the State?

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The muffled cries of the wounded are heard through the land. I recall that even so sensible a woman as Josephine expressed horror when she was told a dozen years ago that it was constitutional for the State treasurer to appropriate by way of tax a sum equal to a year's income on the pittance (thirty thousand dollars) left her by her great-aunt, Rebecca, who was so eccentric that it was feared she would devise everything to foreign missions. Some of our very best citizens have found and still find difficulty in accommodating their sense of justice to the principle not merely promulgated, but accepted by the legislators and courts of law of every civilized nation, that the right to bequeath and the right to inherit are not, as a previous generation imagined, sacred white elephants on which no one may lay a finger. Put limits to the amount which an able financier may accumulate? Curtail his inalienable right to do what he will with his own? One would suppose from the gloomy way in which they wag their heads and murmur about confiscation that it was radicalism incarnate. Yet, as every one not an economic ignoramus is aware, legacy taxes and death duties are almost as old as the hills—dating back, certainly, to Rome and the Emperor Augustus in the year A. D. 6, who borrowed them from the Egyptians. We have imposed a tax on inheritances from time to time in the past to meet the requirements of war or financial stringency. The novelty is in the progressive feature—the social claim that it is equitable to cut off a larger slice for the needs of the State from the man who inherits much than from him who inherits little, and in such increasing ratio that at a certain point in the ascending scale the tax collector's knife will cut sheer to the bone and take collops of flesh instead of thin strips—especially in cases where the beneficiary had no reason to expect anything whatever.

In this more modern feature our legislators have been imitators, not pioneers. We have trailed behind, or certainly not anticipated, as those afflicted would have us believe, the other nations of Europe. The English Finance Act of 1894, the French highly progressive legacy tax laws of 1901 and 1902, and the German National Act of 1906 were already on the statute books when the phrase "swollen fortunes" added a new form of nightmare to the slumbers of the multi-millionaire. From the point of view of what has been done already, the foreign nations have nothing to learn from us in this respect. Indeed, when one now a grandfather takes account of that new group of social-humanitarian measures which have been brewing for the last twenty years, and have suddenly become household words to every political aspirant—legacy taxes, workingmen's compensation acts, old-age pensions, industrial insurance and the like—the Fourth of July claim that this country leads the world in radical accomplishment is certainly not borne out by any comparison with legislation across the water.

How suggestive is that forbidding phrase "swollen fortunes"! It conjures up a dropsical condition ready to be pricked and which alienates sympathy. If it be said that we were not pioneers in adopting the progressive inheritance tax, no advocate of the principle can complain that we have not, under the spur of that blood-thirsty figure of speech, shown ourselves quick-witted imitators. It is essentially true of this nation that when its imagination is fired it takes suggestion as a cat laps milk. The economic query—"Why shouldn't the community tax the lucky inheritor of a million more than him who receives only a paltry twenty thousand dollars?"—was put in the nick of time to dazzle with rainbow hopes the treasurers of forty-seven States already at their wits' ends to provide fresh funds for the public improvements—parks, hospitals, recreation grounds, model school and court-houses—demanded by the sovereign people. It served to transform them from rather meek officials into eager butchers, and, as a consequence, I should not wonder if that inveterate reactionary, Hugh Armitt Dawson, is apt to awaken in distress under the impression that he is the dead carcass of a huge sperm-whale, surrounded by a flotilla of small boats, the ruthless crews of which brandish long knives.

Of all the reforms which as a grandfather I have lived to see instituted, none strikes me as more sane and meritorious than the progressive inheritance tax. It does not surprise me in the least that those directing our political destiny should argue that society can trust more safely to the au-

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tomatic action of a law, which sequesters for the use of the State a liberal slice of every multi-millionaire's accumulations, than to the spontaneous generosity of the financially plethoric individual. For every half-dozen splendid philanthropists who would, by public donations, prove their sense of responsibility to the society which made such wealth possible, there would be a hundred who would hive and hand it over undiminished to their heirs. In spite of the libraries, hospitals, and endowed institutions of learning, which attest the scruples of a few with large possessions, the State would be sadly out of pocket were it to trust solely to the so-called vested right of testamentary initiative.

Yet at the same time I cannot help feeling considerable sympathy—and not altogether sneaking sympathy—for my wealthy neighbor, Mr. Dawson, and rather haunted by the analogy which I have drawn between him and a deceased leviathan. Were he to die to-morrow, he would lie literally between the devil and the deep blue sea. The news by telegraph of the death of so big a fish would be the signal for every tax collector to whip out his knife in the hope of being able to secure some portion of the spoil. Conditions change so rapidly in this country that what is strange doctrine one year becomes the political shibboleth of the next; and it may fairly be said that the spread of the progressive feature of the inheritance tax law has begun to resemble wild fire. Startling at first to the conservative instincts of legislators, it opens vistas of opportunity which broaden the more it is applied. As a producer of revenue the process is so simple, and the needs of our democracy inspired by large plans for social reform are so great, it is not surprising that those charged with the farming of the new plunder have lost their heads a little under the impulse of a phrase which seems to sanctify blood-letting.

I dare say that Luther Hubbard is right in his belief that Hugh Armitt Dawson still resents, as a long step toward anarchy, the legislation which will tax after death his ten millions (more or less) at a much higher rate than the bare competency left by his neighbors; but I feel confident that he would presently resign himself to his plight, and perhaps even recognize the essential justness of the discrimination against him, if he could look forward to a single deft operation instead of a series of protracted proddings. Every man's hand is against him, and he finds himself in much the same category with the gypsy moth and other noxious enemies of society. If his executors could only pay up at once and be done with it, he could afford to smile. But this consolation is denied him. They will have to reckon not only with a single set of authorities, but with those of every sovereign State where there is an inheritance tax law, the officials of which can succeed in planting a harpoon in his body. It may truly be said that the lure of booty has transformed the State treasurers of the Union into a company of free lances.

Were Hugh Armitt Dawson to die to-morrow, those charged with the settlement of his affairs would be liable to pay under existing laws, (1) an inheritance tax to the sovereign State of which he was an inhabitant on land within the State and on all his personal property wherever it happened to be; (2) a further tax to the several sovereign States within whose bounds any of his property was at his death; (3) a further tax to the sovereign State under the laws of which any corporation, the shares of which were standing in his name at his death, was organized; for otherwise the accredited agent of the corporation would refuse to transfer them; and, as a condition precedent to the transfer, he might be required to file an inventory to facilitate the discovery of something else to pounce on; (4) a further tax to the sovereign State where certain corporations in which he held shares owned property though organized elsewhere.

With this complicated prospect of being cut into slices, or collops, staring him in the face, is there any great wonder that my wealthy neighbor is disposed to remain an inveterate reactionary? Nor is this the limit. Over his head hangs, like the sword of Damocles, the impending dread of another slice cut off by a national inheritance tax—a measure constantly predicted. If to these levies after death be added liberal taxes on real estate and an income tax, both State and national, while he is living, one does not need to be a progressive arithmetician to wonder how long, at this rate, fortunes will remain "swollen."

Luther Hubbard would declare, I have no doubt, that he does not countenance this

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orgy. He would assure you that the present rapacity is a natural consequence of the simultaneous working of new laws in twenty or thirty States all aglow with the spirit of human brotherhood, and eager to gather in all they can. He would assure you that comity will presently remedy the defects of the situation, and that two or three of the sovereign States have already passed laws remitting a tax on the property of any non-resident where there is reciprocal legislation in favor of the inhabitants of the State granting the exemption. But the momentary answer to this is that the reciprocity has thus far hung fire. For the time being at least the sovereign States have been too intoxicated by the "high jinks" incident to cutting up successive whales to consider relinquishing any portion of the oil on any such old-fashioned plea as abstract justice. Perhaps they will come to it presently; we generally do work round in the long run in this country to a living basis of fairness. But this new source of revenue has so strong a grasp on the imagination of those who believe in the supremacy of States' rights that, in the interval, Hugh Armitt Dawson may depart this life and find himself after death the hacked leviathan which his fancy depicts. This is why my sympathies go out to him when I hear him invidiously referred to as an inveterate reactionary.

There is one other point in this connection which should be touched on. In spite of being a progressive grandfather I approach it gingerly; yet it has a certain fascination, if only because it is so foreign to the ideals or fears, as the case may be, of the older generation. At what figure will those bent on the brotherhood of man draw the line? What sum will the lucky dog of the future be allowed to inherit without incurring the reproach of possessing a swollen fortune? Will our social law-makers agree with Josephine that no one with less than five million dollars is really rich, or insist that the maximum expenditure for any one should be the income derivable from five hundred thousand? "Any one with this has all that is good for him,"—I can almost hear Luther Hubbard say; yet, as a matter of fact, he has never committed himself in set terms. Though the subject is at the back of his mind and is one of which he now and then affords me a glimpse by way of showing what earnest souls, not inveterate reactionaries, are meditating, he balks, so to speak, when I try to pin him down and tells me that this is one of the reforms of the future which has not yet been thoroughly worked out.

That bogy, complete confiscation—which like the hysterical plaint of the Southerner concerning the social status of the negro, "Do you wish him to marry your daughter?"—wears too much the semblance of a Jack-o'-lantern to be convincing, has no real terrors for a progressive grandfather. Our highest courts may be trusted to declare for many years to come that it would be unreasonable to deprive any man of the means of sending his children to private schools and owning a box at the opera. But when it comes to lopping off the superfluities by the automatic operation of a guillotine-like inheritance tax law, there is a certain fascination, as I have indicated, in forecasting the mandate of some Robespierre of excise—"everything over and above one hundred thousand to the State, and be thankful you are allowed that."

"How would that strike you?" I inquired of my wife by way of staring the future in the face.

Josephine looked grave. It was obviously a novel proposition to her and a little of a shock.

"To the State? All over one hundred thousand? One could manage on that if one were careful."

I hastened to reassure her by saying, "I am referring to the future, dear. It could hardly happen in our time."

Jospehine meditated a moment. "What would the State do with the surplus?"

"Provide grand opera and round the world trips for everybody, coming-out balls for workingmen's daughters, municipal airships, automobiles, and tiaras, and, in short, enable the multitude to enjoy the perquisites of life now reserved for the few."

Josephine looked at me a little reproachfully, though she recognized my banter as that of one at his wits' end for a reply. Sighing gently she said:

"If, Fred, the world could wipe out all its direst poverty and misery in exchange for half its beauty and elegance, could it not almost afford the exchange? And it would be only for a while. I believe that in the end the world would be more beautiful."

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Coming from my wife's lips this radiant prophecy was wellnigh convincing, and I have no question that Luther Hubbard's distrust of inveterate reactionaries springs from a kindred humanitarian hope. At the same time, is it not too much to expect that a grandfather who has been taught to reverence as one of the bulwarks of the ages the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution concerning "life, liberty, or property," should adopt at one fell swoop the ultra limits of this doctrine of the future without consulting the political economists?

"A limit to the amount which any one may inherit is one of the grand hopes of the future," I heard a contemporary remark some years ago with such evident conviction that I was moved to inquire—knowing that he had an only son who would look to him for patrimony—at what figure he would fix the prohibition.

My friend reflected a moment, and then replied steadfastly: "At just a little beyond what I shall leave."

His face was so thoroughly sober as he spoke that I have never felt sure that he was not an unconscious humorist.

(To be continued.)

FOUR POEMS

By John Galsworthy

LOVE

O Love—that love who comes so stealthily,
And takes us up, and twists us as it will—
What fevered hours of agony you bring!
How oft we wake, and cry: "God set me free
Of love—to never love again!" And still
We fall and clutch you by the knees, and cling,
And press our lips. And so, once more are glad!

And if you go, or if you never come,
Through what a grieving wilderness of pain
We travel on. In prisons stripped of light
We blindly grope, and wander without home.
The friendless winds that sweep across the plain—
The beggars meeting us at silent night—
Than we, are not more desolate and sad!

WIND!

Wind, wind—heather gypsy,
  Whistling in my tree!
All the heart of me is tipsy
  At the sound of thee,
Sweet with scent of clover,
  Salt with breath of sea!
Wind, wind—wayman lover,
  Whistling in my tree!

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AUTUMN BY THE SEA

We'll hear the uncompanioned murmur of the swell,
And touch the drift-wood, delicately gray,
And with our quickened senses smell
The sea-flowers all the day!

We'll count the white gulls pasturing on meadows brown,
And gaze into the arches of the blue,
Till evening's ice comes stealing down
From those far fields of dew;

And slow the crimson Sun-god swathes his eye, and sails
To sleep in his innumerable cloak;
And gentle heat's gold pathway fails
In autumn's opal smoke!

Then long we'll watch the journey of the soft half-moon—
A gold-bright moth slow-spinning up the sky!
And know the dark flight—all too soon—
Of land-birds passing by.

Through all the dark wide night of stars our souls shall touch
The sky, in God's own quietude of things,
And gain brief freedom from the clutch
Of Life's encompassings.

TIME

Beneath this vast serene of sky,
Where worlds are but as mica dust,
From age to age the wind goes by;
Unnumbered summer burns the grass.
On lion rocks, at rest from strife
The æons are but lichen rust.
Then what is man's so brittle life?—
The buzzing of the flies that pass!

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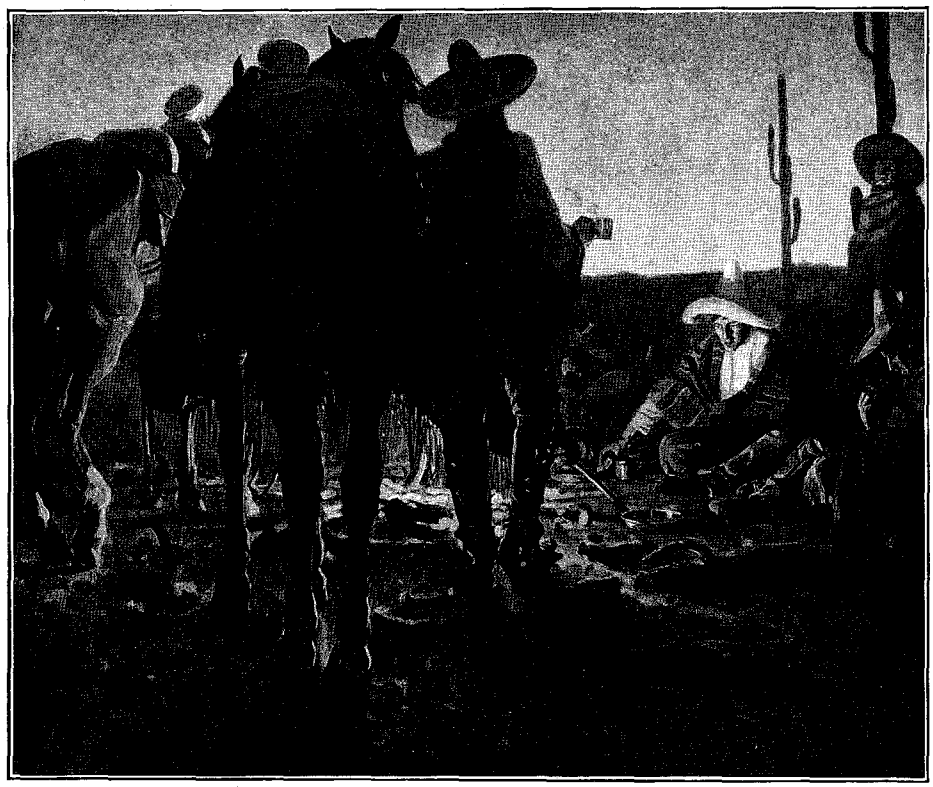

There is something primitive and picturesque in the very appearance and dress of the *vaqueros.*—Page 178.

THE NEW CATTLE COUNTRY

By F. Warner Robinson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

FIVE men rode into the foothills of the Sierras. Four of the riders were Mexican *vaqueros;* the fifth was an American. It was late afternoon. A purple dusk had already settled upon Babicora Plain far below; but beneath the limbs of the giant pines, which clothe the feet of the Rockies from Alaska to Panama, the day had faded into deep twilight. The men rode in single file, the Mexicans close together and in the lead, the American half a hundred yards behind. It was very quiet except for the creak and strain of leather and the soft thud of hoofs on the pine-needle carpet. Suddenly, the American stopped and gazed ahead, spellbound.

His companions had ridden out of the timber into one of those little cleared, rock-bound pockets of the hills, whose sheer beauty even the pines seem to respect, and stood at a distance to admire; and from one of the triple peaks of the Tres Picachos, against which the rays of the ebbing sun struck and splintered, pointed a giant finger of crimson light. It fell upon the four *vaqueros* with the illuminating force of a stage spotlight. The effect was theatrical far beyond the imagination of a Belasco or a Clyde Fitch.

The American was a cowboy. He had spent twenty years on the cattle ranges of the States without knowing the meaning of poetry or romance; yet, here he sat on his

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big bay and gazed in wonder and admiration, touched a little, for the first time in his life, with that passion which makes painters and musicians.

This is Mexico—Mexico of the cattle country, the new cattle country. And the four men riding silently across the clearing in the glow of the sunset were Mexican cowboys. They sat gracefully astride mules, with their *serapes* (blankets) wound closely about them, each with a chunk of raw beef, bleeding and uncovered, dangling from his saddle. They were going into the mountains on the first night of the great *rodeo* (round-up) which would begin on Babicora Plain in the morning.

This mountain phase of the work is only one of the features of the Mexican cattle business that excites even the American cowboy's emotions. There are other things that greatly impress him—the immense sizes of the *rodeos* and *remudas* (herds of saddle-horses taken along by the *vaqueros* for use in the *rodeos*), and the extreme poverty, simplicity, and primitive, dare-devil fearlessness of the *vaqueros*. But after he has seen and pondered over these things, after he has lived for months on the Mexican range and has taken part in a dozen *rodeos*, his most lasting impression of it all is this picture in the foot-hills—these solemn, mule-mounted Mexicans riding at dusk through a pool of crimson sunset. And this is so, perhaps, not altogether because of the colors and the picturesqueness of the setting, but because he has never seen anything like it in his own country. In the States a cowboy on a mule would be a curiosity; and there is nothing in the table-lands and low, rolling hills of Montana or Texas that can compare with these rugged, steep-sided plains and valleys of Mexico. Then, again, there is something so wild, primitive, and picturesque in the very appearance and dress of the *vaqueros*, apart from the country itself and the brilliant colorings, that the stamp of commerce fades into the background. The mules and raw, bleeding beef, the short jackets, tight pantaloons, immense hats, and altogether fierce aspect of the riders, seem more like a part of some barbaric pilgrimage than a peaceful quest on a matter of honest business. It is probable that nowhere else in North America, possibly in the whole world, will one find greater contrast between outward appearance and inward purpose.

But sunrises, sunsets, brilliant colorings, and wild scenery are not for the *vaquero's* own enjoyment. For always before his eyes looms the big, round *peso* (Mexican dollar) which shuts out and obscures everything else in his life. It is his goal and his ambition, though it vanishes from him as does his natal day. And yet the *vaquero* is not mercenary; he is only poor, with a large family to support, and his wages are but twenty *pesos* per month, which is about ten dollars in American money. And this money he rarely sees; it goes to his account, or is supposed to, in the general store at the ranch, and his family draws against it for supplies. But no matter how much he may economize with respect to his purchases, he is fated seldom to realize a cash balance which he can put in his pocket and jingle like real money. In fact, *vaqueros* are so poverty-stricken that most of them cannot afford fire-arms, which fact often forces upon them the most primitive methods of self-defence against wild animals and each other—and which has developed and fostered fearlessness to a marked degree. It is no uncommon thing for them, or even their young male offspring, to attack a grizzly or a mountain lion with no other weapon than stones and a rope, pommelling the animals to death with the former or roping and strangling the life out of them with the latter.

Down in South-western Chihuahua in the summer of 1910, two boys were sent out by *El Padrón* (the general manager of the ranch) from Babicora to repair the telephone lines which had been blown down in a recent storm. When they returned to the ranch house, two days later, they carried the pelt of a young mountain lion. They had come across an old mountain lion and her three cubs; and while one of the boys made away with the cub, the other one fought off the mother with sticks and stones, and both escaped with the pelt as a trophy.

On another occasion when Pedro Avrieta, Pedro Morales, and his brother Fernando, and Savino Talavera were camping on the *Aguaqui* guarding the *remuda*, they saw the tracks of four bears (who had been feeding on the carcasses of some dead cows), and took up the chase. Morales and Talavera had guns but no ammunition; the others were unarmed. After an hour's ride on horseback, they suddenly came upon four

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

Fernando roped one of the bears and his brother caught another.—Page 180.

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big grizzlies, the ferocious aspect of which would have frightened even an American cowboy armed with a rifle, but had little effect on the *vaqueros*. Fernando roped one of the bears and his brother caught another. Avrieta and Talavera were not so successful, and, after standing off the bears for a few minutes, were finally forced to run for their lives, the bears following and leaving Fernando and his brother free with their strenuous prisoners. Then the latter had the greatest sport of their careers, jerking the bears off their feet one minute and being obliged to use all their spryness to keep away from the angry beasts the next. In the end, however, the grizzlies were choked to death, and the four men returned to the *remuda* with two fine skins.

It is not in encounters with wild animals, however, that the *vaquero* shows the greatest amount of that spirit of dare-devil fearlessness which is more a part of him than his dress or his surroundings. What really exhibits his primitive intellect is his love for posing, with his life in his hand, before a camera. He will face almost certain death for one word of commendation on his bravery. It is a common thing for him to jump into the corral before a "*locoed*" cow (than which there is no animal more dangerous) and run and dodge the charges of the infuriated beast for several minutes while some visitor at the ranch is taking a snapshot of him. And his exhibitions of recklessness on the range are not a bit less spectacular. But all his displays of bravery have the same child-like simplicity about them, and are always for the sake of praise.

His dress carries out the childish idea and his primitive delight in show. It consists of a short jacket made of some cheap coarse material, usually in colors, and tight-fitting pantaloons belled out at the bottom just enough to permit easy foot action. Down the outside seam of his trousers runs a broad strip of brilliant cloth. Instead of a belt he wears a *faja* (sash) which is wrapped around his body several times with the ends tucked in. It is always of some bright color, usually red or blue. His sombrero, of course, is an object of almost universal conjecture, often having a three-foot expanse of brim, which is dipped at a rakish angle, with a conical-shaped crown. It is made of braided straw and is invariably decorated with bands of brilliant colors. Such a suit costs about five dollars. A *vaquero* dressed in a *charro* suit, which costs ten dollars, would feel like a Broadway dandy, it being his idea of the acme of sartorial perfection.

On the range he always has about him somewhere his beloved *serape*, which seems indestructible. He wears it thrown over his shoulder like a shawl, and how he keeps it on, in the thick of a round-up, always puzzles the American cowboy. He also uses it as his bed at night; and when it rains, one will see him stoically sitting his horse (he rides a horse on the plain but not in the mountains), enjoying the full glory of it like an Indian chief on dress parade. His foot-gear is almost laughable, for instead of the high-heeled graceful boot worn by American cowboys, he wears the *charro* shoe, which is low-heeled, thin-soled, and very pointed at the toe, resembling, in every respect but the toe, the old-style congress shoe. It is usually of russet leather of very soft texture. As a rule, he wears no kerchief round his neck, and his chaps fit tight and flare at the bottom like his trousers.

Strictly as a cattleman, however, the *vaquero* does not shine. He is too excitable and too nervous, and is wofully lacking in that subtle power which gave the old California cowboys, top-notchers of their time, such command over a restless herd. This mastery over cattle is like the effect of oil on a troubled sea, and is one of the qualities peculiar to American cowboys.

But here again the *vaquero's* reckless daring comes into play, and at the only place in his day's work where it has any show of merit. He will plunge into the very centre of a herd in his effort to break up a "mill," unmindful of the fact that the bright reds of his *serape* are very distasteful to the bulls. This is the one act that earns the American's hearty admiration, though he may feel, perhaps, that if such clumsy tactics had not been used in the beginning there would have been no need for such heroic display.

Aside from the differences in dress, temperament, and the mountain feature of the work, the thing that makes the biggest impression on the cowboy visitor, south of the Rio Grande, is the fact that here is a real cattle country. In Montana, Texas, and

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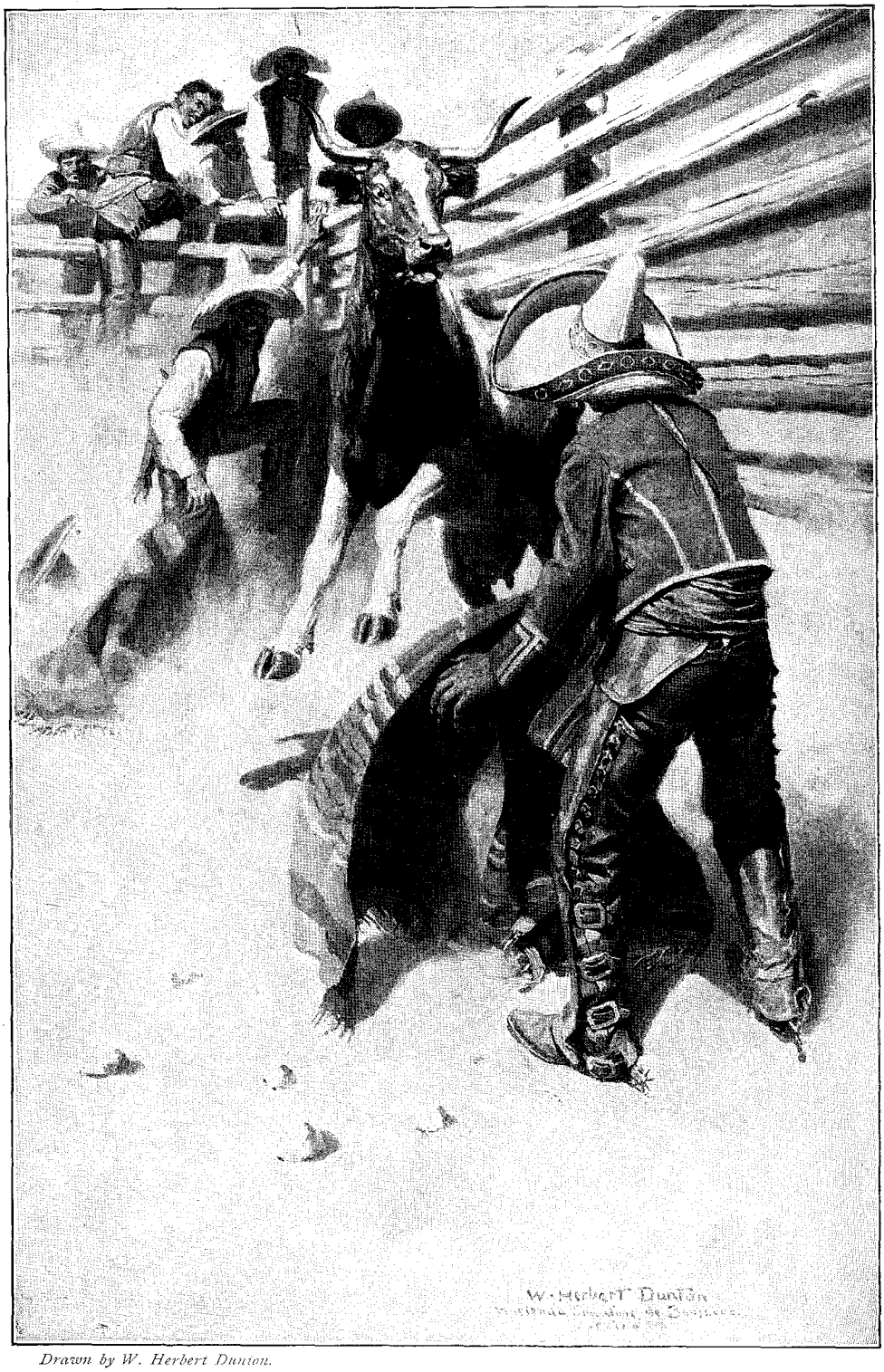

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

It is a common thing for him to jump into the corral before a "*locoed*" cow.—Page 180.

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The *rurales* make life miserable for wrong-doers from across the border. —Page 185.

in fact all of the old-time cattle States of the West, the live-stock business, as it used to be, is no more. Civilization and sheep have pushed it into a corner, where, aided by the government, it is making its last desperate stand. Where vast herds once roamed at will, unhampered by fences, over the wild ranges, town sites have sprung up, flower gardens are flourishing, and trolley-cars and steam trains are running—or else sheep have been or are grazing. And where a sheep has been a steer can never go. For sheep will graze a range as clean as a floor, and no animal that comes after them, except hogs and goats, can grub enough to support life. On page 20 of the 1909 issue of the "Year Book of the Department of Agriculture" appears this startling statement: "*In seventy years the per capita stock of animals for the national consumption of meat has declined to less than three-fifths of its former proportions*"—which opens up an interesting economic problem not within the scope of this article.

But in Mexico there has been no such shrinkage. On the other hand, the growth of the cattle business there in the past few years has been so marked that it has already become known as "the new cattle country." And from present indications it is destined soon to eclipse the glory of the old "Cattle Republic" on its northern border.

There are many reasons for this, but chief among them is the fact that Mexico is especially suited by nature for the breeding of live-stock. It is a country of plateaus

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and mountain valleys so rich in soil and so well watered that there is an abundance of natural grass practically all the year round. Although the land is near the equator, most of it is at such an altitude that it has the climate of the temperate zone, without the severe winters of the latter. In this respect Mexico is a strange mixture of the tropics and the temperate zones.

Civilization has entered but timidly as yet. There are millions of acres, wild and unoccupied, where the "para" grass, so much relished by cattle, grows belly-high. An acre of this grass, if cut, will feed two head of stock the year round, and three acres of pasture will fatten four head. Weeds will not grow with it.

This wonderful grass, however, is more abundant in the southern Mexican states where it is always green and grows luxuriantly. The cattle business, on an extensive scale, has not yet reached this section, nearly all of the big ranches being confined at the present time to the high plains and northern states of Durango, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Sonora, and Neuvo Leon. These are the states that the American rancher strikes first—and then stops, astonished at the immense size of the herds. Here he finds single *haciendas* (ranches) that graze ninety to one hundred thousand head of cattle and as many sheep, some of the *haciendas* grazing herds so large that in many instances their owners have only an approximate idea of their exact number.

On the Mexican Central Railroad from El Paso, Texas, to the city of Chihuahua, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-five miles, one rides practically the whole way through the lands of one ranch owner, the property of General Terrazas, said to be the greatest live-stock baron in the world. It is estimated that his ranches (he has many of them) embrace an aggregate area of more than five million acres and supply nourishment for one million head of cattle and as many horses and mules. Ten thousand men are required to operate them, and the services of one thousand men are needed to "ride the fences." There is small wonder that the American cowboy, accustomed as he is to his herds of five to ten thousand head of cattle and his wire fences in the States, pauses here, appalled.

And yet, if he stops here he has seen but a very small fraction of the wonderful possibilities of the new cattle country. Down in the states of San Luis Potosi, Eastern Tamaulipas, and Northern Vera Cruz is a region known as the Huasteca Potosina, where the natural pasture-land of the foothills is as fine if not better than any in the world. The rains of summer and the heavy dews of autumn and winter, even in the driest months (April and May), are sufficient to prevent any noticeable deterioration in the quality of the pasturage; the native grasses are very rich and furnish abundant grazing all year round. It is a great feeding and fattening ground for cat-

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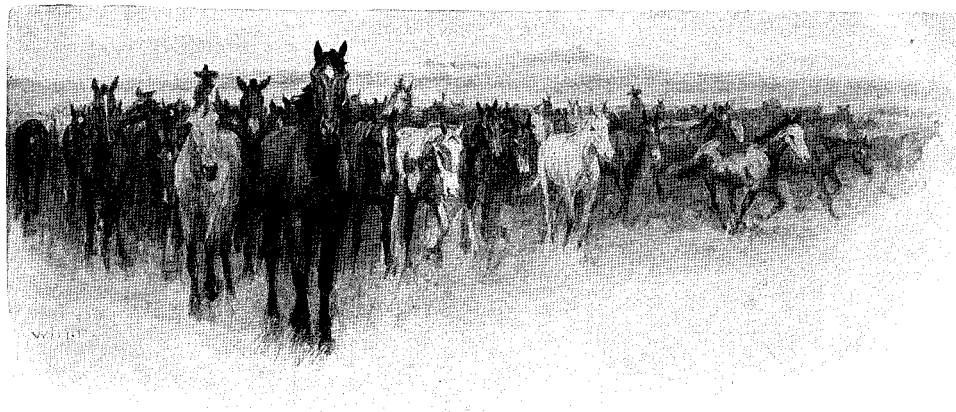

And the great number of saddle-horses, frequently three hundred, in the *remudas*.—Page 185.

tle who have become lean during the dry season on the high table-lands of the interior. Yet, very little has been done in this region in the live-stock line.

Directly across the republic, on the Pacific slope, in the states of Tepic, Jalisco, Michoacan, Guerrero, and Southern Oajaca, is another wonderful cattle country. The dry season is a little severe here, but there is never a scarcity of pasturage. These ranches are just as accessible to the home markets as those of the Gulf states, but they are further away from the foreign markets, for which reason lands are held at lower figures.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the present size and rapid growth of the cattle business in Mexico, the surface has hardly yet been scratched, and it is safe to say that there are millions of acres of fine cattle lands awaiting the coming of the stockman.

The government endeavors in several ways to encourage stock-raising, and gives its patronage and assistance to the Coyoacan Exposition Company, which every year holds a cattle show at the village of Coyoacan in the Federal District. The Federal Congress has passed a law which was promulgated by the president of the republic on December 17, 1907, and of which the clauses are as follows:

"Art. 1.—The Executive is authorized to devote a sum not exceeding $80,000 to the encouragement of agriculture and stock-raising.

"Art. 2.—The Executive is also empowered to offer prizes for agricultural expositions, horse and cattle shows, and to enter into contracts with private individuals or associations for the development and encouragement of agriculture and stock-raising, whereby subsidies will be granted to such individuals or associations for a period not to exceed ten years, coupled with the necessary stipulations to assure the employment of such subsidies in improving the industries in question."

It is in fine harmony with the paradoxes of Mexico that the new cattle country was the *first* in the Western Hemisphere to receive cattle from the Old World. They were introduced there by the Spanish about 1525, having been brought over from some of the islands of the West Indies where their progenitors were deposited by Columbus in 1493. In the mild climate, and nourished by the rich and abundant forage, they multiplied rapidly and spread into the section now included in the States and Territories of California, New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas. From them came the breed now known as "Texas cattle." But during all the years that followed their introduction, up to a little more than half a century ago, very little, if any, effort was made by Mexicans to raise stock on an extensive scale—except in a very few instances.

It was the Cuban War of 1895–1898 that gave the industry its real impetus, because the stock-raising business of Cuba was almost entirely ruined, so that for some time after peace had been restored, cattle had to be imported by Cuba for local consumption. With the Cuban demand came the call for more beef from the United States, and now it is not unusual for fifty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle

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to be cleared through the custom-house at El Paso in a single week. During the buying seasons the border city is filled with cattle buyers, whose former field of operation was Montana, Texas, and the North-west, which indicates the shifting of the scenes in the last act of the United States as the supreme cattle country.

There has naturally been a great rush of Americans of every description to this land. They are called "*Gringos*" and are looked upon with suspicion by the average Mexican; for while only a few of them are "bad men," the percentage is enough to give an undeservedly shady reputation to the whole lot. By far the greater number of immigrants, however, are worthy settlers —cowboys who have been driven by their narrowing field of labor to seek employment elsewhere, and Mormons who have found the republic a more congenial place in which to practice their religion. These latter, as is their custom, settle in communities and become industrious, hard-working farmers. Among the foreigners, however, there is a plentiful sprinkling of outlaws and fugitives from justice. Some of Bret Harte's characters, too, have drifted in, leaving their picks and shovels and their industry behind, finding shelter in the valleys and mountains when the need for such becomes pressing.

But the *rurales* are very efficient, and, aided greatly by the unfriendly, or, at least, lukewarm attitude of the *vaqueros* toward Americans of all classes, make life miserable for wrong-doers from across the border. In spite of this, however, outlawry and gunplay is very frequent.

Naturally, a country so wild and so rich as Mexico, and with such a wide range of climate, is plentifully stocked with game. Possibly nowhere on the American continent to-day is there a region which offers such temptations to the huntsman. Along the top and down the sides of the Continental Divide from the southern boundary of the United States to Panama, one will find bear, both black and grizzly, deer and antelope so tame that one almost hates to shoot them. Ducks, mountain lions, wild goats, jaguars, wolves, wild turkey, quail, and pigeons are extremely plentiful. And the many streams which run down the mountain sides in both directions are alive with all species of trout. The several lakes are abundantly swarming with all kinds of ducks and geese in season.

The game is in season nearly the whole year with the exception of bear, although the sportsman will find that the best time for hunting here is between October first and April first. October, November, December, May and June, of course, are the best months for bear.

But by far the most striking and interesting things about the new cattle country, especially from the stand-point of the American cowboy, are the big *rodeos* (during which seventy to eighty thousand head of cattle are frequently rounded up) and the great number of saddle-horses, frequently three hundred, in the *remudas*.

Lastly, and most impressive of all, is this picture of Raisuli, Robin Hood, Aguinaldo, and Captain Kidd (mounted on a mule) starting for the mountains just at nightfall, with the raw freshly killed beef dripping blood from the saddle, the *maletas* filled with cold *tortillas* (bread) and *frijoles* (beans) and tobacco, and the little tin cup covered with dirt and dust dangling from the saddle strings. Early the next morning they will return with two to three hundred head of cattle, gathered from the little, richly grassed valleys of the mountains, to swell the already swarming *rodeo* on the plain. But at twilight, as they disappear into the gloom of the pines or cross one of the brilliantly illuminated sunset pools of open clearing high up in the foot-hills, the American cowboy shakes his head and waits for the creak of the curtain and the boom of the orchestra, for it is all too stagy and theatrical to harmonize with his previous experience in the cattle business.

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THE INSURANCE OF PEACE

By John McAuley Palmer
(Captain, General Staff, U. S. Army)

IT should be the policy of the American people to do all in their power to prevent war. It should also be their policy to be ready for war. There can be little doubt on the one hand that war is brutal and barbarous, but there can be no doubt at all that war is still a fact. While all good men must endorse the idea of international conciliation and must look with favor on the conception of the judicial settlement of international disputes, all wise men must recognize that international selfishness still prevails and that war is still the final court of international law. The wise course is to promote the spirit of international conciliation, to do all in our power to hasten the day when a supreme court of the nations may exist in fact, at the same time bearing in mind that the court of war is not yet ousted of its jurisdiction. Pleadings by battle-ship and army corps may be barbarous, but they are still the final pleadings in Nature's supreme court. By all means let us hasten the day when the Peace Palace at the Hague may replace the battle-field, but let us not in our practical statesmanship mistake hopes for facts.

It has been suggested within the past few years that an international court resembling the United States Supreme Court could settle all international disputes without resort to war. It is argued that whereas the Supreme Court is the judicial arbiter between the forty-six States of our Federal Union, it furnishes a model for an international court capable of adjusting the differences between the forty-six nations of the earth. It is insisted that the organization of such a court would end war by making it unnecessary. There can be no doubt that such a court would make in many ways for international peace, but there is very serious doubt whether it would put an end to war. A mere consideration of the history of the Supreme Court of the United States will tend to confirm this doubt. There can be no doubt of the success of that august tribunal in other respects, but in the only opportunity ever given it to prevent a war, its failure was complete. It should not be forgotten that the American people appealed from the Dred Scott decision to Gettysburg and Appomattox. Before the war, lawyers and politicians might quibble as to whether our country was a nation or a voluntary association. After the war it was settled forever that our country is an indissoluble nation.

This most pertinent historical instance must raise some doubt as to whether the elemental forces in human nature can always be controlled from the wool-sack. It would seem that there might be conflicts of human interest and human passion so vast and so complicated that they cannot be expressed in terms of formal jurisprudence. Indeed, the assumption that the cause of a war can be reduced to an adjudicable dispute will rarely bear the test of historical examination. The fallacy seems to lie in the assumption that the parties to a war seek or desire *justice*. Historically, this is almost never true. Each party simply wants to impose its *will* upon the other party. Nature unerringly decides these conflicts in favor of the strongest, and it is questionable whether a human contrivance for insuring the survival or the supremacy of the weakest instead of the strongest would be a good thing for the world even if nature could be induced to tolerate it.

Perhaps the American people should have accepted the Dred Scott decision. It was handed down by the tribunal endowed by the Constitution with final authority in the interpretation of constitutional questions. Had the people accepted the decision there would have been no war. But they did not accept it. Certain insurgents like Abraham Lincoln did not hesitate to denounce the decision and the court that pronounced it and announced their determination to change both by political means. A majority of the people ultimately sided with Mr. Lincoln and clothed him with po-

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litical power. The result was secession, which was nothing more nor less than a formal and deliberate appeal to the court of war.

It is therefore an indisputable fact that the Supreme Court of the United States could not and did not prevent the war between the States. And yet the problem of judicial prevention of war was presented here in its simplest form. The parties at interest were of the same tongue and race, their political traditions were derived from the same source, their legal institutions were of the same character, their religious and ethical conceptions were identical. There was a complete agreement between all parties as to the authority and composition of the court. The tribunal was supported by a co-ordinate legislature and executive, and behind its decisions were all of the powerful sanctions of regularly organized government. And yet it failed.

Is it reasonable to expect that a complex international tribunal, with none of these favorable conditions to aid it, could be relied upon to do what its simpler prototype failed to do? The idea of an international court of justice is a noble one, it will become an institution of beneficent import to mankind, it will further the undoubted evolutionary tendency toward world peace, but its organization will not put an abrupt end to war.

But our investigation of the causes of the Civil War would be unfruitful indeed if we should content ourselves with pointing out the incapacity of the Supreme Court to prevent it. A further consideration of the period may throw an instructive light on the general nature of war, its causes and possibly its prevention. As suggested above, the war might have been prevented if the people of the North had accepted the Dred Scott decision. There were plenty of peace-at-any-price men in that day who favored this solution of the problem. But the great majority of Northern men would have regarded such a peace as more iniquitous than war. To use Mr. Lincoln's famous image, if the occupants of the free half of the divided house could be induced to renounce their objection to having it become "all slave," it would cease to be divided and could stand in peace. Similarly if the occupants of the other half of the divided house would renounce their objection to having it become "all free," there would be another peaceful solution and the cloud of war could pass. But neither party was endowed with sufficient sweet-reasonableness to yield. On the contrary, iron will was opposed to iron will in irrepressible conflict. Later, when the people of the South were confronted by a hostile majority, they might have avoided war by timely submission. They might have accepted the fact of political minority and by a conciliatory attitude they might have made terms with the triumphant majority. But submission was not in their blood. They were not peace advocates, they were simply men. What they could not secure within the Union they determined to protect without the Union. And then when secession finally came, the men of the North again proved recreant to the cause of peace. Peace was so easy to have, but they spurned her from them. "Let the erring sisters go," was the voice of peace, but it fell unheeded. The choice was peace and disunion or the Union and war. Are there any of us who regret that they were not pacifists? Even the faithful lover of the lost cause has learned to thank God that the cause was lost, and that a real nation was born at last, as all other nations have been born, in the pains of war.

A study of the period immediately preceding the Civil War reveals that secession was a formal and carefully pre-considered act. It is also apparent that most of the advocates of secession regarded the step as a deliberate appeal to arms. Mr. Davis states in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," that he did not believe that there could be separation without war. There were indications that there might be dissensions in the North sufficient to prevent a vigorous policy. But the Southern leaders expected war, and preparations for war in most of the States preceded the act of secession. Before leaving the Senate, Mr. Davis was in communication with the authorities of his State and when he withdrew he returned to Mississippi to command the State army which was already in process of organization.

There can be no doubt but the Southern leaders considered that they were taking a step the legitimacy of which would be determined in the court of war. There are few instances in history of a more deliber-

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ate resort to arms, and in view of this deliberation, an examination of the views and aims of the Southern leaders must throw an instructive light on the general motives that lead to an appeal to arms. The result of the inquiry is much more simple than might be expected. The Southern people took the step that meant war simply because they thought that they could win. It must be remembered that Jefferson Davis was not only a trained soldier but an ex-Secretary of War of the United States. As a trained soldier he knew what military institutions should be and as a Secretary of War of the United States he had learned what military institutions should not be. He knew that the United States was unprepared for war, he knew that it had no intelligent military policy, and he knew that know-nothingism in military affairs was cultivated as a positive civic virtue among Northern politicians. He knew that the North had greater resources of wealth and population, but he knew that the war must be a war of subjugation, and as a trained military expert he knew that a war of subjugation cannot be successfully waged by raw levies. He realized that the Southern armies must also be largely untrained at first but he was acquainted with the scientific fact that troops can be trained to defend long before they can be trained to conquer. He knew also that the military situation would impose a policy of invasion upon the North and that invasion would largely neutralize the advantage of superior numbers.

Mr. Davis and his associates also knew the military history of the United States to be a history of legislative incapacity. They knew that Washington considered the British army to be a much less formidable obstacle to success than the stupid military policy of the Continental Congress. They knew that the new government under the Constitution had rejected the wise military policy derived from Washington's experience and had adopted Jefferson's fantastic vision of a universal militia. They knew that in the War of 1812, a war conducted on Jeffersonian principles, 16,000 British soldiers had been able to prevent 500,000 Americans from conquering Canada. They knew that during the Mexican War, General Taylor was left with only 5,000 men to bear the brunt of Buena Vista, and that when General Scott was within three days' march of the City of Mexico, with victory behind him and final victory within his grasp, he was deprived of half of his little army on account of an oft-repeated legislative blunder. They knew that in all of our wars the American soldier has been called upon to win in spite of an unintelligent military statesmanship, and they did not believe that with such military institutions as these the North could successfully undertake the conquest of 5,000,000 Americans.

Such was the logical estimate of the military situation. The appeal to arms was made by the Southern leaders because in all human probability their cause would succeed. And they were *almost* right. But they failed to estimate the marvellous endurance of the Northern people, who, spite of defeat, spite of unprecedented wastes of their blood and treasure and spite of an unenlightened military policy, clung to the fearful burden of the war and bore it to the bitter end.

The Civil War was a long and protracted struggle because it takes two years to convert armed mobs into armies and until that conversion is complete there can be no decisive scientific military action. It was indeed fortunate for the United States that in this war its antagonist also began operations with an armed mob instead of an army.

Our analysis of the facts of the Civil War has thus far led us to two important conclusions, first, that efforts to prevent it judicially were vain, and second that the undoubted proximate cause of the war was the military unpreparedness of the United States. It may now be interesting to consider to what extent the situation might have been modified if our statesmen had included sound military institutions in our political system. From the beginning of the government there had been two distinct schools of opinion on military policy. One of these schools included men like Washington and Hamilton, who were none the less good citizens because they also happened to be trained soldiers. The statesmen of this school advocated preparedness for war as the only effective insurance of peace, and pointed out that the military resources of a nation cannot be made effective for war unless they are at least partially

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organized in time of peace. The other school of military opinion was led by men like Mr. Jefferson, who with no knowledge of the facts of war, preferred to substitute a speculative vision for the results of experience. Most of our statesmen have taken their place in one or the other of these schools. The school of Washington has included all of our public men whose military opinions have rested upon any basis of military information, but the school of Jefferson has always been more numerous and influential.

In laying their plans for an appeal to arms, the Southern leaders knew that the war against them would be conducted by the methods of Jefferson and not by the methods of Washington. They were able to accept odds of four to one because they knew that the war resources of the North were not in negotiable form. How would they have met the situation, if due to an intelligent military policy throughout the country, the odds of four to one had been immediately available against them? It is certain that under these conditions, the appeal to arms could not have been endorsed by prudent men on the ground of probable success, and, on the other hand, if the passions of the time had provoked a war in spite of prudent counsels it is certain that the contest must have resulted in a prompt and decisive victory for the stronger party.

In view of this conclusion it may be interesting to consider the economic aspect of the Civil War with the view of comparing its cost with the cost of suitable preventive measures. The inquiry is a pertinent one because the opponents of sound military institutions generally oppose them on the ground of alleged economy. At the close of 1860 the regular army of the United States comprised 16,367 officers and enlisted men. This force consisted of 198 companies and of these, 183 companies were stationed on the Mexican and Indian frontier or were en route to distant posts west of the Mississippi. The fifteen remaining companies were employed in guarding the Canadian frontier and the Atlantic coast from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico.

On October 29, 1860, in view of the "imminent danger of a disruption of the Union by the secession of one or more of the States," General Scott recommended that Forts Moultrie and Monroe and other Southern forts be reinforced in order to prevent their capture by a *coup de main*, or surprise. In a postscript added to his letter to the Secretary of War, he stated that the forces of the United States available for the purpose were only five companies, stationed as follows: one company at Boston, one company at the Narrows (New York Harbor), one company at Pittsburg, one company at Augusta, Georgia, and one company at Baton Rouge. These five scattered companies, comprising about 400 men, constituted the total military force of the United States available for any sudden emergency.

On the 6th of December, General Wool, commanding the Eastern Department, wrote to the Secretary of War as follows: "So long as you command the entrance to Charleston, South Carolina cannot separate herself from the Union. Do not leave the forts in the harbor in a condition to induce an attempt to take possession of them. It might easily be done at this time. If South Carolina should take them, it might, as she anticipates, induce other States to join her." Continuing, General Wool recommended that, in view of the emergency, the Charleston Harbor forts should be reinforced by three or four companies at the expense of the small garrison at Fort Monroe. The propriety of reinforcing the Southern forts was carefully considered by Mr. Buchanan and his cabinet but the project was overruled, and thereupon the Secretary of War, General Cass, resigned.

But in its decision the administration of Mr. Buchanan should not be criticised without weighing the means at his disposal. The demands of the military situation were very clear. Prompt and decisive military action must have terminated the crisis, but prompt and decisive military action is not to be expected of a nation that has no military power. A vigorous national policy could hardly be supported by five scattered companies numbering 400 men. The tone of the Southern leaders at this time was one of contempt for the weakness of the Federal Government. Their contempt was justified by the facts and out of their contempt grew war.

Now the main defect of our military system in 1860 was the lack of a mobile military reserve available for sudden emergen-

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cies. Troops that are absorbed in distant garrison duty are not available to meet new crises of any kind. Such a reserve need not have been large but it should have been readily expansible. If, in addition to the garrison troops in 1860, there had been a mobile field division of only 5,000 men, capable of prompt employment wherever needed, it is difficult to see how the Southern war movement could have enjoyed its initial success, and without this initial success there could be no mass with which to acquire momentum. If in addition to this mobile reserve there had been provisions for its orderly expansion and supplemental legislation for the organization of war volunteers under-trained leaders, the South must have rejected South Carolina's invitation or must have joined her without reasonable prospect of success. In any event the proximate cause of the war was nothing more nor less than the unintelligent military policy of the United States.

The total cost of the Civil War to date has been over $9,000,000,000. It might have been prevented by an appropriation of $5,000,000 per annum from 1850 to 1860. But though it has already cost $9,000,000,000 it is still costing over $160,000,000 per annum for pensions on account of preventable military service, death, and suffering. In view of its consequences was the military retrenchment of the 'fifties' a true economy? For every dollar spared from the proper military budget of 1860, we have so far paid $1,800 and we are still paying $32 a year almost half a century after the war. And this is the traditional military policy of the United States. If Dean Swift had attributed such a national policy to Lilliput or Brobdingnag he would have violated the laws of good literary art, for even satire should rest upon a certain illusion of credibility.

Although our analysis of the causes of the Civil War has necessarily been brief, it throws a suggestive light on several phases of the profound problem of war and peace. We find that the controversies that led to the Civil War were first brought before a competent tribunal, but that judicial action even under the most favorable circumstances was unable to prevent the appeal to arms. We find, however, upon further examination that the war in all human probability was a preventable struggle and that the proper preventive measure was simply Washington's classical remedy, preparedness for war.

We also find a remarkable illustration of the vast difference that exists between military retrenchment and military economy. Economy always demands efficiency no matter how much efficiency may cost and retrenchment at the expense of efficiency is never economy. Because our fathers ignored this truth, we are still paying thirty-fold for an unintelligent retrenchment of sixty years ago. We also find in the Civil War a test of the supposed efficacy of disarmament as a preventive of war. If military helplessness is the true insurance of peace, there should have been no possibility of war in 1860, for no government was ever more lamb-like and helpless than the Federal Government under President Buchanan. If we would know the probable effect of disarmament at Panama, history bids us ponder on the effect of disarmament in Charleston Harbor. And, finally, we find, as we shall always find when we consult history, that war is a fact, the most insistent and inexorable fact with which statesmen are expected to deal, and we are led to the conclusion that there can be no effective insurance of peace that does not rest upon a scientific comprehension of this great fact of war.

For war is Nature's court of last resort, the ultimate phase of politics. It is the final expression of that struggle for existence to which all living beings are committed. It is Nature's law that the weak must give place to the strong and the scientific observer will recognize that this biological principle governs as rigorously in the affairs of men and aggregations of men as it does in the relations of the lower animals. We may find fault with Nature's code of ethics if we will, but we know that she always decides in favor of the strongest competitor whether it be a nation, a man, or a new stag in the herd.

As the unoccupied reaches of the earth's surface grow smaller, the competition between nations and races must inevitably increase in intensity, and war power which is the ultimate form of competitive capacity must exercise even greater influence in the future that it has in the past. This is true because with the advance of civilization, the increase of population

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and the absorption of waste places, the boundaries between national spheres of influence have lost their vagueness and flexibility and are becoming definite and tense. A few years ago there were vast "no man's lands" to attract national enterprise along lines of least resistance. To-day, however, the earth is pre-empted and in the near future only the strong can grow and the growth of the strong will necessarily be at the expense of the weak. But the issue between the strong and the weak will be determined not by numbers, nor by wealth, nor by culture, nor by creed, but by effective and available war power. It does not follow from this condition that wars will be more frequent. On the contrary, the development of the war power of the more enlightened nations is the best guarantee of peace, just as the neglect of war power by any state invites encroachments upon its territories and spheres of influence, defiance of its policies and curtailment of its national aspirations.

"MY LOVE DWELT IN A NORTHERN LAND"

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

ALL day the rain had been beating down on the roofs of the log shacks of Residency Number Eight. All day the Frederick House River had surged in leaden listlessness under the futile bullets of the musketeering clouds. All day the white birches and the shadowy arms of the stunted pines had drooped in the dejection of overweighted burdening, while the muskeg soaked in the flooding waters. Now in the late afternoon the stretch of ground between the shacks and the grade of the railroad shimmered in brown lakes of brackish water. Sodden, silent, and stern, the Bush compassed the clearing, merging the dull ochre ribbon of the Right-of-Way of the Transcontinental in its own oppressive grimness of universal gray. So infinitely dreary with the dismal finality of the flat forests of the North Country was the picture of sky and river and wood that Kenyon gazed upon from the window of the Residency office that he sighed with utter weariness of spirit. O'Hara, the only other occupant of the dim room, looked up in quick surprise at his chief.

"Bored?" he asked. He was huddled up in front of the drum stove, his cardigan jacket over his coat, his old slouch hat well down over his ears, and his pipe firmly held in the corner of his mouth, as he pored over the dramatic section of a four-week-old New York Sunday newspaper.

"Oh, no," said Kenyon. "Where are the boys?" he asked presently. "I can't see them in the shacks."

"The Feroux is sulking." O'Hara talked through his teeth that he might retain his grip on his pipe. "He's grouchy as Achilles after he lost the beauteous Briseis, or as a Hudson Bay trader after he's met a Revillon trapper—and all because he had to use force on a subcontractor who wouldn't accept his estimate of a station-job. The rest of the lads went down to Groundhog with Steve. He's determined to have that express box to-day, though I warned him that robbery of an express office along the Right-of-Way is treason, that he will be shot at sight, and that if he died in Canada on Sunday, he'd have to wait till Monday to go to heaven."

"What's in the box?" Kenyon asked, without interest.

"Edibles, I've no doubt. Steve's father is sending it to him as a birthday token. Wrote him it was something we'd all enjoy. Noble old man!"

"I hope those boys won't tear up Groundhog again," Kenyon worried. "The last time MacDonald led an expedition we had the sergeant down upon us. And they'll be waterlogged on the corduroy just above the Fauquier."

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"Don't be fretting over them," O'Hara soothed.

"I'm not," said Kenyon. There fell a long silence through which O'Hara read and Kenyon kept watch at the window. Then Kenyon sighed again. O'Hara frowned as he peered over the edge of his newspaper.

"'Tis the weather," he said, as if in answer to a question. "For five days it's rained till I've felt like old Noah himself as I've stood out there at the End of Steel directing the sons of Calabria how to lay rails in straight lines."

"Five days of rain?" Kenyon's voice stretched tense in spite of his drawl. "I feel as if it had been raining forever and this were the only place left in the world. No outside, you know."

"This is the Sabbath," explained O'Hara. "Six days in the week the Transcontinental is as good a service as I've ever been in. But Sunday! Faith, though, what could ye expect of a government that won't let a wee drop of mountain-dew to the firing lines without making it a crime for capital punishment? No wonder ye're homesick for that terrible town on the Thames."

"I fancy," Kenyon mused, "that we've all much the same feeling for whatever place was home to us; but, somehow, I feel that longing for London is the most homesick longing in the world."

"There's not much difference in degree between London and Port Huron, when you and Ran are both in that pleasant state."

"Oh, but London!" Kenyon breathed. "All the silly places you never think about when you're there, and that you go mad thinking of when you've been away from them five years"

"For me own part," said O'Hara from behind the shield of his paper, "when the black flies drive me crazy, I get thinking of Montmartre. That's a tidy spot for an anchorless man, Ken. And when I'm perishing with the cold and the loneliness while I keep bridge-guard on your timorous trestles, I've a memory of Moscow that's worth a dozen of your grimy Londons. I'd a beautiful time in Moscow when I was in me prime."

"I never knew you were in Moscow." Kenyon moved away from the window, and seated himself across from O'Hara on the other side of the stove.

"Didn't ye now?" O'Hara had retired to the depths of the paper. Kenyon rescued a tattered magazine from the coal-box and essayed to read. In another moment he had flung it back impatiently. "Rot," he announced. "Did you know any people in Moscow?" he inquired.

"Didn't I say I had a golden time?" O'Hara retorted.

"Russians?"

"Mostly."

"Know any of the musical crowd there?"

"Some of them. There was a queer little man who used to tell me that he'd inspired Tschaikowsky. One day he——"

"Did you ever happen to meet Stenowa?"

"The singer? I didn't, though I heard her. By the way," he remarked, "I see in this relic of dear, dead days—and isn't it enough to drive a man mad when he reads 'to-morrow night' with the knowledge that the same to-morrow was three weeks last Monday?—that Stenowa——"

"What about her?" Kenyon's drawl snapped in eagerness.

"—is to sing in 'Thais.' Sumptuous pagan sugar-cake, isn't it? All the students in that Moscow boarding-house used to be playing that 'Meditation' till I longed to slaughter the man who wrote it—what was his name?"

"And so she has come," said Kenyon.

O'Hara looked over the rim of the paper. "Ye knew her?"

"Very well."

"Moscow?"

"Gretz. On the Siberian survey."

"Was she playing one-night stands?"

"She wasn't playing at all." Kenyon's gaze was bent on the fire that glowed dully through the open door of the drum stove. "Her father was a minor official of the government. She came up there to visit him the summer she had finished her study. She was going back to Paris to start in the opera. What does it say about her?"

He read slowly the paragraph O'Hara showed to him. "She's won, then," was his comment as he ended the reading. "I was sure that she would. She has a voice a man doesn't forget."

"Faith, it must have been a treat in Siberia."

"Siberia isn't so bad."

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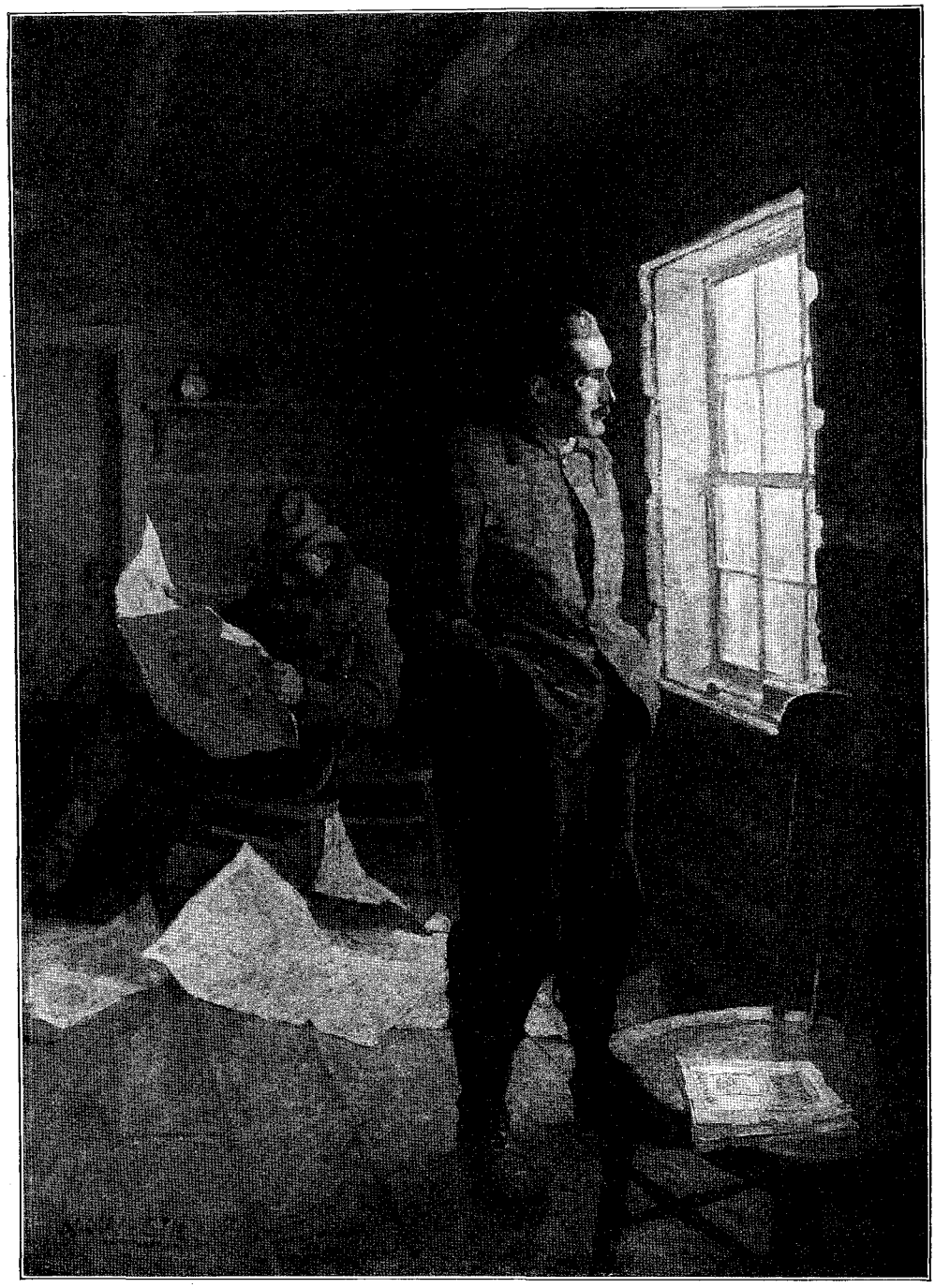

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

There fell a long silence through which O'Hara read and Kenyon kept watch at the window.—Page 192.

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"I never appreciated its beauties," said the Irishman. "I suppose you and she were the English-speaking population?"

"I taught her English," Kenyon said. "You see, I was the only music-mad man in that part of the world just then."

"I see," said O'Hara. Kenyon went back to the window, where he resumed his stare at the edge of the pine woods across the river. "Brian Boru," he said at last, "did you ever love a woman?"

"Too many," said O'Hara.

"I don't mean that," Kenyon explained. "I mean—just one."

"Yes," said the Irishman, "that's how I found out I'd loved too many." He flung the paper down.

Kenyon came back to the stove and faced it rather than his companion while he began: "There had been a few girls at home that I might have fancied a little, but Maryska Stenowa has been the only woman I've—remembered. She's all gold. I don't mean because of her wonderful voice. There came a time when I hated that gift as much as I'd loved it when I first heard her sing. You see, she was a woman with genius and I loved just the woman in her."

"Perhaps 'twas the genius of her that made the woman great," O'Hara suggested.

"No," said Kenyon. "Her voice was a gift, something added to her. Oh, I couldn't describe her so that you'd understand. She did everything well. She could run the hand-car down the track as well as I could. She could even run the engine. She did it, too, one night when the men went wild with vodka and tried to kill me. Some one shouted their purpose as they rushed past her father's shack and she took out the engine with two steel cars attached. Didn't know how to uncouple them and couldn't wait. You should have seen her coming into camp, leaning out of the cab window with her revolver in her hand, shouting threats in Russian to kill the first man that moved toward me."

"Amazonic," O'Hara criticised. "What were you doing?"

"Holding them off," said Kenyon.

"And the last act brought——"

"There was no last act," said Kenyon. "She gave me a wonderful summer and you know how a man may dream in the long sapphire twilights over there, but I wasn't fool enough to think that she cared enough for me to bury herself in wilderness after wilderness, just for my sake, when she might be having the world at her feet."

"If ye'd known as much of the world as I do," said the sage, "ye'd always give a woman the chance to decide for herself. Women sometimes choose the men, ye know. One of me friends is a homely, red-haired lad from home, without much money and with mighty little prospect of more, who works for a mining company in the American Rockies. And his wife, who cooks and sews and mends for him in a little house up near the clouds, is a girl who had all Berlin raving over the way she could play the piano. And now all her music goes to teaching the little Donaghans the Bach exercises."

"But she must have cared," broke out Kenyon, "and I never knew that Maryska did."

"If that isn't the English of it!" moaned O'Hara. "If ye'd only come from the other side of the Liffy, ye'd have known her mind the first time she looked at ye."

"Oh, well, it's too late now," Kenyon said. "Maryska Stenowa isn't likely to have more than a casually pleasant memory of an English engineer who—" He broke off suddenly as his Bush-trained ear caught sound of a step on the soggy muskeg. "It's Jean," he explained. O'Hara threw more wood on the fire. The drum stove blazed to a glow as Jean Feroux opened the door of the shack, slammed it shut with decisive fervor, tested the strength of a leather-thonged chair, and tilted it back against the wall before he climbed into it.

"Lovely weather," the new-comer muttered, thrusting his hands deeper into the pockets of his mackinaw. In the face of no answer he pursued his topic. "Rain—more rain! Look at these boots—ever see worse ones? Oh, I say, of all the God-forsaken places and all the God-forsaken days this is the worst! There isn't a sound but the rain on the roof over there in my shack. I wouldn't mind just seeing nothing but the Bush if I could hear a sound of real life. Did you ever feel as if you'd give everything in the world to hear the voices of your own people again?"

"I never shall. Shut that door, will you?" O'Hara's voice exploded. "Man alive," he amended, "ye're in a sentimental mood, and that's the worst time to take cold."

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

The three were wading recklessly through the muskeg that oozed to the tops of their elk-hide boots.—Page 196.

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"Do you know, fellows," Feroux went on, while Kenyon slammed the door that the winds had blown open, "that it isn't sights you want to see as much as voices you want to hear? Oh, why doesn't one of you say something?"

"Go with God, brother!" From behind the stove O'Hara flung out at him the unfriendly Russian farewell.

"I won't go with God," said Jean Feroux.

"Then linger awhile with His servants," the other teased.

"Let him alone," said Kenyon.

"What's the matter with you, Ken?" Feroux demanded with scowling curiosity. "Oh, if you don't want me—" he began, struggling to rise from his tilted chair.

"Don't be silly, Jean," said Kenyon.

"There's never been a time we didn't want ye." The conviction in O'Hara's tone settled the boy's doubt. "Only don't talk about rain or home. If you do, I'll duck ye in that pond out there."

He went back to his reading, leaving Feroux staring at the stove, and Kenyon gazing at the ceiling. "Play cards, either of you?" Jean asked at last.

"Wait a minute," said O'Hara. "We may have better entertainment. Isn't that the hand-car pounding down the track, Ken?"

Kenyon listened. "They're past the construction camp now. They'll be at the bridge in a moment."

"I wonder if Steve has the box," O'Hara mused. "Thank God he's such a generous soul." He rose from his post behind the stove and with Jean following joined Kenyon at the window. "There they come!" he exulted. "Wouldn't ye know that Steve would keep his slicker on, and let the others use theirs to cover his property? Wouldn't ye know that Don Ferguson would bear the heavy burden for his beloved Steve? And wouldn't ye know that Randall would lead the parade? Now what is that weird contrivance Randall has under his arm? There must be cake in that box Don has. Do ye suppose it might be chocolate, Jean? I was no gourmand till I came to the Bush, but I hope it may be chocolate. There, now, isn't it like Randall to fall in that puddle? No, he didn't. But what has he?"

"H-yi!" Steve MacDonald's call came to them across the marsh. Jean Feroux flung the wide door. "Can't you come across?" he cried.

"Sure, we can!" the three shouted back.

"Oh, you fellows," Steve's big voice boomed out. "You'll never guess in seventeen years what my old man sent me. It's the best ever, and you'll be proud of the day you met me."

"What is it?" Feroux yelled.

"Guess!"

"Can't."

"Then wait. We'll be there in a second." The three were wading recklessly through the muskeg that oozed to the tops of their elk-hide boots. Steve MacDonald's raincoat flapped as he strode forward, occasionally giving a lift to the heavy burden that Donald Ferguson held under his protecting slicker. Just as they reached the logs at the edge of the marsh Randall stood on one foot on the slippery base and melodramatically flourished a huge horn.

"It's a—say, Steve, it's a—" Jean Feroux's voice broke in excitement.

Steve came across the logs in two bounds, pushed Feroux back into the shack, summoned Randall and Ferguson with a magnificent wave of his arm, included Kenyon and O'Hara in a sweeping bow, and announced:

"It's a phonograph!"

"Three cheers for your old man!" cried Randall through the horn.

"Say, but that box was heavy," mourned Ferguson.

"Isn't it great?" beamed Jean Feroux.

"Did you boys get into any trouble at the station?" Kenyon asked.

"Grandmother, we did not," Steve assured him. "We merely opened the window, identified our property, and removed it. There were no charges. Here, you, set it up there on the table. Who knows how to work it?"

There was no answer. The six of them stood looking at the box as if it were the shrine of the Eleusinian mysteries. "If you opened it," Kenyon suggested, "you might find instructions."

"Bright thought!" cried Steve. "Come on, you lazy loafers of the National Transcontinental!" He pried open the cover without waiting for the hatchet that Ferguson was seeking. "Oh, look here! Records, scores of them. We'll have a

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concert that'll drive the wops down the line pistachio-green with envy."

"We will when the machine works," said Randall. "I can put on the horn."

"Leave it to Ran to have the megaphone," Steve laughed. "Say, let's have a party up here, and ask all the girls."

"We'll see if the machine works," said O'Hara.

"No danger," Steve declared. "My old man's no infant in buying machinery."

"I remarked that he was a noble soul," said O'Hara. "Let me try. I know a bit about handling this sort of a piano. We had one on the Trans-Siberian that had only two records, but the principle's the same."

They crowded close about him as he bent over the arrangement of the delicate mechanism, plying him with suggestions till he finally threatened to leave them in the darkness of ignorance unless they allowed him to finish his self-appointed task without further molestation from them. Steve danced around the shack in wild excitement. Randall kept jumping up and down. Feroux started to sing a French-Canadian chanson. Ferguson, swinging his long legs from the table where he sat, whistled blithely. But Kenyon went back to the window.

"It's together!" exclaimed Steve as O'Hara set a record on the cylinder. "Bully boy. What are you going to play?"

"In honor of your father," said the Irishman, "we'll give ye 'The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon'."

"Oh, play something lively," said his father's son. "There are enough banks and braes right here on the Frederick House."

"Start it with anything," begged Randall. In the dusk O'Hara was carefully examining the superscriptions on the records. "'Tis a grand lot your father sent," he remarked in the course of his critical survey.

"He must have sent the order to the music house," was the unfilial comment of the younger MacDonald.

"Then 'twas an exceptional clerk," persisted the critic.

"Is our song there?" Randall queried.

"No," said O'Hara.

"You don't mean," Steve demanded, "that they've sent a big box of records without putting in 'I Wish I Had a Girl'?"

"That clerk, being a city youth of limited imagination, doubtless had no conception of the desire," O'Hara explained. "Anyhow, 'tis missing, but there are a few 'just as goods.' Here goes!"

More than his words the whir of machinery, as the needle started across the black disk, brought the other five engineers close to the table. After the instant's rasping harshness, there came the clear tones of a band playing a vivid two-step. Filling the shack with its swinging rhythm, it fired the brains of the men who listened to it till MacDonald and Ferguson, Randall and Feroux were dancing like mirth-mad children. "Keep it going," they cried, as the music neared its end. "Wind her up again." O'Hara wound the crank almost to the snapping point again and again as he placed on the phonograph records of marches and waltzes and galops and of strange Hungarian music that stirred the blood feverishly and kept the feet in wild whirls. And all the time he kept up with it a running comment on the music of the many lands he had known. "Aren't ye tired yet?" he coaxed the four after a time. "Can't we have a turn on the songs instead?"

"Start 'em," agreed Steve, "but go back to the dances."

Hot with the exertion and the weight of their steaming wet clothes, they gathered around the stove. "Want a light?" asked Randall. "We'll have the gloaming for a bit," said the director of the concert. Carefully he replaced needle after needle, tirelessly he kept winding the crank as the four demanded playing after playing of the old ballads and of the popular songs that he brought out of the record-box. There was hardly a song that did not have some association for each one of the men of Eight, associations of homes that they had left to take up their work in the wilderness; but, rejoicing in the mere fact of the music, not one of them allowed the recognition of sadness in the association till O'Hara, with the quizzical smile that always preceded his sardonic mischief, selected one song. "For the special benefit of Stevie," he explained.

The verse meant nothing to any of them, though all of them but Kenyon hummed it vigorously in unison with the singer whose voice floated out through the

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horn. They swung into the half familiar chorus:

"I wonder who's kissing her now,
I wonder who's teaching her how,
I wonder who's looking into her eyes,—"

Then Jean Feroux rose without a word, walked to the door, opened it with a jerk of fierce passion and dropped into the dusk of the storm outside. Then Steve MacDonald strode to the phonograph, seized the disk before O'Hara could stop the whirring machinery, raised his knee and across his great thigh broke the black circle in twain. "That'll do for that one," he said. "Play 'The Banks and Braes'."

"'Twould be safer to play classics," sighed O'Hara, "and foreign ones at that." Awed by Steve's outburst, all of them were silent as the Irishman started record after record of Italian. "Oh, give us English," said Ferguson at last.

O'Hara was bending down in front of the stove to read the lettering on the remaining disks. "Here's a particularly appropriate one," he said, and, in the tension that seemed to have caught all of them, no one remarked the significant strain of O'Hara's tone. They listened with tepid interest, for they were growing a little weary of their gulping greed for the music, as the sound of an organ prelude swelled out to the eaves of the rude log-house. Only Kenyon gripped the birch frame of his chair and leaned forward, staring at the machine with questioning eyes of wonder that filled with awe as the soaring notes of an exquisite soprano, seeming to come not from the mechanism, but from the darkness of the Bush around and about the shack, rose, thrilling in such loveliness that even Randall caught his breath. Wonder and pain and exaltation mirrored themselves on Kenyon's face in the firelight as the voice thrilled on:

"My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between;
And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day."

The voice died away in the organ interlude, but still Kenyon strained forward till again the words came, rising above the Elgar harmonies of the accompaniment:

"And oft that month we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell and flamed in a wild dawn.

"I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay."

"Who sang that?" Steve MacDonald's voice broke the stillness harshly.

"Maryska Stenowa," O'Hara said. "Let's end it there till after supper. Ye might go down and stir up our latest cook, Steve. 'Tis clearing now."

With that understanding of each other that made the men of Eight comrades, Randall and Ferguson and MacDonald seemed to know that O'Hara wished to be alone with Kenyon. They went out quietly, though the sound of their cub-like strugglings came back to the shack after they had gone. Kenyon sat forward in the birch chair, elbows on knees and chin on hands, looking into the phonograph as if expecting some presence to evolve from its Pandora box. For a long time only the sound of rain on the roof and flaring of wood in the stove came on the silence. Then Kenyon spoke.

"That was the one song I taught her," he said.

"What will ye do?" O'Hara watched him intently.

"Do?" queried Kenyon.

"Aren't ye going to New York? She's there yet."

"Why? Oh, Brian Boru, you don't think that her singing of that song means anything?"

"Means anything?" There was a tremor in O'Hara's voice. "Did ye hear the way she sang it? Whenever a woman sings like that the one song a man has taught her, what more of answer does he want? Across the world that came to you to-day. Can't you cross the world on such a chance?"

"It's her art," said Kenyon.

"What's art but the gift of telling the thought in your heart? 'Tis a great song,

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old man, because she sings it with a great love. Can't ye be big enough to believe it when it comes home to ye?"

"Sometimes it seems," Kenyon puzzled, "as if there were something much greater than our will that lifts us out of our ruts as the crane lifts the clay. I can't explain——"

"No need," said O'Hara. "I'm Irish."

"What do you call it?" Kenyon asked. "Fate or destiny or higher law?"

"Being what I am," said O'Hara, "I call it God."

"I think you're right," said Kenyon.

"And the answer?" O'Hara's question was wistful.

Kenyon walked across the shack to the high desk near the wall, sought along the top for something, then returned to the fire with a folder in his hand. "If I take the Steel Train down in the morning," he speculated, "I'll make connections with the Buffalo express from Matheson, and I'll be in New York Tuesday night."

"Go with God, brother," said O'Hara again. But his two hands went out to Kenyon in a clasp that swore eternal friendship in the very moment that comradeship died. For he knew that he was sending Kenyon to a woman who loved him, and even better he knew that this was the beginning of the end of that brotherhood who had stood shoulder to shoulder for the glory of Residency Number Eight.

THE PASSING OF THE UNSKILLED IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts

THE industrial spirit of the German people seeks to prepare the growing generation for achievements in production as imposing in contrast with the present as the work of to-day compares with that of the eighties. Faith in work, the resultant of things done, drives forward in a many-sided preparation for greater things to be done. The German, with a past of extraordinary hardship and suffering, in a land poor rather than rich in natural resources, has by thought and contrivance, by sea transport and exchange, availed himself of the resources of other peoples. Compulsory sanitary living and other legislation requiring a minimum of social well-being have lengthened the average life and increased the height and bodily frame of both sexes. The German mind has now a stronger physical instrument with which to work than the generation that fought with France. The training of that instrument is expressed intensely in relation to skilled production by the work of the continuation and trade-schools.

The explanation the German generally gives of the sudden and immense industrial expansion beginning in the seventies is the compulsory elementary education of the whole people. The Germans were ahead of any European people in primary mental training and possessed, therefore, material more easily converted into machine builders or metal workers or electrical instrument makers than the untaught laborer. The German workmen, not so capable probably as those of the United States or of the United Kingdom, achieve (through training and through obedience to authority, also trained finely in the higher reaches of scientific technic) results that seem individually beyond their strength. The observer from abroad sees the military system reproduced in the factory. It is rather that the character of the German is disclosed with equal clearness in mine and factory management, the military system, the civil administration, and by the organization of labor upon landed estates. The disciplined life at home, in the school, in the workshop, in the army, and again at work, are all designs in the same weave. The same threads run through all patterns. How these character threads were spun in the hard centuries of struggle and persist-

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ence and are now beginning to show in strangely interesting design, is a high study. The endeavor of this writing is only to indicate one of the figures running through the loom—the making of the labor unit more efficient by special training in his youth.

The son of a day-laborer, who, within the view of the national policy, should be more useful to himself and the commonwealth than his father, is the subject of careful expert observation. His teachers, the school physician, and the parents endeavor to determine the handicraft to which the boy is adapted. The physician takes note of the body. The strong boy of average build is classified as suited to become a brewer, a smith, a carpenter, a mason, or a worker in iron construction, or some other calling requiring at least average strength. The undersized or weaker boy is considered as being better adapted to become a tailor, a bookbinder, a basket-maker, a wood-carver, a locksmith, a jeweler, a glazier, a joiner, a cabinet-maker, a potter, a brush-maker, or a confectioner. The boy with weak lungs is excluded from trades where there is a good deal of dust, such as that of the wood-turner or the paper-hanger. The boy with pulmonary weakness would also not be allowed to become a shoemaker or a tailor, because of the bent attitudes in which he would have to work. Should the boy have a weak heart, he would be classified as unfit for the heavy work of the smith, the butcher, the miller, or any of the building trades. The youth who has chronically perspiring hands is deemed incapacitated for gold-work, clock-making, bookbinding, or lithographing. The boy with inflamed eyelids is as fully excluded from work in colors as though he were color-blind. Within the view of the school medical counselor, the boy must be saved from entering upon a trade in which he will always be at a disadvantage physically, and his whole life be a struggle on unequal terms with those better qualified to deal with the peculiar conditions of that trade.

The teachers undertake to measure the mental capacities of the boy. If he is generally a dull pupil, he will be indexed as being better adapted to a trade not far removed from unskilled labor. The bright pupil, especially if he should show manual delicacy in the systematic tests to which he is subjected toward the end of his school period, would have a choice of some fine handicraft, such as that of instrument-making, engraving, or jewel-setting.

Painstaking effort is made to determine the boy's inclinations, so that the great misfortune may not happen to him of being deprived of the joy of work, of the satisfaction in the thing done. Within the view of the Prussian school administration, and this is equally true of Bavaria and most of the other German states, the skilled worker ought to find in his calling one of the great satisfactions of life—a certain artistic pride, the disposition to do his work not alone as he has been taught, but to add to it something of his own individuality, because he loves the work and puts something of his spiritual self into it. No boy is compelled or unduly forced into the choice of a calling. He is handled temperamentally and sympathetically. The endeavor is made to stir the boy's ambition. Masters and parents confer. The parents working at common labor almost always want their children to do better in life than they have done. They readily co-operate in getting the conviction fixed in the boy's mind that he ought not to be an unskilled workman, that when he finishes his school work he ought not to be content to be among those at the bottom of society doing the coarse labor of the ditch, but that he ought to choose a trade and fit himself for one of the higher levels where intelligence counts for something and where wages and opportunities are larger. The germ of the whole system of manual training is considered by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Industry to be in the awakening of the boy's aspirations for a life above the ordinary. This awakening is much more of a problem for the children of the unskilled or the nearly unskilled classes than for those of the higher artisan class. The surroundings and the tone in the home life of a superior workman usually settle the inclination of the boy to be at least equal to his father.

The Munich administration has added an eighth year to the usual seven of compulsory primary education, which is given almost entirely to drawing, card-board, and wood-work training. The school authorities have two objects in view. One is to start the boy in the direction of a particular trade, his studies to be completed in com-

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pulsory continuation trade-schools. The second object is to give the boy who has not selected a trade a distaste for unskilled work, so that he may later feel impelled to choose a skilled occupation. This policy has been worked out by Dr. Kerschensteiner, whose name is international and whose ideas are well known in the United States. Of 2,200 boys who left the highest class of the elementary schools in Munich in 1908, 2,150 went into handwork or other skilled occupation at once. Thus two per cent only were lost to skilled industry. Not one boy from the school has allowed himself to fall into that ugly classification, "the unemployable."

The teacher tries to impress on the youthful mind the worth of labor, how labor will win all things, that pleasure in making, producing, creating may be one of the truest joys of life, that in it may be found for most persons the service of Heaven, the country, the community, and one's self. The elementary reading-books include a variety of such stories as this one, entitled "The Gentleman in England." "When the celebrated philosopher and printer, Benjamin Franklin, came to Europe he had with him a negro servant. Franklin, as is well known, was very inquisitive and travelled through the whole of England in order to see factories and other objects of interest. His servant went with him and also saw everything. They finally returned to London. The following day Franklin said to the negro: 'Now that you have seen all of England, how does it please you?' The negro shook his head and said: 'England is a very strange country; everybody works here. The water and the smoke work, the horses, the oxen, and even the dogs work. The men, the women, and the children work. Everybody works except the pigs. The pig does not work; he does nothing but eat and drink and sleep. The pig alone is gentleman in England.'"

It has long been a house law of the Hohenzollerns that each should learn a handicraft. The prince, it is considered, is only in this way able to understand the qualities in a subject that make him a good artisan. The prince also gains that feeling of confidence in his own powers that comes from skilled handwork. The Emperor is a bookbinder. Among the Emperor's fine collection of bindings are specimens of American work, chiefly from Philadelphia. He probably appreciates no product of American industrial art so highly as that of the bookbinder. The Crown Prince is a turner, another of the Emperor's sons is a blacksmith, the third a brass-worker. The teacher who seeks an illustration for competence in any trade can usually find a royal example, either present or past. The Empress and her daughter Viktoria are excellent sewing women, and have gone through courses in cooking. It is a pleasantry in the diplomatic corps that to interest the Empress one must have something new to say about household management, the children, or the church. The psychological part of the method is to make the boy believe really that virtue, happiness, and the rewards of life are derived from work, that neither a prince, a member of the cabinet, an officer, nor a millionaire can escape work, or indeed that he wishes to avoid it. All this seems very much like Sunday-school instruction and parental platitudes. That is true. It has been noted by an economic writer in the *London Times*, after a study of Germany, that the German is brought up on just the kind of moral nourishment that was made common in England thirty or forty years ago by Carlyle, Ruskin, and Kingsley. The commonplaces appear to be driving power, to put moral energy into the ordinary task. In a trade-school shop, where forty or fifty boys are at work, intent and earnest, one seems to feel the spirit of Germany of to-day—duty, work, skill.

The continuation trade and commercial schools are not cubes in a rigid, finished structure. They are germinating, flourishing, growing in immense variety out of local conditions, moulded by local individualism. Some schools are owned by the states, some by guild municipalities, trades-unions, manufacturers' associations, and by private societies and persons. The school or group of schools in any industrial district has been founded ordinarily to train workmen for the specialties produced there. The pupil is usually a beginner in one of the factories, and he is dealing in the school with the difficulties and problems that arise day by day in the factory. The instruction is of the best. The master-workmen, up-to-date and capable men of the neighboring works, serve in the school-

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room. The equipment, the tools, the machinery, are usually of the latest design, so the youth feels that he is getting the best that can be learned. The trade-school is in such close working co-operation with the adjacent manufacturers that, besides borrowing some of the best workmen for short periods for instructors, the advice of the manufacturers is sought or voluntarily given.

The learner, if the school is compulsory, may be punished by public reprimand, a two-hours' confinement, or by expulsion. Expulsion is infrequent because the school opinion is so strong that any boy does not like to put himself outside of his fellows' good-will. An essential fact of the primary technical continuation school in Germany is that, under an imperial law of June 1, 1891, as corrected by the so-called industrial law of June 30, 1900, employers are required "to grant to those of their employees under eighteen years of age, including female clerks and female apprentices who attend a continuation school arranged by the government or a local authority, the necessary time for school attendance as prescribed by the authority in question." Any one contravening these regulations is subject to a fine of twenty marks for every offence, and if this is not paid, to three days' imprisonment. The compulsory system has been in operation in Berlin four years; and in the beginning the administration had difficulty with business houses regarding the times of attendance, rather than with the principle. The trades-unions and Social Democrats were energetic for compulsion. Penalties have been resorted to reluctantly, a representative of the school management usually having been able to win voluntary compliance by pointing out the clear conditions of the law and the advantages to the young persons concerned. A good many instances of resistance were fined in the second year. Now that the employers and parents understand that resistance is useless, there are few refusals to give the necessary time. Some employers are of the opinion that compulsory continuation schools tend to raise wages and to make employees unwilling to do menial work and the automatic machine operations of subprocesses in production. Probably four-fifths, or even a higher percentage, of opinions which have been gathered by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce at first-hand from employers in all branches of production indicate goodwill toward the schools.

Prussia, which is five-eighths of the empire, has roundly 3,000,000 persons from fourteen to eighteen years old. Of this number 1,483,000 are youths, 1,527,000 are girls. Two-thirds of the whole, or about 2,000,000, are working—1,250,000 boys and 750,000 girls. Agriculture takes 813,000, about equally divided between the sexes. Industry employs 650,000 boys and 191,000 girls; 70 per cent of the boys have been trained in some variety of continuation school, and 48 per cent of the girls. In trade and transportation 114,000 were employed last year, and of that number 56 per cent had gone to some sort of commercial school; of the 67,000 girls within the ages of fourteen to eighteen in trade and transportation, 52 per cent had been instructed in commercial schools. In Berlin 89 per cent of the workers between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are taking continuation courses, 55 per cent in Hesse-Nassau, 48 per cent in Hanover, 50 per cent in the province of Posen, 70 per cent in the province of West Prussia. Under a Prussian law giving subsidies to municipal trade-schools, provided they are compulsory, the number of pupils increased during the five years preceding 1909 by 54 per cent. The continuation trade-school administration works with the official labor exchanges of the empire in the endeavor to direct the choosing of trades into those callings where the greatest opportunities exist for employment. The central labor bureau for Prussia draws up a sheet at the end of each month which shows exactly the number out of employment in all trades. Taken over a period of years, it is thus easy, of course, to determine relatively the chances of employment. Thus, if the stone-working trade is overdone, the endeavor on the part of the school administration is to guide boys who might otherwise be adapted to stone-working into some related building trade in which opportunities for work would be greater. By co-operation among the German states it is expected that the supply and demand in individual callings will be understood so completely that a continuous process of adjustment will maintain the equilibrium between supply

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and demand in all trades. The design is to replace the haphazard distribution of workers by a balanced system. The boy, who can know nothing accurately about the position of the labor market, owing perhaps to the operation of international causes, will be spared the tragedy of going into a dying trade. The effort will be to place him in a trade in which he will have an equal chance with others to obtain employment and keep it.

The German governmental theory of the collective responsibility of society to the individual, and of exacting from the individual proportionate service to the whole works out in industrial education, as we have indicated, in two principles of action, intelligent persuasion and compulsion. One is intended to be the complement of the other. Compulsion is congenial to the German. The discipline of the home and the elementary school is naturally extended to the workshop. The merits of compulsory attendance are summarized in an old decree of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, that of 1899, thus:

"There are still some who think that voluntary attendance at industrial continuation schools is preferable to compulsory attendance. I consider it my duty to draw attention to the recognized fact that, according to all experience known to the present time, the continuation school only flourishes and fulfils its purpose if attendance is made compulsory by a local by-law. The opponents of compulsory attendance maintain that it lowers the standard of the schools. It is contended that the voluntary pupils are willing and ready to learn, whereas those who are compelled to attend are refractory and lazy, and thus impede the progress of the better pupils and make it difficult to maintain school discipline. I admit that among the number of industrial laborers under eighteen years of age who are brought to school by compulsory attendance, there may be some undesirables who cannot be brought under school discipline. But this drawback can be obviated by a proper classification of the pupils, especially by rigorously enforcing the grading system and by employing suitable teachers. Moreover, the difficulty can be overcome if, in the initial stage of the compulsory system, those young persons who have been out of school for several years are not admitted. In the earlier stages, the by-law should only be enforced for the lowest stage of the continuation school, and should be extended in operation year by year. Experience shows that attendance at the continuation school will soon be regarded as a matter of course, just as is the case with attendance at the elementary schools. This plan has the further advantage of gradually building up the school stage by stage. This meets another objection, viz., that any sudden increase in the number of pupils would make too great a demand for school places and that the expense of providing them would be beyond the means of most of the communities. The critics of the compulsory system further maintain that schools with voluntary attendance show better educational results. This statement is certainly wrong, and the tests lately instituted by me prove the contrary. Irregular and unpunctual attendance is a standing complaint with nearly all the schools when attendance is voluntary. In some instances it has happened that schools with voluntary attendance have had to waste half the time appointed for a lesson because sufficient pupils had not arrived to make it possible to begin."

The pressure to turn the unskilled into the skilled is applied to both city and country in a broad sense. It is in the municipalities that this pressure takes the form of artisan training. In the country the laborers on the farm, in the dairy, and in forestry are trained, to be sure, but are trained experimentally, only those intended for foremen and managers being sent to special schools. In the percentages that have been given all farm and mine laborers have been taken to be unskilled. The government does not consider that the laborer on the land might be a source of danger to the commonwealth because he is not trained for what is commonly called skilled work, but that, on the contrary, he is one of the soundest units of the community. The government does consider that the presence in cities and industrial centres of great numbers of unskilled laborers is a weakness that must be overcome.

Who, then, will do the coarse work of Germany if the present ideal of converting every German into a skilled workman is attained? The landed proprietor complains now of the scarcity of labor, largely

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due to the migration to the towns of the young people from the country. The landowners last year employed 565,000 foreign laborers between January 1 and October 1, as is shown by the number of special passes issued to foreign agricultural laborers from Russia, Poland, the Austrian states, and Italy. Twenty per cent of the miners in Westphalia are foreigners, and 8 per cent are Italians. The number of foreigners employed in industry as common laborers was 440,000, of whom 18 per cent were from Italy, 10 per cent from the Netherlands, and the remainder largely from the states to the eastward. A vast movement of foreigners to and from Germany increases yearly. The foreigner laborer is attracted by the higher wages that he can earn there over those paid in his own country. He is able to pay transportation both ways each year, for under the German laws the foreign laborer may not remain in the country longer than one year, and the field laborer usually remains about nine months. The state puts obstacles in the way of foreigners doing skilled work. The police, under the close registration system, take note of a foreigner holding a workman's pass who engages in higher manual employment. The employer's attention is drawn to the fact that the man in question is a foreigner; and under the statutes of various states the employer is obliged to discharge a foreign workman. Obstacles are also placed in the way of ordinary workmen becoming German subjects. Naturalization is refused to working men, except under special conditions. Many workmen from the eastern European countries who might otherwise settle in Germany emigrate to the United States.

The son of a common laborer or of a farm hand takes up a trade and goes to the city. The son of the artisan becomes a bookkeeper, a minor civil servant, a shopkeeper, or a draftsman. The daughters of artisans refuse domestic service and go into shops, counting-rooms, or industrial art-work. The children of those in turn strive for social position and better wages by studying in the higher technical schools and becoming engineers, illustrators, or factory chemists. While the ministries of education and of commerce and industry seek to stimulate the children of those on the lowest levels to become skilled workers, the effort is also made to prevent too many from going into the higher technical fields, because Germany cannot give opportunities to the thousands graduating yearly from the technical universities. The surplus scientific proletariat is obliged to find employment in other countries, England, France, the United States, in competition with Germany.

The processes at work tend to convert the whole population into the users of tools and machinery. The theory of those directing the artisan training is that the time is not remote when all common labor will be done by the machine user who will bring to his work knowledge and zest.

SLUMBER SONG

By John Hall Ingham

Sleep, while the planets move
And in the welkin suns are gleaming.
Starlight of hope and love
Keep vigil o'er thy dreaming!

Sleep, while the surging sea
Intones its psalm unborn, undying.
Strains of eternity
Resound where thou art lying!

Sleep, till on earth and air
The golden glow of dawn is breaking.
Life, joy, and all things fair
Attend and bless thy waking!

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CUZCO, THE SACRED CITY OF THE INCAS

By S. S. Howland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

CUZCO, in Peru, the sacred city of the Incas, their capital, and for many years after its conquest by Pizarro, in 1534, the capital of the Spaniards, is undoubtedly the most historically interesting city of South America. It lies on a hill-side, at the head of and facing a beautiful valley. At its back a range of low mountains; in front, as if closing the valley, Mount Blancopala (altitude over twenty thousand feet), the snows and glaciers of which rank among the finest in the Andes. Its population of some twenty-six thousand is mainly (four-fifths) composed of Indians, whose habits and customs differ but little from those of their ancestors of the Inca days. Richer than any other in the remains of walls and palaces of Inca construction, the cathedral, churches, convents, and palaces built during the Spanish occupation are the best specimens of colonial architecture extant.

When we awoke in the private car which had been furnished us for the journey from Lake Titicaca, the sun was brightly shining upon the city and upon the fortified hill behind, on the top of which came out now clear and distinct the grim cross that marks the spot where once stood the altar of the sun. A broad road, partially shaded by a few trees, leads up from the station. Shortly after breakfast, two diplomatic friends who joined us at La Paz, Alexander and Lucien, and myself took this road in order that we might deliver our letters of introduction and arrange for horses and guides.

At the quaint and narrow city gate the road contracted into little better than a lane, its open drains clogged and choked with refuse and filth. The houses on either side were two stories in height and quite modern in their stucco and gaudy decorations. After all we had heard and read of Cuzco, these our first impressions were most disappointing, but as if by magic all save the filth was changed, for the street quite suddenly and unexpectedly opened upon the centre of the three large plazas of the town, and we found ourselves in the midst of the ancient city itself.

On our right was the quaint church and convent of San Merced, built in part on the old Inca walls. On the opposite side of the square was the Prefecture, a very old palace, while the other sides were also faced by buildings of unquestionable antiquity. The plaza itself was large and well planted with shade trees and flowers, while in one corner was a bronze head of the Christ attached to a low stone column, a stream of pure water constantly flowing from between its lips.

To left and right opened up narrow streets containing houses the foundations of which were unchanged from the day the stones were laid by the Inca masons. Here and there over a door-way the eye was caught by a great carven coat of arms that told more plainly than words how in the days gone by it had been the home of one of the Spanish conquerors. The whole effect was most singular, for one could not but feel that here was a city but little changed from the days of Spanish rule, the days of the Inquisition, when church and state were indeed one.

Crossing the plaza we presented ourselves at the Prefecture, which was also the police-station. Unfortunately the Prefect was out, but his secretary was most kind, and made careful note of our various needs and requirements. The building inside was part palace, part fortress, for the stone walls were loop-holed for musketry. The patio was large and sunny, with a policeman here and there napping in a warm corner. Nothing had been done to preserve the structure, which but for the care with which they built in the old days would long since have been a ruin.

From the Prefecture we went to the offices of the largest mercantile house in

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Cuzco, that of Signor Lomellini. These occupy another of the old Spanish houses. The signor was absent in Europe, but we were received by his partner, Mr. Franz Post, a graduate of one of the German universities, who, having come to this country for his health, had been forced to remain for the same reason. Mr. Post was most kind and placed himself and all the resources of his firm at our disposal. He insisted, furthermore, that none other than himself should be our guide during our stop in Cuzco, and promised to come down to our car early in the afternoon to begin sightseeing with us.

After all these preliminaries were attended to, we were at liberty to return to the station. As it was still early in the day, however, we decided to take our first view of the cathedral.

This is the most important colonial building in Cuzco. It faces the great plaza of the town, a very large square, which is absolutely bare except for a fearful cast-iron fountain in the centre surmounted by the figure of a North American Indian! The cathedral, raised on a paved platform, is an enormous and massive building constructed entirely of a dark stone shading on brown. Its front is more like a fortress than a church, save around and over the central doorway where a wealth of twisted columns and elaborately carved panels, rising in tiers to the architrave, produce an effect of such richness as to command the eye at once. Two belfry towers, their columns of squared masonry, relieve the roof, though perhaps too low for the proportions of the building.

On either side of the cathedral and connected with it are chapels, their façades richly carved and decorated in the same style as the central portion of the church. The effect of the whole is grandiose and impressive in the extreme, and while the architectural details may be faulty, one cannot but class the edifice among the great churches of the world.

As we stood admiring it there was strongly brought home to us the religious side of the little band of Spanish conquerors who braved hardship and privation to cross the mighty ranges of the Andes and wrench this city from the Inca armies. They conquered, but before the blood of their victims had been washed from the stones they laid the foundations of a temple to their God, a temple which would, if possible, outrival those of the pagans they had destroyed. In this they surely spared neither spoil nor toil.

While the foundations of the cathedral of Lima were laid before the Spaniards left that city on their journey to the interior, the cathedral of Cuzco was entirely completed long before work upon the other was seriously begun.

The church of the Jesuits, on the same plaza as the cathedral, is nearly as large, and on much the same architectural lines. Its façade, however, presents none of the sternness of the cathedral, for, as it is all most elaborately carved, the decorations seem too florid for good taste. The church has been closed to the public for some years because no other order has seen fit to reopen it since the nominal exclusion of the Jesuits from Peru.

The building alongside, once a convent, is now occupied by the university, the second oldest in the South Americas. The carvings on the front of this edifice, in contrast to those on the church, are exquisite, far the best in Cuzco, and well worthy of close examination.

Along the other sides of the square run graceful colonnades lined with the shops of the smaller tradesmen. In the centre, in odd canvas booths or under gaudy umbrellas, the daily market was being held. It was Sunday and the crowds of Indians were particularly gay in their best "bibs and tuckers," causing the scene to fairly reek with color, while the general effect was heightened by the perfect blue of the sky and the fringe of dark brown hills that framed the picture.

Retracing our steps we passed through the central plaza again, and on to the third, the least interesting of all. It is bare and unkempt, and the buildings about it are quite unimportant, with the single exception of a long, low convent.

Continuing on we passed beneath an old colonial city gateway. It stood alone like a triumphal arch, and, indeed, that is practically the use now made of it, for busts of the heroes of Peruvian independence, and tablets of marble and of bronze commemorating their valorous deeds, are plastered over it wheresoever a ledge or a panel permits.

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The street was now bounded on one side by a long and superb piece of the Inca wall, beautifully laid as are they all, upon which, built in the long ago, is a row of houses with wrought-iron balconies that are worthy of Italy. On the other side is a long low church, old and weather-beaten, but still uncompleted. Adjoining this is the high white wall of a convent garden. Convent, I say, though probably it was a monastery, but the latter word is not used out here.

Beyond, at the end of the garden, on a little plaza of its own, stands the church of San Pedro, the third largest of the churches of Cuzco, and originally a very handsome one. Unfortunately it has been allowed to go unrepaired and is rapidly becoming a ruin. In many places the roof has fallen in and the handsome ceilings and carvings of wood are for the most part beyond restoration.

Before luncheon was over our escorts arrived on the scene, saddled and ready, in the charge of a lieutenant and corporal of the gendarmerie. The animals and himself, the officer explained, had been placed at our service for the duration of our visit by his excellency the prefect, who hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us later in the day. Shortly after this Mr. Post appeared and assured us that he too had no time that was not our time.

Our escorts took us into the town by a different route from the one we had taken in the morning. At times we rode between stern old Inca walls, made of great blocks of stone, laid without cement or mortar, their carefully dressed surfaces as smooth and polished as the day they were set up. The stone itself, close-grained and of a rich brown hue, must have been brought from far, like the stone of Tiahuanaco, as none resembling it is found near by. In some localities the regularity of the squared blocks is varied by stretches of limestone bowlders from the hills, but even the many angles of these are trimmed and fitted together like a picture puzzle and the whole face of the wall hewn smooth.

In one place where a little spur of the hill projected over the valley, the wall was particularly high and crowned by the church of San Domingo, unimportant and uninteresting. This church is supposed to cover the site of the most revered of all the Inca temples, the one erected to the glory of the sun and moon. No situation could have been finer for such a purpose, for, overlooking the valley as it does, the first rays of the rising sun must have touched and gloriously illuminated the great altar of silver and gold and precious gems. But we know of that altar only through the descriptions in some of the old Spanish histories.

A little farther on, in a small square, we dismounted at the church of San Blas, an unattractive structure, its façade a mass of wretched frescoes. Within, however, is one of the most exquisite specimens of wood-carving I know of. In fact, I doubt if its equal exists anywhere. It is a large and high pulpit of some native wood resembling walnut. Its form and design are in perfect taste and the work marvellous. The figures of the apostles and saints in their niches stand out boldly as statues, though of one piece with the rest, while the decorative work represents hundreds of birds, butterflies, flowers, and leaves, and the whole is joined by tracery so graceful, so delicately fine, as to look as if it were suggested by some old missal.

The canopy is as carefully and as richly made as the pulpit and bears on its top far back a whitened skull, that of the artist, an Indian, who not only designed but executed the masterpiece. His name has been lost but the eyeless sockets seem to look down approvingly upon the admirers of his handiwork. Fortunately this gem is in perfect preservation and well cared for. The other ornaments and decorations of the church are tawdry and valueless, and although the priest declared some of the pictures to be by old Spanish masters, they were at best but wretched copies.

Through more narrow streets and beside more Inca walls we rode until suddenly we came out on the great plaza, close by the cathedral, which had so impressed us in the morning and which appeared even more imposing now.

Although protests were made that it was not the proper hour, our soldier guides insisted that the prefect's guests had the right to visit where and when they chose. Accordingly we disregarded the protests and entered. We were at once struck by the noble proportions of the church and of the columns that supported the well-conceived ceiling. The nave was spacious and the general first effect was grand and impressive.

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As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the gloom the richness of the decorations became visible and fairly startled us. In front stood the great high altar and reredos, very wide and reaching almost to the roof. It is made entirely of pure silver, carved, embossed, and chiselled in most beautiful designs. The life-sized figure of the Christ and the statues of the apostles were of the same precious metal and in places heavily gilded.

The pulpit and stalls of dark carved wood served to frame this exquisite, if huge, specimen of the art of the old silversmiths. Gorgeous is the only word that can be used; in fact the whole effect was almost theatrical, for the light from the dome above was so arranged as to fall directly upon the face of the Christus.

The dark stone walls were covered by pictures of every size and style and of an endless variety of subjects. Bishops in their robes, knights in armor, huge canvases showing processions of the church with the Indian converts always in the foreground, and then some fearful ones representing the ghastly rites of the Inquisition.

Little need be said of their artistic merits, but their color and their great gold frames certainly added materially to the general richness of the interior.

We had thought that we had exhausted all the chief wonders of the church, when Lucien called us to follow him over a pile of rubbish, behind the high altar. There, to our great surprise, he showed us what, after the silver altar, was the most beautiful object in the cathedral.

Quite hidden from view was another reredos of carved wood with twisted columns and figures of gigantic size. It was perfectly proportioned and on a large scale of workmanship that recalled the pulpit of San Blas. It had evidently been covered, until quite recently, with colored stucco and gilding, for only about half of it had been cleaned though the good work was still going on. The restoration was being carefully conducted and great care taken not to injure any of the fine traceries, the wood of which fortunately had been well preserved by its covering of lime. It was a most remarkable specimen of seventeenth-century carving, and on beholding it any artist would feel that the long journey to Cuzco had been more than compensated.

The choir of the cathedral is by some considered the gem of its treasures. It is of large size, very spacious, and entirely of carved wood. The stalls and screens are rarely executed, while the life-sized statues of the apostles and saints are sculptured as charmingly as they could have been by any of the great Italians of the period. Indeed, the amount of detail, most minute detail, in all the carvings, showed the knowledge of design and the harmony of decoration possessed by the draughtsmen and workmen, most of whom are said to have been Indians.

In the centre of the choir stood a huge music-stand, exquisitely carved, as is all the wood-work. On this stand lay in confusion great psalters of vellum richly illuminated in gold and color, and even more ancient, perhaps, than the church itself.

The wealth of gold and silver dishes, cups, chalices, and other sacred vessels, and the gems set in them, still preserved in Cuzco is according to all reports fabulous. Only a short time before our arrival there had been stolen from the cathedral a monstrance which was valued by the government at over £150,000. Thanks to the connection between church and state in Peru, these treasures are far safer than they appear to be on first thought.

Unfortunately the church of San Merced was closed, and even our escort could not find the keys. So we passed on to that of San Paulo which, as I have said, is inside little better than a ruin. There are some very good bits in the church, however, particularly carvings, but the elements have had too free a hand, for many of the side chapels are actually exposed to the storms. The ceiling, more Gothic than any we have seen, is in a most ruinous state and in places positively unsafe. The front of the high altar is of silver repoussé and is an exceptionally good piece of work, but what makes it remarkable is the large Inca sun that occupies the place generally filled by the representation of a saint or an I. H. S. The old friars used every means possible to attract their unstable converts. In this instance they openly combined the worship of God and that of the sun.

As it was getting too late to go farther, regretfully we returned to our car. The morning following we made an early start for the old Inca fortress back of the city

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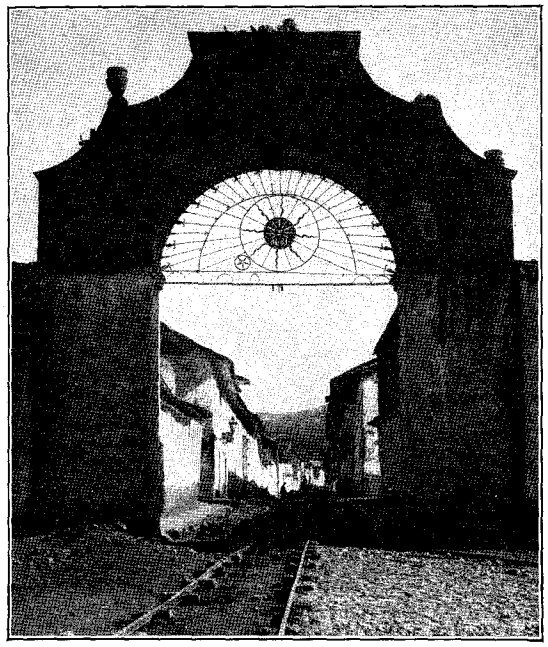
upon the hill, to which I have several times referred. This hill is of considerable height, projects out from the main range, and dominates the valley.

Once out of the town the road led along a narrow ledge, a section of the wall on one side and a cheery stream on the other. There our guides led us rather abruptly through an opening to the left, beyond which was a terrace of some three or four acres cut out of the hill. Upon this plateau stood a small and unimportant church in front of which was a row of stocks for the punishment of criminals. These were made of stone. Mr. Post told us they were Inca relics.



At the quaint and narrow city gate the road contracted into little better than a lane.—Page 205.

The view over the valley was delightful, and marred only by a great black wood cross which was erected close to the edge and cast its shadow over the little plain and the wall behind. This wall, of the best Inca workmanship, supported another platform above. In its face were several entrances. All of these had been filled in, but from one of these the stones and rubbish had later been removed and through this we rode up an incline to the second terrace. It was covered by a grove of young eucalyptus, and in the centre was a charming little villa in the Italian style, with a pretty garden about it, the residence of Signor Lomellini, Mr. Post's partner. The whole acreage was once the site of the palace of the first of the Incas, Manco Capac;* the wall through which we had just come had been a part of the foundations.

A particularly interesting fragment of the old palace, a portion of one of the entrances to the building, stands in the garden near the house. It is of stone smoothed on both sides. In the centre there is a perfect gate-way; a small window is close by it. The whole is in excellent preservation. The holes for the hinges and bolts are clearly visible, and nothing is lacking save the great door that once closed the portal.

Retracing our steps as far as the mountain road we continued our upward climb, while constantly before us were reminders of the old days. On the left was a huge wall, part of the line of outer fortifications. On the right a steep bank led down to the rushing stream which here and there was crossed by an aqueduct and bridges of masonry, solid but very graceful.

An hour's climb brought us to a fairly level plain at the top of the hill. Between us and the valley lay the fortress, its first line of defence rising on our left. Very large and strong walls we had already seen, but they were pygmies compared to the one which now confronted us. To form it bowlders of granite and of limestone, some of them as large as a house, had been brought together. No matter how large they were, however, their edges were as carefully trimmed and fitted as bricks in a house. How these masses of rock were ever brought to where they are, raised in position, no one can say. All round the mount the great wall runs, forming a half-circle, ending toward the town. There are but few entrances through it, and those

*Sir Clements R Markham in his "Incas of Peru," p. 287 declares it could not have been built by Manco Capac, but probably was constructed for the Inca Pachacuti.

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are most carefully guarded by flanking masonry.

I have seen the Great Wall of China, the pyramids and temples of Egypt, the fortresses of Japan, and the ruins of Baalbec, but none of them are more wonderful than this cyclopean structure. Within this first line of fortification were two others which, if not quite as imposing, still were of a height and strength amply sufficient to keep at bay any army not provided with gunpowder.

Between them the ground was levelled, supposedly for a moat. If this supposition is correct, the course of the little stream along which we had ridden must have been diverted far back in the hills, for certainly there was no other water obtainable in volume large enough.

Inside the lines was a large plain formed by grading the top of the hill. On the edge of this and overlooking the valley rose the gigantic crucifix that is so plainly visible from Cuzco and beyond. The view is simply magnificent. The city with its narrow streets and numerous churches lay mapped before us. Beyond it the rich valley and in the distance the snows of Blancopala.

This was a perfect natural position for a fortress temple. The hill absolutely commanded the town and consequently was inaccessible from that side, while the right and left had valuable protection from the deep ravines, and at the back the triple line of walls was entirely ample to guard against attack from the mountains.

An old house, Cuzco.

We left the fortress, passed out by the way we had entered, and rambled over the plain in the rear, and there we found curious and interesting remains. There were great stone seats, shaped like those of an old Greek theatre and cut in the solid rock. Some were single, some in pairs, while in one place they were terraced. "The seats of the Incas" is the popular name for them, and none better could have been selected. Arranged on no fixed plan and facing in all directions, the object of their construction is a mystery. It may be that after fine blocks of stone had been quarried the holes were made and trimmed into seats to remove the unsightliness.

Cuzco was the capital of the Incas. It was not only their civil but their religious centre. Their treasures were enormous and required safe-keeping, and what place so appropriate as this almost inaccessible hill? They worshipped the sun. Could any more beautiful site have been found for a huge temple in the sun's honor, a temple that could be seen and revered for miles and miles around? The Inca himself was regarded as of divine origin, a son of the sun, and as such his palace must have been behind the sacred altars. Assuredly, then, these great walls were not simply those of a fortress, but were built rather to protect a series of magnificent palaces and temples holding all the dearest possessions of the Incas.

If further proof of the correctness of this theory were wanting, it is found in the con-

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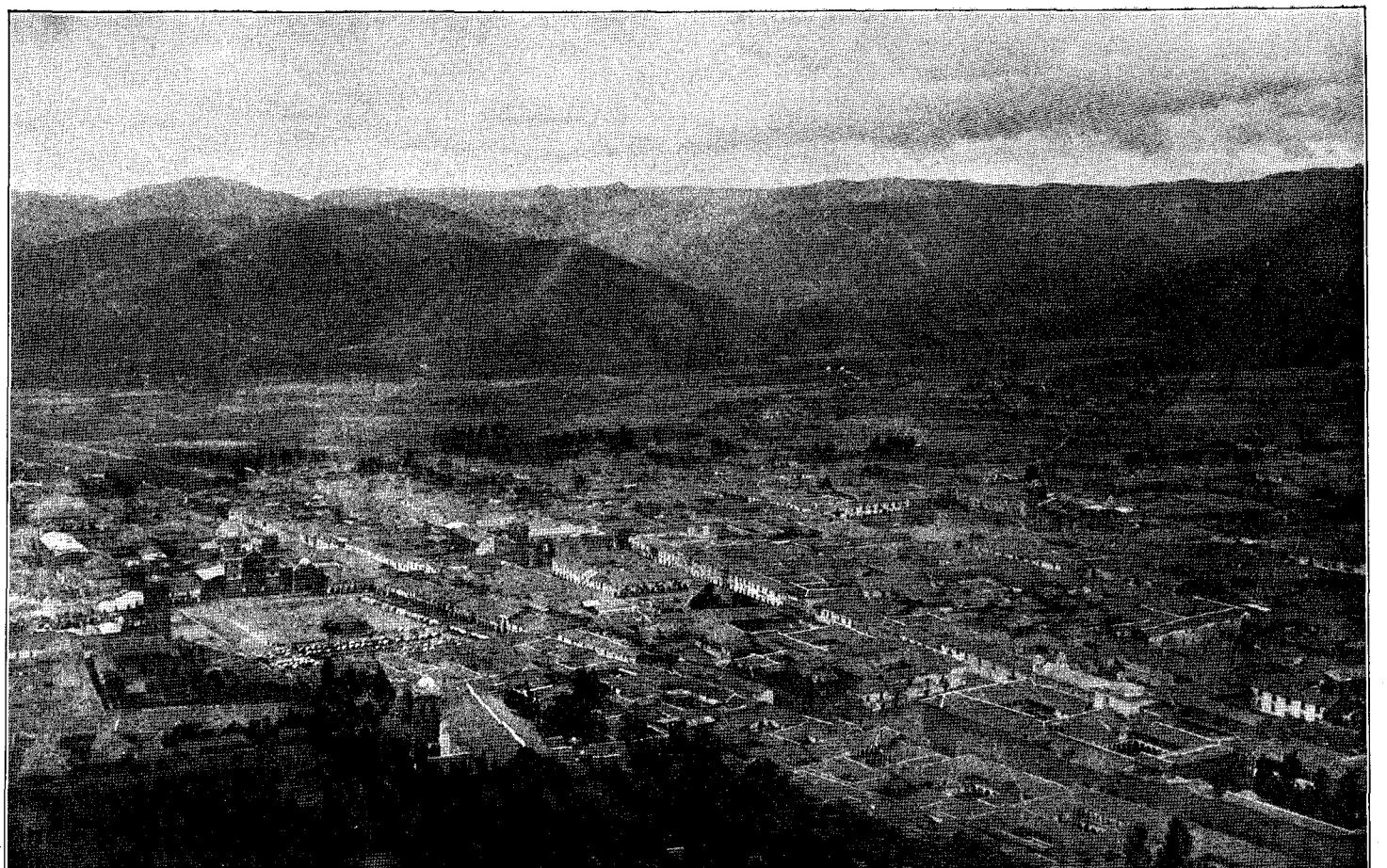

Cuzco, the sacred city of the Incas.

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The cathedral, the most important colonial building in Cuzco.
The vertical walls are distorted by the tilting of the camera upward.

The church of the Jesuits and university on the right.

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dition of the ruins themselves, for while the walls of the fortifications are practically intact, not one stone of the buildings has been left standing by the Spaniards in their mad search for the stores of gold and silver and jewels known to be concealed within them, lest by chance some hidden hoard be overlooked.

a part of the city that was in existence when the Incas arrived on their march of conquest.

The Spaniards did not change the plan of the town, and the streets of to-day are the same as they were before the fall of the Incas.

So carefully were the old Inca walls constructed, and that, too, without cement or

The third plaza.

The following details regarding the city of Cuzco itself may not be amiss. The original city, or rather the city as reconstructed by the Incas, was composed of a series of parallelograms each not quite the size of an ordinary city block. These were surrounded by a wall of dressed stone inclined toward the centre as those of a pyramid. These were of different heights according to the locality, but averaged some fifteen to twenty feet. The space inside these walls was filled in and formed a terrace upon which the principal residences, temples, and public buildings were erected. The streets between the parallelograms were very narrow, not more than fifteen feet wide, thus preventing the gathering of any considerable number of persons or troops at any one point. While most of the walls were built of a brown stone, carefully squared and dressed, there are some that are formed of bowlders hewn so that their many edges fit closely together. These undoubtedly are of pre-Inca origin and formed

mortar, they stand now as firm and solid as the day they were put up. Various tales exist as to the means employed to hew and dress the great blocks, but the one most credited by the Indians is that far back in the mountains a plant grows, the juice of which, spread upon the surface of a stone, will cut it through as with a knife and not deviate from the line that has been painted with it, and also that a little of this juice rubbed upon the surface will smooth it like a pebble in a brook.

To support this story they declare that in the mountains lives a bird that makes its nest in holes on the sides of steep cliffs. To do this he brings in his beak a bit of a peculiar shrub which he holds against the stone, until in a very short time it has eaten away enough to furnish the space required. They also insist that many, many years ago some Indians working among the ruins of Tiaguanaco discovered a great closed cistern. Forcing off the lid, it was found full of a thick, greenish-colored liquid. In their

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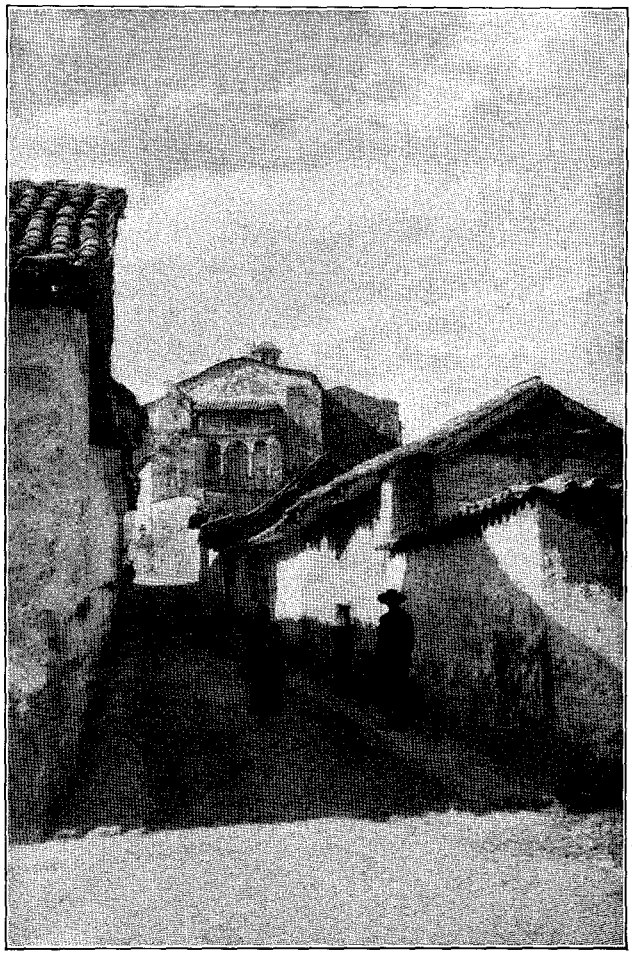
anxiety to utilize their find as a place to keep their grain in, they ladled out the stuff and threw it broadcast over the great stones and columns amid which they were working. What was their wonder and surprise on returning the following morning to find that everything that greenish fluid had touched was broken and split up into small fragments.



The church of San Domingo, erected to the glory of the sun and moon.

Whether the Incas had knowledge of some such wonderful agent or not, one thing is certain, no tools or weapons had ever been discovered that possessed an edge that could have carved these stones.

The hill at the back of the town was for a part of its height cut out in a series of terraces similar to those we visited. The effect of these, with their palaces, their groves, and gardens, could only have been to bring out in greater relief the majestic grandeur of the great buildings towering above them in the fortress enclosure. Their golden plates glistened under the rays of the sun and formed a picture as striking as the hill of the Acropolis if not more imposing, even, than that. Certainly before the conquest Cuzco must have been a wonderfully beautiful city.

After luncheon we all went over to the Prefecture, where the prefect and his wife were waiting for us. Leaving our ponies there we started out afoot for the house of Signor Don José Lucas Caparó Muniz, to whom the museum belongs. He lives on the hill-side, and on the way up we passed a very curious fountain, one of the sights of Cuzco. It is a carved stone bust of a woman from whose breasts flow two streams of mountain water, which from its purity is very popular with the townspeople. Unfortunately, this is covered with paint, which detracts from its sightliness. A crowd is always about and strings of llamas waiting to fill themselves before taking the long journey to the warm country.

We found the museum installed in three rooms of considerable size. It is devoted entirely to relics of the Inca and colonial days. It was particularly interesting for the reason that everything in it, with few exceptions, had been found or obtained in Cuzco or its neighborhood.

As we entered, a row of grim mummies, their elbows on their knees and hands bent to hold the head, stared down upon us from the top shelves. The skin looked like old parchment and the hair was black and long. According to tradition it was the custom

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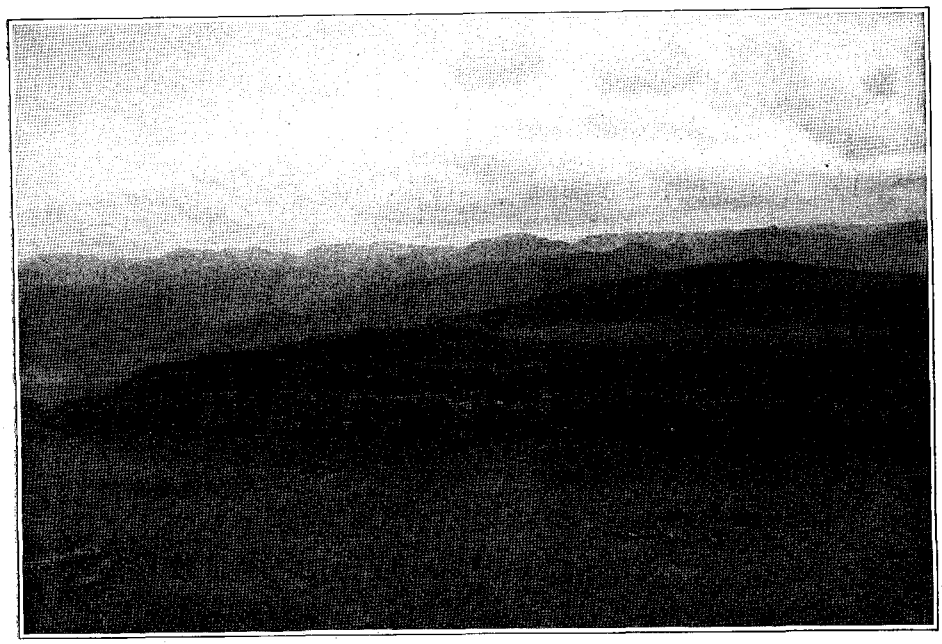
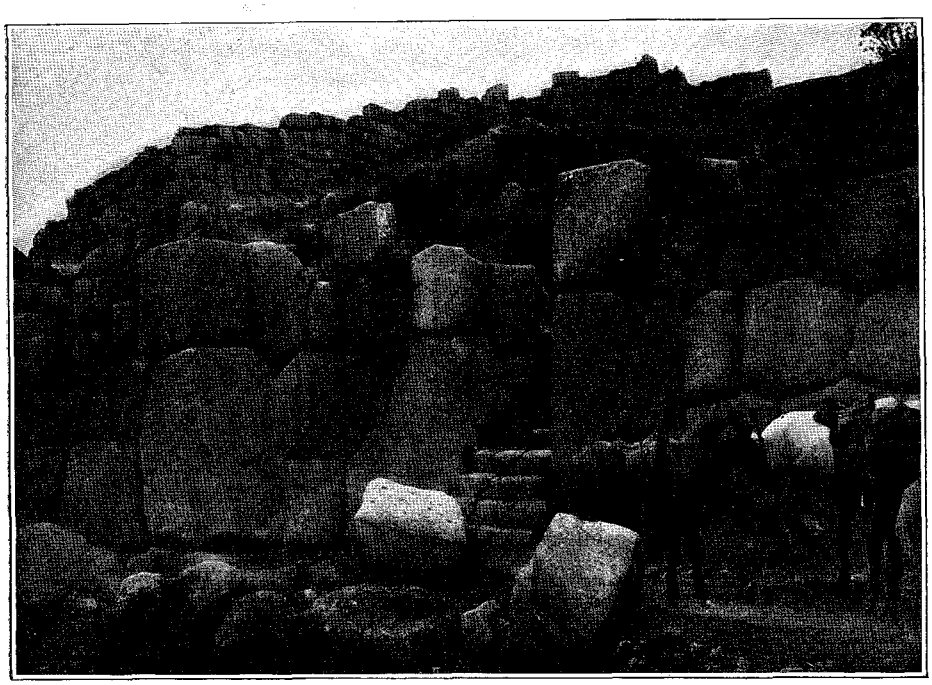


General view of the three walls of the fortress.

to take the dead up to the top of some high mountain, and there leave them until the rarefied air had thus withered them up. The bodies were then brought back and carefully broken and bent into the sitting position. Then, finally, together with their most valued clothes and belongings, they were placed in baskets made to fit them.



The outer wall of the fortress.

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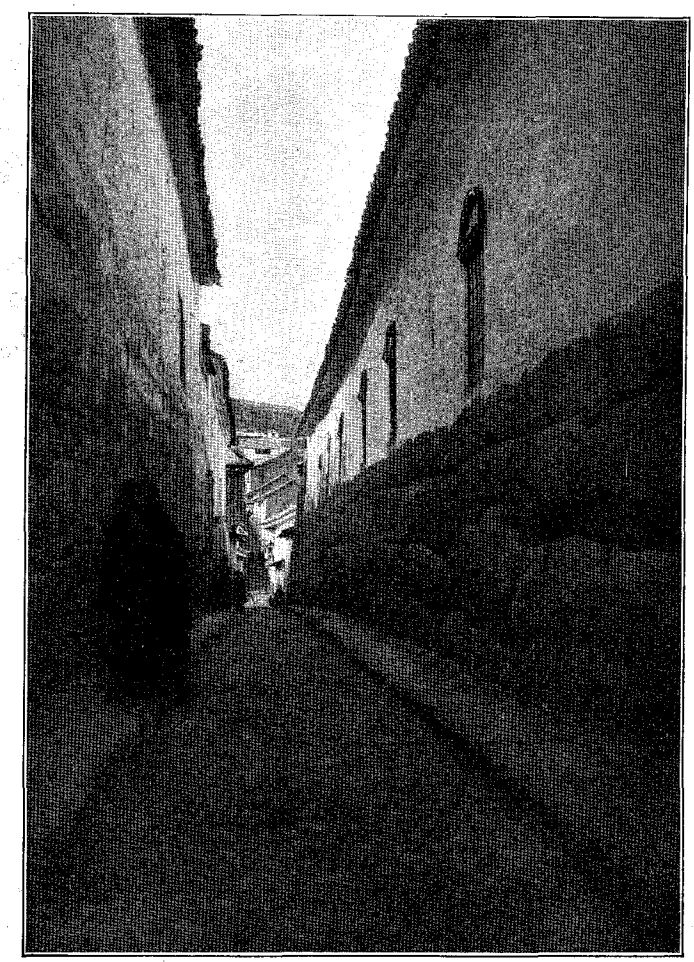
Of baskets and bits of woven cloth there were many fine specimens, mostly from the graves. The cloths were especially curious, some of them very beautiful, with very fine weaving and colors as bright as when originally dyed. Most of them were decorated with bands of figures of men and llamas. There were some fragments of stone carvings, but they had been brought from other ruins, as none were ever known in Cuzco. The Incas kept all their records by means of bundles of silken threads of different lengths and colors, the mystery of the interpretation of which was known to the priests and nobles alone.

From the museum we went back to the Prefecture for a few moments. Then we started off to do a little sight-seeing on our own hook, as we were particularly anxious to see the cloisters of San Merced that face the central plaza.

The church is built on a part of the walls and is quite plain outside. Within, it has been completely redecorated. The walls and ceiling are covered with plaster painted in strong and vulgar colors, evidently the work of local artists, so that there is nothing left to commend save the proportions.



A street with the greatest walls,

The cloisters attached to the church and belonging to its convent have not been restored and are exceedingly beautiful. The central court or patio was filled with lovely flowers in wild profusion, while a fountain that was actually playing seemed to have attracted all the birds in the neighborhood.

A stone colonnade, well and richly carved,

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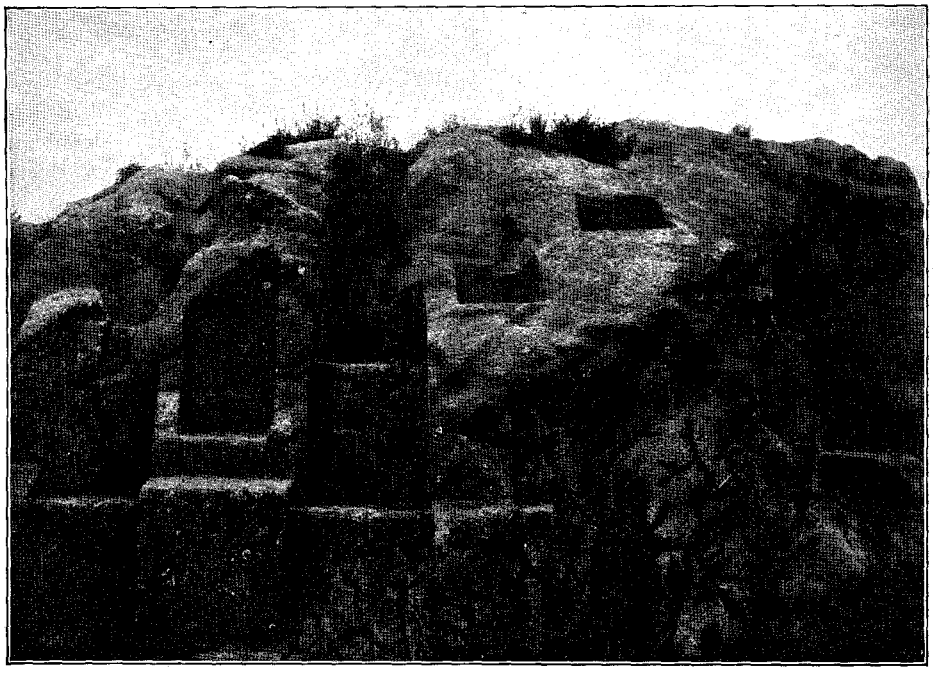

Great stone seats, shaped like those of an old Greek theatre.—Page 210.

extends around the court and supports a ceiling in wood of exceptional beauty and artistic value. It is made of a mosaic of wood fitted in squares with heavy mouldings, and is more what one would expect to see in some old French or Italian château than in this far-away convent. Alas! it was in bad repair, however.

The floor above was reached by a strange but beautifully proportioned inclined way made of stone and built like a staircase and bifurcating half-way up with a charmingly carved balustrade. Here another row of columns, similar to those below, sustained the roof and a ceiling as charming and in as bad a condition as the one on the patio floor. Connected with the cloisters on this floor was the choir of the church, considered by many to be finer than the one in the cathedral. Like it, it is entirely of carved wood and in very good preservation.

Certainly none of us ever expected to see in Cuzco such wonderful wood-carvings as it possesses, and we were deeply impressed by the skill of the old workmen, who, as I have said, were mostly Indians.

The majority of the white residents of Cuzco are either government officials or small tradesmen. They are not over-educated, perhaps, though they consider themselves the "cultured class," and believe in their hearts that because there flows through their veins a drop or two of old Spanish blood the strength and brains of the conquerors as well belong to them. Bumptious people and great politicians are they, always ready to support some child-like revolution. In consequence, Cuzco is looked upon by the powers in Lima as a storm-centre.

The Indian population is most attractive in every way save cleanliness. Cuzco is considered without exception the dirtiest city in South America, and no effort is ever made to clean it. A gentle, child-like people they are, very poor, but always laughing and merry under their heavy burdens. As they are fond of color and bright costumes, they are a delight to the eye, the women many-skirted, the men in their jackets and fantastic hats, with the ever-useful poncho thrown carelessly about them. Only one vice do they possess, like their Bolivian brothers, that of a fondness for the vile liquor sold them under government protection. Practically they are the same race that for thousands of years have lived and died on this plateau, isolated completely

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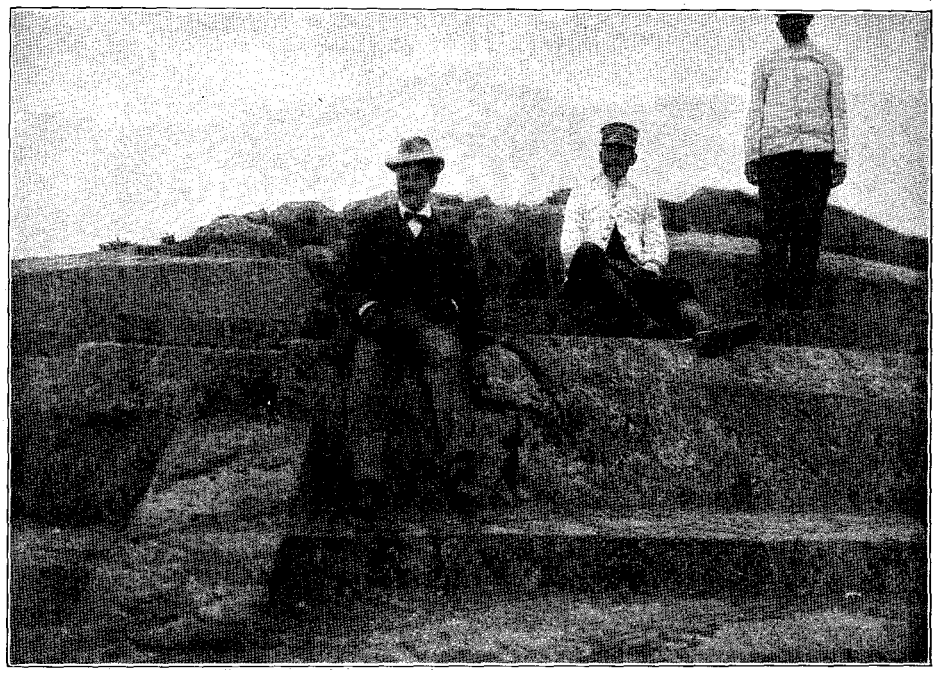

"The seats of the Incas."

from the rest of the world. Strange to say, their numbers are increasing rapidly, a most fortunate circumstance, for Peru depends upon them as much, if not more, than Bolivia.

After luncheon we finished up our sight-seeing. First of all we went to the church of the Jesuits, of which we had obtained the key. This church having been closed for a number of years, we expected to find it in bad repair, but never for a moment did we imagine it could be as absolutely neglected as we found it.

Second only to the cathedral in size and richness of decoration, its façade, as I have mentioned, is the most elaborate of all, being composed of a mass of twisted columns, carved panels, niches with figures of the saints, and flowery scrolls binding the whole. It is in the very worst style of the Renaissance and shows conclusively that the church is of a much later date than the cathedral.

Upon entering we were at once struck by the same excessive ornamentation and wealth of carving and gold. In its prosperous days the church, if not in the best of taste, must at least have been very effective. The shrines of carved and gilded wood, though now shattered and broken, were huge and massive. The walls were covered with enormous pictures, many of them now almost dropping from their elaborate frames. Though painted by artists only in name, many of them were rich in color.

The university is next door to the Jesuits' church, and occupies what was evidently a convent connected with it, though from the style of the decorations of the frontal it would seem older.

This is the most ancient university in both Americas, that in Lima alone excepted. Strange to say, its president is a young American who takes the greatest pride not only in the institution, but in his pupils. The class-rooms are, unfortunately, bare and most scantily furnished, and the library possesses hardly a hundred volumes, and those of doubtful value. Still he hopes for better things and better days, and contends that the students are as hard-working and industrious as any at Harvard or Yale. The cloisters are absolutely plain, though the colonnade is graceful and was most refreshing to us after the gaudy dilapidation in the church alongside from which we had but just come.

While the inside of the building is simple,

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the outside is not, for there we have unquestionably the most beautiful façade in the city. While in style it resembles the portals of the other churches, the detail and execution are far superior. In fact, the greatest care and taste have been used by architect and artisans to produce a gem.

The president of the university is of the opinion that the old convent should be very carefully examined, as he firmly believes that it was used by the Spaniards to store much of their treasure.

Stories of concealed hoards of gold and jewels are plentiful in Cuzco, and almost every one you meet has some tale of this description. Undoubtedly there is some foundation for them, as when the Spaniards captured the city the inhabitants had no opportunity to remove much of their wealth and were forced to bury it. The greater part was undoubtedly found by the conquerors, but it is likely that many of the caches still remain undiscovered.

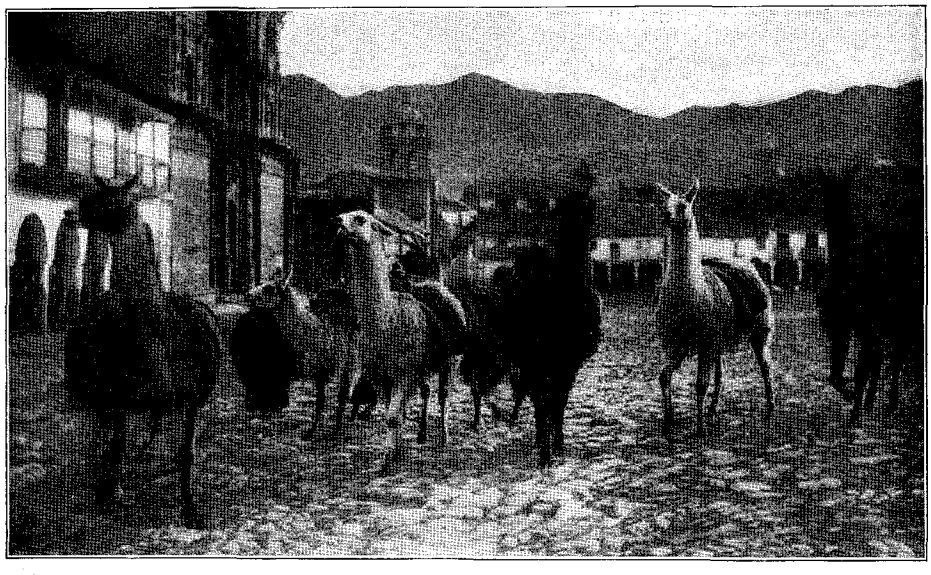
From time to time pieces of old Inca gold are brought in by Indians, and it is possible that they know of many hiding-places they are afraid to reveal.

Cuzco is the Mecca for South American travel that it should be; but, interesting as it is, it is wofully destitute of hotels, for those that masquerade under the name are bad beyond words.

Strangers are rare in Cuzco, for not only is it a difficult place to reach, but to many who would not hesitate to brave the long journey and submit to the discomforts, there is the dread of an attack of soroche that in so many cases proves fatal. The climate, too, while delicious, is treacherous, and particularly for foreigners. Those that are forced for one reason or other to live in the city commiserate with one another at a little "mess" which they have organized and which is their only excitement.

All the boxes had been put on board our train and our guards dismissed with *pour boires* that seemed to more than satisfy them. The police, who had watched over our car, run our cook's errands, and served us as general men-of-all-work, were perhaps more loath to have us leave than the others, for to them our visit had meant three days of vacation.

We sat over our coffee until quite late, as Mr. Post hated to make the move that necessitated "good-by," but it had to come at last, and with a "Good luck to you all," he disappeared in the darkness.



Llamas on the plaza.

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CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

IT was Friday afternoon, and half-past one to the tick by the placid, round-faced clock above the black-board. Forty pairs of blue and gray and dusky eyes marked the downward-pointing black finger, and straightway forty fond little hopes of the nation sprang to "position" in their primary seats, folded forty pairs of grubby paws neatly behind their backs, and trained their bright gaze toward Teacher's desk. Behind it, focussing all these ardent beams, stood Miss Life, smiling a winged smile out of her eyes—"laughin' on her insides," Joe Cady called it—and holding in her hand a small package.

Miss Life was not her real name. It had come to her in the dawn of her career as a public school teacher in the purlieus of Abingdon Square, when, one day, in a fit of black despair, she flung overboard the stereotyped course of Nature-study, root and branch and bugs, designed another off her own bat, so to speak, better adapted to the little denizens of Jane Street, and enclosed it, with a spirited defence, to the powers that sit in light in Fifty-ninth Street. Something in the tone of this home-rule letter, crackling with defiance, touched a responsive chord in an Irishman on the Board, and moved him to save the contumacious young writer from the wrath that waits upon initiative.

"Let that Miss Life alone," he said, coining the name which made her famous. "And if by any means she can put the mystery and beauty and sacredness of life into those little water-front rats, and 'longshoremen's kids, in God's name, give her a free hand, gentlemen, and I'll take off my hat to the lady!"

Which he did the very next day, invading Jane Street, and Public School Number Nine for the purpose. And from that one visit—but this is not the Irishman's story.

It was the hour marked on the programme as Nature-study, and Miss Life had elected to instruct her charges in the gentle art of gardening.

"To-day, children," she began, then halted, and threw a puzzled, questioning glance toward the door. From behind it proceeded strange sounds of muffled strife, of scratchings and scufflings, attended by heavy footsteps and an irate voice, as if an animal were being dragged, protesting, across the floor.

"It's that dog!" said Miss Life. "Hennie, you *must* tie him up better! Run out now and help the janitor."

"Hennie," a tiny mulatto, with a voice like a silver lute, a face finely powdered over with freckles like a quail's egg, and surmounted by an impenetrable jungle of inky kinks, bounded from his seat. But before he could reach the door, it was torn open from the outside, and stalwart Officer Kelly, who each morning saluted Miss Life with extreme *savoire faire* at the corner of the block, and who was known throughout the district as the sworn adversary of truants, burst violently into the room.

The gallant copper looked flushed and dishevelled. His helmet was askew, good red blood dribbled from a trinity of scratches which clove their ragged, crimson way down the line of his resolute jaw, and his Celtic eyes coruscated with rage. More terrible than ever, in his disarray, he looked to the awe-stricken ranks of his Liliputian foes like the veritable bright god of destruction, and they quaked in their dusty little boots.

Behind him pressed the Principal, with a worried countenance, and between them, at the extreme end of the strong arm of the Law, and firmly gyved by the Law's huge fist, hung a panting, wild-eyed atom of a boy.

"Why, Officer!" exclaimed Miss Life. "You are—wounded! What is it?"

"What is ut?" stormed the wrathful guardian of the peace. "Well ye may ask

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what it is!" From his seventy-two inches he glowered down at his diminutive captive, who, from narrowed, blue-black eyes gave him back, balefully, glare for glare.

From his seventy-two inches he glowered down at his diminutive captive.

"'Tis a little divil out of Hades—a hot little spark out of h—" He stopped abruptly, realizing his gentle environment, and proceeded more judicially, though a ground-swell of Celtic r's still marked the depth of his resentment.

"Thrree times to-day has he played hooky. The last time, I caught him red-handed, as it were, by the slack of his pants, just as he was skedaddlin' over the back fence. And, as I hauled him down, the young daymon whirled on me like a wild-cat, and clawed a piece of me face off!"

Officer Kelly lifted the imprisoned member of offence, and regarded with strong disgust the black-rimmed nails, beneath which resided fragments of his own fair epidermis.

"But, Officer," protested Miss Life in bewilderment, "I'm sorry about your face—but that boy is not *mine!* I'm full. Look here." She swept a hand over her densely populated kingdom. Every small seat was indeed occupied by a passionately interested spectator.

The Principal beckoned her aside.

"I wish you would take him," he urged. "He is a new boy, and a bad one, I'm

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afraid. What Kelly says is true. I've tried him in three rooms to-day, and each time he has 'hooked it,' as he would say. This morning Miss Lacy attempted to restrain him, and he wrapped himself round her like a cuttle-fish and bit a hole in her knee."

"He seems of a spirited disposition," murmured Miss Life. She stole a glance at the officer's lacerated jowl and her face bubbled.

"That's one name for it," remarked the Principal dryly. "His mother, who has just moved into the district, is like the old woman who lived in a shoe. The father—" Here followed the chronicle of one whose Road was so beset with pitfall and with gin that a long-suffering community had been forced to sequester him in a country-house on the Hudson.

"It's good American stock," he concluded, "but just—petered-out! The boy is headed for the same place as his father, I suppose, but if we could get him interested——"

"I'll take him," said Miss Life briefly.

The Principal breathed a sigh of relief. "Good! The main thing is to give him the school-habit. He can read," he added encouragingly, "—if he wants to! And he writes like copperplate."

He turned back, laughing, at the door. "Ask him what his name is!"

Miss Life, thus left in charge of her own quarter-deck, quietly took command.

"Release him, Officer," she ordered. She dropped into a low chair, the better to study her latest acquisition.

He was a slender wisp of a child, with a thin, dark, hard face, blue-gray eyes that had a trick of gazing steadily, and a crest of tar-black hair finer than spun silk. His clothes were foul with mud and in wild disorder. One coat-sleeve had been torn bodily from its socket, and hung, dismembered, by a drab lining; a precarious suspender had permitted the escape in the rear of a small rakish shirt-tail; and battered and rent stockings exhibited a pair of red bruised knees. But despite these signs of dirt and bloody war, there was something about him which Miss Life approved, a look of race, of stamina.

"Come here," she commanded gently.

He backed, sidling off like a hermit-crab, bright, hostile eyes fronting the foe.

"Naw, ye don't!" he muttered between immobile lips.

Miss Life's throat constricted. "Poor babe! He thinks I am going to beat him."

The officer looked at her with pitying contempt.

"Babe nothin'!" he scoffed. "Look at them saffron-tipped fingers. He's a cigarette fiend already."

For the first time, the boy opened his mouth and hurled a word like a rock at his adversary.

"*Youreadamnliar!*"

At this patently unjust charge, Officer Kelly made a swift lunge, plainly bent upon annihilation, when Miss Life intervened.

"What is your name?" she asked.

The sweet bell-tones of Teacher's voice and the soft beams of Teacher's eye had been known to pierce the joints of the armor of more seasoned, though not more fiery warriors, but it was a full minute, during which the new boy stared at her from under piratical, black brows, before he gave up the answer.

"Cappin."

"Cabin?" questioned the amazed, incredulous teacher.

"*Cap'n!*"

"Oh—Captain!" exclaimed Miss Life, beginning to "laugh on her insides." "I see!"

"That's the hell of a Christian name now, ain't it?" demanded Kelly—who himself bore the title of an archangel—speaking the simple thought of his mind. (Fifteen minutes later, over a foaming stein of beer, to the gallant officer's credit be it said, he remembered that fell break and drank deep of remorse.)

"It is a splendid name!" affirmed Miss Life warmly. "There was once a wonderful man called that." She quoted softly:

"'O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.'"

Slowly, lured by the magical spell of words and voice, the young commander drew nearer, until one hand rested lightly on

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"Git out o' the road!" he howled in fierce, anguished tones, uprooting in his path sundry pairs of shoes.—Page 224.

Teacher's knee, and his wide, deep eyes were fastened on Teacher's face.

"Did your Cap'n t'row a fit on his ferry-boat?" he demanded. "An' 'fall down cold an' dead'?"

Miss Life laughed, albeit unsteadily and with a bright mist in her eyes. Never was she able to repeat those matchless lines with composure.

"No, dear. He wasn't captain of a ferry-boat. He was the Big Captain of our country, and saved it from shipwreck. He was very fond of little boys, too! Monday I'll bring you his picture."

She stood up. "And now, Captain, my Captain," she said blithely, "choose the man you'd like to sit with to-day, and next week I'll fix you up regularly."

Captain ranged a judicial eye over his forty hosts, some of whom, in their passion for hospitality, had vacated their seats, and were sitting invitingly in the air beside them. His eye fell upon the diminutive black boy with the marvellous kinks and freckles—and there rested.

"Him!" he pronounced, pointing imperially.

"Hennie" sprang to the extreme outer edge of his seat, his soft dark eyes shining with delight.

The Captain sat down.

Miss Life's smile was a pleasant thing to see.

"I think the Big Captain would like that!"

She turned to the officer. "Thank you so much!" she said sweetly. "I think we needn't detain you any longer from your duty. And, Mr. Kelly," sheadded in a low voice at the door, "don't go after Captain if he should take another notion to run away. Let him run. He'll come back to me."

"Who could help it?" murmured the gallant officer. He closed the door and opened it again.

"Will I leave you my club?" he inquired grimly.

"You may leave it with the Captain!" she allowed, smiling.

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The enemy withdrew, discomfited, and she returned to her belated Nature lesson.

But the afternoon was not destined to pass in uneventfulness. Glancing at the clock, Miss Life saw that she must abridge the talk on seeds if the children were to plant them in the window-boxes prepared for the purpose. So, with a few explanatory words, she delivered the package of seeds to the monitors for distribution.

"Three to each one, boys," she said, "and be careful. For if you should drop one of those little spots of life on the floor without noticing, it would die and lose its chance to become a radish."

Due precautions were observed, each moist and grimy palm received its proper quota, and the mystical ceremony began. The monitors marshalled their respective hosts past the miniature garden-plot, the seeds were separated with some difficulty from sticky fists, and buried with lingering solicitude. Teacher, standing by in the rôle of sexton, marked each spot with a neat stick whereon were inscribed the date and the owner's name.

Last of all came "Hennie," proud leader of his line. Suddenly his decorous band broke rank, scattered like leaves before the first rude rattle of the gale, and in the open space thus cleared was revealed the Captain, down upon all fours, rushing about like a demented young quadruped, and pawing wildly at the floor.

"Git out o' the road!" he howled in fierce, anguished tones, uprooting in his path sundry pairs of shoes so that their owners toppled over backward. "Maybe you're trompin' on the top of it now!"

Miss Life reached the storm centre swiftly.

"Why, Captain—dear lad!" she exclaimed, bending over him in deep concern, "whatever is the matter?"

Captain pushed back a straggling elf-lock, wiped his nose upon a swarthy wrist-band, and lifted a hot, quivering face.

"I—I lost one of them little s-spots o' life," he faltered.

"Oh, well, dear," soothed Teacher, "I'll give you another this time."

Captain sat back on his haunches and looked at her long and piercingly from under frowning brows.

"Won't it die if it's lost," he demanded, "an' never git no chanct to grow up into a reddish?"

"Why—ye-es," admitted Miss Life weakly; "I'm afraid it would."

Captain began grubbing at the floor again.

Feeling the falseness of her position, Miss Life dropped down beside him to assist in the search. She had a vision of herself hunting madly throughout the night, scanning feverishly each speck of dirt by the dim light of a candle, in order to sustain her reputation as an idealist. By rare good fortune the lost seed was found, resting serenely between Captain's third and little fingers, and, together with its two fellows, hastily entombed.

One would like to record that from that day henceforth, never again was our hero guilty of "hooking it" from scholastic halls; but that he took prizes in deportment and cleanliness, and the bright yellow hue faded from his finger-tips, to be seen no more; that he graduated at the head of his class, grew into an honored and upright citizen, and, eventually, such is the privilege of our great democracy, became himself a President. And, in later years, looking back across the past, he was wont to ascribe all his success to the potent influences of Miss Life, and the Big Captain, whose dark brown face, worn and tired, with its expression of goodness, and tenderness, and deep latent sadness, looked down on him daily from the wall where Miss Life had placed it one memorable Monday morning—but such was not the road our Captain took.

In one particular only is the above history veracious. On Monday, according to her plighted word, Miss Life brought the picture of Lincoln. Captain was conspicuous by his absence. In the middle of the morning, however, when Teacher was inducting her B-2 Class into the mystery of "carrying" in addition, the door-knob was softly turned, the door softly opened the width of a crack, and Captain stood fearfully upon the threshold, holding his path of escape clear, and poised for rapid flight. But Teacher's back, at that psychological moment, was elaborately turned, and Teacher's attention, though there straightway arose a forest of wildly waving palms, eager to apprise her of the stranger's advent, remained stubbornly engrossed, and so, after an uncertain pause, the Captain slipped quietly into haven beside "Hennie."

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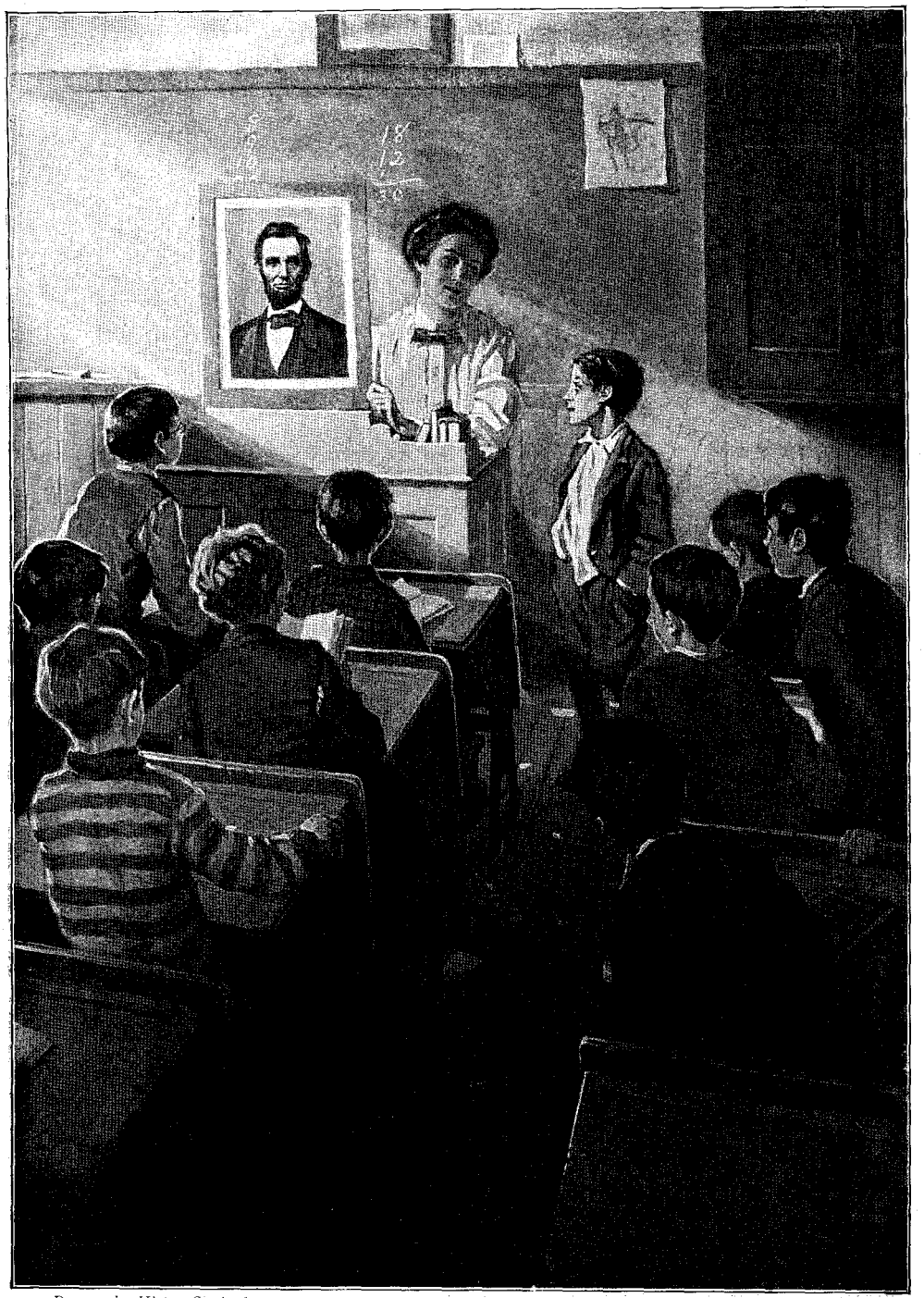

Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.

At that moment a shaft of pale morning sunshine illumined the room and caught within its radiance the two commanders.—Page 226.

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Miss Life breathed a sigh of thankfulness, and, turning presently, threw him a warm, radiant smile.

Captain's response was instant, deep answering unto deep.

"Where's my picture?" he demanded. "The Big Cap'n what fell down that day onto the deck?"

"Here it is," replied Teacher, "just waiting to be unwrapped." She lifted from behind her desk a large, flat, brown-paper parcel. "Come on, Captain, and help me undo it."

Thus bidden, the Captain stepped forward and, bending over, unfastened the knots and tore away the coverings, until the picture stood revealed. It was a beautiful, clear print, simply framed.

Miss Life lifted it upon the desk in view of all the children. At that moment a shaft of pale morning sunshine illumined the room and caught within its radiance the two commanders—the small Captain, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and with lifted chin gazing steadily, and the Big Captain, upon whose rugged face, beneath its furrows of vast responsibility, of deep demands of life and death, there appeared to lurk an expression of quizzical tenderness.

"Do you like him?" questioned Miss Life softly.

The Captain tore his reluctant gaze away. "Is he mine?" he answered.

"All yours, my Captain, and for keeps. But wouldn't you like me to hang him on the wall, where we all may see him—just as a loan, you understand? I'll write your name underneath."

"*I* kin write it," retorted the Captain. And with Teacher's pencil, and bending above Teacher's desk, in clear though childish script, he signed himself. After which proprietary rite the picture was hung, but distinctly understood as a loan exhibition.

The rest of the morning, though not so specified upon the calendar, became a Lincoln's Day. Teacher told simply the story of the great Commoner's life and death; a black-board lesson upon the subject won hearty approbation; "The Star-spangled Banner" was chanted lustily, after which the exercises concluded with the Captain's poem, which Miss Life repeated by request.

Throughout the following weeks, Teacher strove valiantly to attach the Captain as a permanent satellite to her pleasant system. But, although he listened with unflagging interest to her stories, and spurred her on for more, she had presently to acknowledge her inability to hold him. He was as erratic as a wandering star, visible one day in his place, vanished the next. Which only meant, Miss Life argued rather acutely, that her rowdy little star revolved about another centre. Something else attracted him more strongly. She wondered. . . . But a heavy programme, and the presence of another satellite which threatened to demolish her system, diverted her attention from the runaway, and the days passed.

Came March, turbulent and wild-browed, with mud underfoot, passionate scuds of rain above, and all Jane Street blew its nose on mangy little hankeys and snuffled. April brought a warm, radiant lull, and suddenly, almost overnight, as at the touch of a mystical wand, the world burgeoned. But not the Jane Street world. Across the wide, shining reaches of the river, on the Palisades, the earth wore a filmy, translucent robe of green which grew brighter with the days. Violets, white or faintly blue, breathed forth their fragile incense; the pale pink of arbutus gleamed shyly along dim, leafy trails; maidenhair hung its feathery fronds over hidden springs; the dogwood flung its starry white branches to the soft embracing air; a talking wind moved gently among the boughs of pines and maples; and above all arched the far clear sky, with one smoky segment veiling the spot where lay, battened down with steel and stone and mortar, the next-to-the-biggest town on earth.

Every Saturday Miss Life was afield, usually with some of her small constituency, and scientific research was pursued with a fine ardor. All Nature was looted for Jane Street.

Occasionally, however, she gathered her specimens in the company of a certain Irish Member of the Board, in whom the proximity of Spring and Miss Life had evoked such a dire, compressed, and trussed-up feeling, such a poignant aching of all the senses, as threatened speedily to burst all bonds. It has been said, wisely, that a little Irishman is a dangerous thing. Consider, then, how much greater the danger if the Irishman is big. It was, indeed, like walking abroad with a tall stick of dyna-

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Every Saturday Miss Life was afield, usually with some of her small constituency.—Page 226.

mite stalking at one's right side which might explode at the lightest touch—say, for example, if Miss Life should stub her toe and stretch forth a lovely hand for aid. (At such sweet catastrophe, one might well imagine the distraught Irishman crying, "Havoc!" and letting loose the dogs of war!) So that at every moment Miss Life stood in imminent danger of being blown bodily out of the landscape—into another, rosier one, perhaps, with wide, ineffable horizons, but which, being unknown, she feared. Therefore, she went softly, with a faint smile in her eyes like that in the eyes of Raphael's Cardinello Madonna, and wished for an eternal *status quo*—as if one could stop the advance of summer!

One morning, with an intuition that it was going to be warm, she arrayed herself in a cool dimity dress, sprigged all over with forget-me-nots. And then, feeling particularly gay of heart, and because the month was May, she finished off with a pair of open-work silk stockings and black pumps strapped across neat ankles.

"Who cares?" she murmured defiantly to her unpedagogic reflection. "The kiddies like it."

The day proved hot beyond expectation, thick, blowsy, and oppressive. The children were pallid and cross. To complete her distress, the Principal dropped in after lunch, to announce that the monthly reports must be in that afternoon. It was a loathsome task at any time, and, with wrath in her heart, she prepared some desk-work.

Papers and pencils were languidly distributed, and then Teacher enquired guilefully:

"How many of you have little baby brothers or sisters?"

Something like thirty-nine hands testified to the fact that the human race was not becoming obsolete.

"I'se got twins!" announced "Hennie" with shy satisfaction.

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"That's nice," replied Teacher hastily, "but don't tell me any more! You see, I want you to write me a letter about the baby. Tell me his name and the color of his eyes and if he can talk or walk—a nice long letter all about the baby."

Pencils were eagerly gripped and the epistolary labors begun. Miss Life turned wearily to her roll-book. Since the Captain's advent in their midst the average of daily attendance had tumbled from excelsior heights of perfection down to the dead level of mediocrity. Opposite his name ran an almost uninterrupted line of sinister black checks. Which meant that the Captain had been absent or tardy or both nearly every day in the month. Miss Life frowned and hardened her heart. Something really must be done.

"Captain," she asked severely, "why were you absent this morning?"

The Captain, who was screwed up in his desk, composing furiously, raised his black crest, and bent an absent eye upon her.

"You gimme leave," he replied vaguely.

"Gave you leave to stay away from school? Nonsense!"

"You gimme leave yestidday in the middle of the afternoon to 'Scuse me please!'" he explained patiently, "an' I saved some of the leave over for this mornin'."

Teacher looked at him helplessly, and then her face bubbled.

"I think we'd better talk that over, my Captain. Can you spare a minute after school?"

He nodded. His glance rested dreamily upon Teacher, lifted for a second to the picture above her head of the immortal Materna standing with the Babe upon trailing clouds, and dropped again to his earthly Lady. What were his thoughts? His look travelled from her face where the smile still lingered, down the pleasant, flowered dress, down below the hem, until there swam into his ken the neatly shod feet, incased in lacy stockings.

The Captain's eyes brightened. He leaned far out of his desk, staring fixedly. Then he sat back, reached briskly for his pencil, and added another line.

Ten minutes later, when the letters were collected and Teacher tapped the bell for dismissal, she found him gazing pensive-eyed at the face of the Big Captain.

After school, with Captain leaning easily against her desk, Miss Life sorted her epistles, stopping occasionally to read a line or gasp at some astonishing statement.

"That's mine," said the Captain suddenly. He laid a restraining hand over hers. "Read him."

And Miss Life read:

"Dear teacher the culler of his eys they are purpl. His name is QT you got to be very careful of one thing about a baby on the top of its head that is its skul for if you was to press that dinge it would die in a ours time they must not walk befor they are so old or they will get bolleged. When I am 21 I will get maried and live on a fram I will have lots of childern, hoping you will do the same

CAPTAIN.

Privut dear teacher I like them ventalated stokins your

CAPTAIN.

Controlling a wild desire to laugh, for the young author's blue-gray eyes were fastened absorbingly upon her face, Teacher turned up her palm and squeezed the grubby paw lovingly.

"It's a beautiful letter," she assured him, "and I shall take it home to read aloud. What is Cutie's other name?"

"Jeff—an' his eyes are purple."

"But, dear," remonstrated Teacher, "children don't have purple eyes,—not really purple, you know."

"Yes'm, Cutie he has," insisted Captain. Through narrowed lids he was blinking at a jewel upon Miss Life's left hand which flashed dazzling, rosy lights into his eyes. "He ain't got any sights, either," he added meditatively.

"Of course he has. Everybody has sights."

"Cutie hain't," returned Captain absently. He laid his head on one shoulder to catch the elusive pink glow of the gem, and this time it was green.

"But Cutie couldn't see if he didn't have sights!" cried Teacher, almost cross with her beloved black sheep.

"He don't," said Captain, simply. "He's blind. But he's awful cute!"

"Why—why!" gasped Miss Life. "Are you sure he is blind?"

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The Captain nodded. "Yep—out o' both of his eyes he's blind. But he c'n hear all right. An' when mamma goes off an' leaves him all by hisself, he gits lonesome, an' that makes him mad, an' he kicks an' hollers. It's fierce——"

"Um-hm!" The Captain stirred restively and disengaged himself. It disturbed him to be handled.

"He likes me," he confided, "best of all! I'm learnin' him to turn a handspring."

"'Scuse me, please!"

"Does mamma leave him alone all day?" interrupted Teacher very gently.

"If she gits an all-day job, she does. An' Cutie he bangs on the door with his fists an' yells '*Ca'a! Ca'a!*' That's me," he explained, "he wants to play horse with."

"I see," said Teacher. Her eyes fell upon his card and the condemnatory black line of demerits. Suddenly illumination flashed upon her. She drew him close within the warm circle of her arm.

"And is that what makes you run away—to play with lonely little Cutie?"

Miss Life stared out of the window with unseeing eyes. Her mobile lips quivered. She had a vision of little Brother "Cutie," enraged (as who is not?) by loneliness, toddling blindly to the door, beating puny fists against the panels, and, with brief listening spaces in between, "hollering" ardently. And, at the same time, she saw the Captain in his seat at school, begin on a sudden to fidget, to stare vacantly and give off-hand replies, and finally, raising a signal of distress, mumble, "'Scuse me, please!"—and bolt.

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The grand secret was out!

Miss Life turned back to him with shining eyes.

"You—*lamb!*" she murmured unsteadily.

The Captain took ruthless advantage of this sign of weakness.

"Tell me that story 'bout the Big Captain," he commanded, "an' his little boy named Tad."

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XVI

WORDS OVER THE TELEPHONE

THE next two hours were for Rames of the tissue whence nightmares are woven. Rames was conscious that he made speeches and still more speeches and yet others on the top of those, until speech-making became a pain in the head for which there was no anodyne. He made them from windows—one at that very window where Taylor, the lily-fingered democrat, had by a single sentence won immortality and certain defeat—he made them from tables in club-rooms which he no longer recognized; where men, packed tight as herrings, screamed incoherencies in a blaze of light and the atmosphere of a Turkish bath, or standing upon chairs beat him, as he passed beneath them, on the top of the head with their hats in the frenzy of their delight. For two hours Ludsey went stark mad and Harry Rames had reached exhaustion before a gigantic captain of the fire brigade lifted him panting and dishevelled out of the throng, and drawing him into a small committee-room locked the door against his votaries.

"Better wait for a little while here, sir," he said; and it was one o'clock in the morning before he ventured to return to his hotel.

By that time the madness was already past. There was still noise in the blazing rooms of the clubs. But the streets were empty and up the climbing hill the city was quiet as a house of mutes. A placard in the window of the newspaper office recorded the figures of the election, and the boarding which protected the shops opposite to his hotel shone white in the light of the lamps. But for those two signs, even Rames might have found it difficult of belief that so lately this very hill had rung with cheers and seethed with a tumultuous populace. To-morrow, however, the sirens of the factories would shrill across the house-tops at six and the work of a strenuous industrial town begin. Ludsey had no time to dally with victories won and triumphs which had passed.

Nor indeed had Harry Rames. He rang the bell at the door and entered the hall quickly. There was something which he should have done before now, though only now he remembered it. With a word to the porter, he went into the office and switched on the electric light. He crossed to the corner where the telephone was fixed and called up the White House. A woman's voice, very small and clear, came back to him over the lines. He recognized it with a thrill of satisfaction. It was Cynthia Daventry's.

"Oh, it's you yourself," he cried eagerly, and he heard Cynthia, at the other end of the telephone, laugh with pleasure at his eagerness.

"Yes," she answered. "I thought perhaps you might ring me up."

So she had waited—just that they might talk together for a few moments. Harry Rames, however, did not answer her. It seemed to him from the intonation of her voice that she had more to say if she would only make up her mind to say it. He stood and waited with the receiver at his ear, and after a little while Cynthia spoke again upon a lower note.

"I am glad that you did. I should have been disappointed if you hadn't."

"Thank you," said Rames.

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He spoke very gently. There was no smile of triumph upon his face. It had become of vast importance to him within the last two hours to know how her thoughts dealt with him; and he was not sure. There was friendship between them—yes. But how far on her side did it reach? He had no answer to that question.

"You have heard the result?" he asked.

"Yes. Mr. Benoliel telephoned to me at once from the Mayor's parlor."

"I ought to have done that," said Harry Rames.

"Oh, no. You were making speeches," replied Cynthia with a laugh. She was at all events not offended by his omission.

"And you are glad that I have won?" he asked. And again she waited a while before she answered; and when she did speak it was with that little spirt of resentment which Rames had heard before in her voice.

"Well—since your heart was so much set on winning—yes, there you have your triumph—I am glad that you won."

Cynthia meant what she said, but she was reluctant to mean it. She spoke, too, under a constraint to speak. She had a picture before her eyes of the man at the other end of the line quietly waiting upon her, certain perhaps of what she would say. And the picture and the sense of compulsion were both an offence to her.

"Good-night," she added curtly and with a sharp, quick movement she hung up the receiver. The little clang of metal travelled along the line to Harry Rames and emphasized her resentment.

But he was not disturbed by that. On the whole he looked upon it as a favorable sign. So definite a resentment implied that she was interested and set a value on their friendship. Rames went upstairs to bed, but he was too tired to sleep and his thoughts raced ahead and scouted in the future. He had leaped the first obstacle in the race, but that once leaped and looked back upon became a tiny thing compared with those which lay ahead.

"Will she? Will she not?" he asked. All hung upon the answers to those questions. He was poor. He must marry. He must marry money and even money was not enough. Other qualities were needed to help him to the great career. But they were all there, a few miles away, possessed by the young mistress of the White House. She had looks and manners and a distinction of her own. You could not be in a room with her, however crowded, and be long unaware that she was present too. Only—would she?

He had very little to offer her—beyond this earnest of future success which he had won to-night. And six hundred and seventy others would have won just the same opportunity before the year was a fortnight older. Moreover, Cynthia was romantic and he was not. For all her friendliness he was a bitter disappointment to her. He recognized it and began to regret that he had not donned the glittering cloak of romance which so often she had held out to him. But his foresight came to console him.

"I could never have lived up to it," he reflected. "She would have found me out. I have been honest with her and she likes honesty."

Certainly there were points in his favor. Rames took heart. She had run the gauntlet of the drawing-rooms through a London season. Men had gone down before her satin slippers, men ancient and modern. Mothers of daughters had frowned upon her, mothers of sons had smiled. Young Lord Helmsdale, adored of the ladies, had pursued her, and it was his habit to be pursued. Yet she had come out of the throng to Warwickshire heart-free. Of that he was sure.

Besides, she had waited up to speak to him. That was something—not very much perhaps—but surely something. Also, since he had wished to win, she was glad that he had won. Rames's memories took him back to the night when they first met at the Admiralty. Not thus had she spoken then. She had moved toward him since that night—reluctantly, slowly. Yet she had moved.

He was still casting up this ledger of his chances when a lonely booming sound broke upon the stillness of the night and penetrated through the open window like some melancholy syren of the sea. It was repeated and repeated, growing louder with each repetition yet hardly more articulate, and without any change of intonation. And every now and then it was interrupted for a few seconds by a dull crash. Rames tried to thrust it from his notice.

"Will she? Will she not?" he asked himself. But the booming sound would not

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be denied. It was as the wail of some utterly friendless man who cared not whether his fellows slept or waked. It was utterly pitiless. Nearer it came to the hotel, and now wavering, heavy feet could be heard to beat an irregular accompaniment. The occasional thud was explained. A very drunken man was staggering up the hill and from time to time he fell upon the pavement, unconscious that he fell, barely aware only that his long-drawn cry had ceased. Rames thought of him as a malignant creature determined to inflict torture—until the sound at last sifted itself into definite words. "Vote for Harry Rames!" the nightfarer cried aloud to a city which had already done so; and at times he dropped the Harry and inserted an epithet of color common no doubt in his vocabulary. He passed beneath the windows and with many a tumble faded into distance, invoking the unresponsive gas lamps.

Rames turned over on his side with relief.

"My dear," he whispered, "take his advice and vote for Harry Rames! I shall owe you much, but I'll make it up to you. I'll not ask you till I am sure I can. I must risk Helmsdale carrying you off."

He fell asleep and even the tune the clock chimes in Ludsey church played at four o'clock in the morning did not make him stir. But at the White House just at that hour Cynthia waked. It was not the clock which waked her. It seemed to her that she had heard a step in the corridor. She sat up in her bed and in a few seconds was sure of it. Some one was moving very stealthily about the house. For a moment her old horror gripped her. Here was her father come at last with authority to claim her. She sat staring wide-eyed into the darkness, flung back to the days when she was a child. Then her reason reasserted itself. Her father was dead. The blood flowed again to her heart. But the stealthy sound continued. She heard a door gently latched. She sprang out of bed, opened her own door, and switched on the light. The corridor was empty to the edge of the shadows. She peered into them. She saw nothing, and no sound reached her now.

"Who is it?" she asked in a loud voice, and no answer came to her. She waited in her doorway with a hand to her breast. The plank of a stair cracked loudly, close to her: but no footsteps made it crack. She went back into her room.

Yet she had not been mistaken. Any one in the road that night might have seen a light ascending past the windows of the staircase and then moving through the upper rooms, until at last in one it remained for a long time. The light was carried by Diana Royle. She passed up the staircase to an unfurnished room used for the storage of old boxes and discarded things. From the corner of this room she rolled out a great bale, dusty with years, and tied up like a carpet with an old piece of rope. She cut the rope and spread it out upon the floor, cautiously and silently. Then lowering her candle she examined it. With a smile upon her lips she stood up again. She fastened the bale and dragged it back into its corner. The smile did not leave her lips. Chance had led her up here some weeks ago. She had discovered the bale and had wondered what it was. An old carpet? A disused curtain? Now she knew. In an attic of this old house she had discovered the lost strip of the Ludsey tapestry.

XVII

A REFUSAL

"So you have refused young Helmsdale."

Three months had passed since the Ludsey election. The air was warm and golden and already the world whispered of summer, yet not too loud lest it should seem to boast and so be balked of its desire. Parliament had met, London was full, and in the country the foxes and the pheasants had leisure to attend to their own affairs. And with the rest Cynthia had come to town. She rode on this morning out of the park, where the buds were running along the branches of the trees like delicate green flames, about eleven o'clock, and turning out of South Audley Street into Curzon Street, she saw Mr. Benoliel waiting upon the pavement in front of her new house. As she stopped her horse before the door he reprimanded her:

"Cynthia, you have refused him."

Cynthia blushed. Then she exclaimed:

"But how in the world could you know? It isn't half an hour since I refused him." Then she bent down over her saddle and

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gazed at him in the fulness of admiration. "But you know everything. It wouldn't be of much use trying to keep things from you, would it?"

Mr. Benoliel smiled grimly.

"Yes, that's the way, Cynthia, and no doubt a neater style of doing it will come in time."

Cynthia sat upright, swift as a spring, and remained so, with her nose in the air, haughty for five complete seconds. Then curiosity restored her to her sex and she swooped again over her saddle.

"How did you know?"

"He borrowed a horse from me this morning," said Mr. Benoliel—"a good horse. He was very particular that it should be a valuable horse. So I gathered that he wanted to make on this morning of all mornings a specially favorable impression."

Cynthia's lips twitched.

"You lent him a very good horse," she said. "But the horse didn't tell you."

"That's where you are wrong, Cynthia. The horse did," said Mr. Benoliel. "Ten minutes ago, as I was turning out of Grosvenor Square, I met my very valuable horse being led by a ragged beggarman whom I had never seen in my life before. I asked him what the dickens he was doing with it and he explained that as he was standing by the rails in Hyde Park a young man rode up to him in a violent rage, dismounted, tossed him the reins and a shilling and told him to lead the rotten beast back to Grosvenor Square. Just fancy that! My horse! I might have lost him altogether."

Cynthia tried her best to look indignant at so treacherous a return to Mr. Benoliel's generosity, but she could not and she rippled suddenly into laughter.

"He was horribly angry," she said.

Mr. Benoliel turned his wrath again upon Cynthia.

"And no wonder!" he said. "Helmsdale's not used to being refused. He is young. He is good-looking. He has a social position——"

"And he has a profile," added Cynthia. "Please don't forget that. But you can't if you know him, or even if you don't, can you? Have you ever fixed your eyes steadily upon him, Mr. Benoliel? Do the next time you see him, and within twenty seconds he will show you his profile. He will turn his head quite slowly and show it you, just like a man at the music-halls disclosing the newest sensation. I couldn't marry a profile, even though it was mounted on your horse." Then she bent down to him again coaxing him: "You didn't really want me to marry him, did you? You see, I don't love him."

Mr. Benoliel seemed to think this answer insufficient.

"Love would come," he answered.

"That's what he said," exclaimed Cynthia.

"And you?" asked Benoliel.

Cynthia bent her eyes steadily upon him.

"I answered, 'Lovers would come.'"

Mr. Benoliel looked up at her with a wry face.

"You know too much, my dear," he said, and Cynthia threw back her head, with her face suddenly clouded and sullen.

"Oh, yes," she cried bitterly. "I have eaten of the tree—and lately—very lately."

And at the sight of her distress all Mr. Benoliel's indignation vanished.

"I know," he said gently. "That's why I wanted you to marry, Cynthia."

"Is that the remedy?" she asked. And she shook her head slowly. "I am frightened of it."

She called to her groom, dismounted from her horse, and taking Mr. Benoliel by the arm cried:

"Come in. You haven't seen my house since I bought it. You shall tell me what you think of it, now that it's finished."

She ran up the steps and turned to him at the top with a look of compunction in her face:

"I talk to you of my troubles," she said. "I have no right to—no, neither to you nor to any one. I am ashamed of myself. I have food to eat, clothes to wear, money to spend, and friends. Yes, I am very fortunate," and her mind winged back to a dark night on the estancia when she had crouched in a big chair, listening to horrors set ready for her. "I ought to be grateful," she cried with a shudder at her memories. "Come in!"

She led him through the rooms and claimed his enthusiasm for this or that rare piece of satin-wood or mahogany. It had been a great joy to her in the early days of the year to ransack the dealers' shops and grow learned of Hepplewhite and Chippen-

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dale. She told Mr. Benoliel stories of her researches, seeking to recapture some savor of that past pleasure. But her sprightliness became an effort and in her own sitting-room she turned abruptly to him:

"But I have a distaste for it all now," she said and sat down in a chair. "I have no longer any pride in the house at all."

Mr. Benoliel stood over her and nodded his head in sympathy. She was distressed. She had a look of discomfort.

"Yes, I understand that, Cynthia," he said.

She took off her hard hat. It pressed upon her temples and made her head throb.

"How much do you know?" she asked.

"That Mrs. Royle is leaving you."

"Yes," said Cynthia moodily. "We have agreed to separate. Do you know anything more?"

"Yes. The missing panel of tapestry hangs again in Ludsey Town Hall."

"Yes. It was lying in a lumber-room under the roof of my house in Warwickshire. How long it had been lying there, or how it came there, I can't discover. Diana ran across it by accident. It was tied up in a bale like an old carpet. She didn't think it of any value—until she went one morning to the Town Hall with an American millionaire who was anxious to see the tapestry and buy it if he could."

"Yes. I took Cronin there myself. He was staying with me and I drove him into Ludsey and met Mrs. Royle in the street. That was the day before the election. We all three went into the Town Hall together. I remember Mrs. Royle saying that she had never been in the building before. I pointed out the tapestry and explained that a wide strip of it was missing. I think I suggested that it would one day be turned out of some old cupboard."

Cynthia nodded.

"That no doubt helped her to the truth. Anyway, she tried to persuade me to sell it. She merely told me that it was valuable and that I could get two thousand pounds for it. I didn't connect it with the Ludsey tapestry. I thought that it might be worth while to bring it up to this house; and I refused to sell. Diana urged me again, however, and but that I don't like selling things, I would have let her sell it, just because she was getting tiresome about it. Then Hartmann, the Bond Street dealer, called on me a month ago and told me what the strip was."

"Why did he call?" asked Benoliel.

"He was in the deal with another man. Both apparently were selling to Mr. Cronin, and they quarrelled over the division of the profits. So Hartmann came to me in revenge. He told me that Diana was to get eight thousand pounds if she could persuade me to sell and that they meant to sell the tapestry afterward to Mr. Cronin for twenty-five thousand pounds. It's not a pretty story, is it?"

"No," said Benoliel. "So you gave it back to Ludsey?"

"Yes."

"Does Mrs. Royle know that you are aware of her share in the transaction?"

"Yes. We haven't ever talked of it, but she knows and proposed of her own accord that we should separate. We couldn't go on living together, could we? It would be too uncomfortable. I couldn't trust her."

"When does she go?"

"In a week or two, now," said Cynthia. "She has taken a little house on the north side of the park. Of course, for my father's sake"—thus she always spoke of Mr. Daventry—"I am looking after her"; and she suddenly struck her hands together. "Oh, but it's all rather sordid, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Benoliel. He was troubled and perplexed. "And what are you going to do?" he asked.

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders.

"I must engage a companion."

"That doesn't sound very satisfactory."

"What else can I do?"

"Marry!" said Mr. Benoliel.

Cynthia rose petulantly to her feet.

"No," she cried. "That I won't do." She turned away and looked out into the street, a storm of rebellion at her heart. Why should every one want to marry her off? Even her friend, her adviser, who should have stood by her, had turned, it seemed, against her. She came back to Mr. Benoliel, but he stood with so distressful a countenance that her indignation died away, and with a pretty compunction she made her apology:

"I know that you are thinking of me. I am sorry if I seemed to forget it. Forgive me! But you can't really want me to marry just so that I may not be alone."

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"My dear," said Mr. Benoliel gently, "It's a very good reason."

Cynthia shook her head.

"For a girl?—I am little more. No. I may come to that belief in the end when I am older. But not yet. I must have a better reason now. There are too many years ahead of me."

Mr. Benoliel smiled, with a little wistfulness in the smile.

"Dreams, Cynthia, dreams," he said.

"I am losing them," she returned, and with a smile too, the smile of humor, not of amusement. "I am making haste to lose them against my will. But this one I'll keep for still a little while. I'll still dream that while I am young I must have a better reason for marriage than the fear of being alone."

"Very well, Cynthia," said Mr. Benoliel disconsolately. "I'll hope you are right."

He left the house and Cynthia sat for a long time in her room. She had run to the extreme of melancholy with the determination of youth to make the very worst or best of life's daily provision. She had never felt so keenly the vanity of her illusions. She had seldom felt so lonely, she was sure. Even Harry Rames nowadays left her severely to herself. Why doesn't he come to see her? She asked the question with indignation. She had never seen him since the supper-party at his hotel in Ludsey on the night before the poll. She had never heard his voice since he had spoken to her over the telephone just after his election. Very likely he had grown tired of her appeals to him to be different from what he was. No doubt she was a bore. Sadly Cynthia admitted it. Yes, she was a bore, and Diana Royle was treacherous, and Harry Rames never came to see her, and, take it all in all, it was a gray and dismal world.

XVIII

A MAIDEN SPEECH

YET to her astonishment Harry Rames came that very week on the Friday afternoon. Cynthia received him with an elaborate dignity. There was no acidity in her welcome, neither was there any joy. She seemed intensely unaware that she had not seen him for three months. Her nose was perhaps a trifle too high in the air, but she was not conscious of it. On the whole she was greatly pleased with her demeanor. She was behaving as a woman of the world to whom one acquaintance, more or less, is a matter of complete indifference. She offered him tea, and seating herself upon a sofa in front of the table poured it out. Harry Rames took his cup with humility. Cynthia was quick to notice it, no less quick to be gratified by his exhibition of a quality which hitherto he had lacked. He was abashed. He was ashamed. He was uneasy. No doubt he had come expecting the flattery of questions. Her unconsciousness of the length of his absence put him at a loss. When he spoke, it was with difficulty. And then, suddenly, Cynthia saw his lips twitching at the corners. He was not abashed at all. He was simply trying not to laugh. Cynthia grew hot. Alas! her great dignity had barely sustained her in contentment for five minutes! The old indignation shone in her eyes. The indifferent great lady vanished. Almost before she was aware of it she was talking in broken, resentful sentences—as any other ordinary girl might have done who had been wounded and whose wound had betrayed her into speech.

"People who insist on making friends with other people who didn't at the beginning want to be friends at all, haven't the right afterward to drop being friends calmly, without a word of explanation. Of course, if people are bored—but even then they should have guessed they were going to be bored before they perhaps made other people count a little—oh, not so much, of course, but just a little—on their friendship. No, I object to that. It's hateful—and then you saunter in as if—No." Cynthia oppressed with a sense of utter isolation in a most neglectful world, which probably hated her when it stopped to think of her at all, was perilously near to tears. She took refuge in sarcasm of a crude kind:

"You probably wouldn't understand that suddenly to stay away after you have been friendly is rather humiliating to a girl. But you will take it from me, won't you, that it is so?"

She spoke as one giving a kindly lesson in tact to a boorish person. But her lips shook. Harry Rames rose from his chair and crossing the room took up the *Times*

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which lay still neatly folded in its original square upon a table.

"You have not opened your paper to-day," he said; and once more he saw Cynthia flinch as though he had struck her a blow—flinch and sit dumb, with her great eyes full of pain.

"Oh, please don't make any mistake," he said quickly, and with the newspaper in his hand he came back to her side. "I wasn't taking what you said carelessly. But if you had read your *Times* to-day you would have understood, I think, why I have stayed away till now. You might, perhaps, have guessed why I have come this afternoon."

Cynthia took the newspaper from him and unfolded it, with her eyes resting in doubt upon his. Then comprehension came to her. She turned the pages quickly and stopped at one particular sheet of closely printed columns. "Oh," she cried, "you have made your maiden speech."

"Yes, last night."

In a second her resentment was forgotten. She was all smiles. She reached out an eager hand to him. "It was successful? But why do I ask? I have watched the newspapers ever since the House met. I thought you were never going to speak."

"I always meant to hold back at the beginning," said the wise Harry Rames. "There were new men tumbling over one another to speak on the address; I let them get that start of me without any fear. I wanted to learn the way of speaking which carried you home in the House of Commons."

Cynthia laughed and made room for him on the sofa at her side.

"Yes, there I recognize you."

"Besides," Rames continued, "the address fights the election over again, sums it up, and parades its consequences—consequences already known to all. It's very difficult to make any real mark in the debate on the address. So while the other men talked I sat quiet. Night after night through the address, through the two months which followed it, I sat in the House, listening and watching. And I learned my lesson."

"Yes?" said Cynthia.

"I learned that the House scoffs at oratory and has no use for perorations; that it won't listen to leading articles; that it won't tolerate conceit, except in the biggest men, and hates it in them; that it is conscious of dignity and requires the same consciousness in the members who address it. It requires too that the man who intervenes in a debate should contribute something out of himself."

"Does it always get that?" asked Cynthia in bewilderment.

"No, indeed. But, on the other hand, it goes out into the lobby, or it talks. Smale's a wise man. He told me once that hardly ever did a Parliament produce more than three new men. Just think of it! For five or six years, for six or eight or ten months in each of those years, there's one perpetual flow of talk during eight hours of the day in that Chamber; and yet out of all that sludge of talk only three men emerge of any account. I want to be one of the three men in this Parliament. Otherwise you are right and I am wrong. I have mischosen my career. So I sat quiet and learned my lesson."

"Until last night," said Cynthia.

"Yes, my opportunity came."

"With a subject on which you could contribute?"

"Well, on which I thought I could," said Rames; and once again Cynthia wondered at the patience with which he had sat night after night awaiting his moment, and yet counting calmly as among the possibilities of failure his own incompetence. "It was Asiatic immigration."

Cynthia made a grimace.

"Sounds dull?" asked Rames. "Very likely. But it's an important question for us and one that's going to be still more important in the future. You see, as a power, we are in a queer position. We are at once the white people resisting the Asiatic immigrant, and the Asiatic immigrant wanting the outlet of immigration—but I won't make my speech over again to you. I raised the question myself on the colonial vote, and here is what I said,"—he took the newspaper from her hands, folded it, and gave it back to her. Then he sat quietly by her side while she read the speech through. She appreciated the labor and thought which had gone to its making; the half column which the *Times* gave to reporting it enabled her to realize that it had been delivered with a vivid economy of phrase which gave his meaning aptly and never

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frittered it away. If only the trouble had been taken and the speech delivered for the sake of the question! The question was a big one. Cynthia understood that through the spectacles of Harry Rames's speech.

"You made a great success?" she asked turning toward him. She noticed that he was sitting very still beside her; as though he set great store upon her judgment. And in a voice of greater warmth she said:

"But of course you did."

Again Rames took the newspaper and again he folded it. He pointed to the first leader, from which his name stood out in bigger type than the rest of the text.

"It doesn't so very often happen that the *Times* takes the subject of its chief leading article from a man's first speech in the House of Commons."

Then he folded the paper again at the parliamentary report and pointed to a paragraph here and there. "That's what the leader of the opposition said. Here's the reference the colonial minister made when he wound up the debate. You see, both dealt with my speech."

There was a note of quiet elation in Harry Rames's voice. He had taken another step along the chosen path. He had passed through another of the ordeals.

Cynthia did not answer. She sat with the newspaper on her knees, gazing forward with perplexed eyes. She looked almost disheartened.

Rames noticed the look and smiled.

"I know what's troubling you, Miss Daventry. You are wondering whether it isn't, after all, the horrible truth that a desire to get on and excel can achieve quite as much, and be quite as useful to the world as enthusiasm for a cause, the pure genuine enthusiasm to make the world better."

Cynthia turned to him with a start.

"Yes. I was wondering just in that way."

"Well, I'll answer you," said Rames firmly. "The desire to get on achieves more and better things than enthusiasm for an idea."

"I can't believe it," cried Cynthia in revolt.

"Think it over," continued Rames. "Enthusiasm for causes blinds you to the harm, the injustice which you may do in furthering your cause. The desire to get on makes you appreciate the cause, and weigh it, yes, but it makes you weigh also the methods of advance."

"No, no," cried Cynthia. "You push a garden roller over all my frail illusions. Some day, I think, you'll pay"; and she turned suddenly toward him. "Yes, I'm afraid you'll pay."

She glanced down at the paper and suddenly swept it off her knees. His were ignoble views; she was sure of it. But none the less he was her friend, and she took refuge from his views, as was her wont, in her friendship. After all, he had come hot from his little triumph to tell her of it. She recognized that she was making him an ungenerous return.

"Tell me what you felt when you got up to speak! Were you nervous?" she asked, and Rames relaxed from his attitude of vigilance and leaned back with a laugh.

"I should have run away if I could," he said. "But I couldn't. I had taken the trouble to make flight impossible. The House goes into Committee over the estimates. I had asked Smale to speak to the Chairman of Committees. He had done so. An opportunity had been made for me. I had to make the best of it I could."

"Tell me," Cynthia insisted; and as more than once he had done before, having lost ground in her thoughts, he marched forward and unconsciously regained. For he drew for her with humor and a vivid truth the picture of a man in one of the ordeals of his life. He neither posed as the triumphant hero for whom there are no difficulties, nor did he exaggerate his terrors or apprehensions so that his ultimate success might glow the brighter. He was true to himself, as he had always striven to be with Cynthia. The labor of forethought, the stress of fear, the strain upon the nerves, and the tiny victory won as the consequence were set before her in their due proportions. He ceased to be a thing of cold calculations and inevitable triumphs. He became a man, stiffening his knees against tremors and alarms.

He had walked down to the House early on that Thursday. For his speech had been thought out, and there was nothing more for him to do, and now he must keep moving. He went down on to the broad terrace over the Thames and there, during the hour of questions which precedes debate, in a cold wind he wandered miserably. One

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tall and burly policeman was the calm guardian of that deserted place. Harry Rames walked from the Speaker's house to the House of Lords and back again, trying to repeat over to himself the argument of his speech. But the policeman loomed too large between him and it. Rames detected something supercilious in his imperturbability. No doubt he knew that Rames that day was going to make his maiden speech. He must have seen so many pace this terrace during the hour of questions with the same apprehensions. The signs would be visible.

Rames turned his back upon the policeman and leaned on the parapet. But the speech would not come. He had left the opening sentences to the moment when he should be upon his legs. For he must link what he had to say on to what already had been said, lest he should lose altogether the effect of spontaneity. The rest he had prepared and rehearsed, and rehearsed again, with the intention to know it so well that he should be free to twist into its scheme the speeches made immediately before. But now that he tried to say it over on the terrace it lost altogether its continuity. The argument halted; the chosen words failed him; he stumbled from unconnected epigram to inappropriate metaphor; he clung to half-remembered phrases, and with a sinking heart repeated them, and repeated them—and repeated them. He shut his eyes. The great effort was going to be just a failure of fine talk—the mere scrap-heap of a speech.

He looked down at the brown water, followed it eastward below the bridge; and then his eyes were caught by a small torpedo-boat lying opposite at a mooring in front of St. Thomas's Hospital. And the aspect of this familiar thing smote him down to the depths of abasement. But for presumption he might now be in command of a great battle-ship doing the things he had been trained to do, and doing them with confidence. And his thoughts swept him away to Spithead; and the vision of the great, dark battle-ship, sitting steadily in a tumbled sea between Southsea and the Isle of Wight, clear of the Solent fairway, and west of the checkered forts, rose up and drew him for a moment as with chains. He hated his ambitions; he thought of this dreadful hour to which they had lured him. He saw the day pass and the evening come up out of the sea and the lights begin to glow upon the foreshore, a cluster at Southsea pier, a little chain running up the hill of Union Street, at Ryde, and close down by the water's edge tiny lights in cottages and houses like glow-worms in a forest.

Then another step sounded on the pavement and he turned away from his vision. After all he might be laughing at all these fears in an hour's time, he took the courage to reflect; and he went up the stairs and across the lobby into the Chamber itself. He looked for a seat on the second bench below the gangway, but the House was full.

Colonel Challoner, again passed over in the choice of under-secretaries, looked up at him from the corner seat, and noticed the blue-book and a volume of Hansard under his arm.

"Are you going to speak?" he asked.

"If I can get called," said Rames.

Challoner made room for him at his side.

"I mean to say a word or two myself," he said, "but we shall probably neither of us get a chance. Those front-bench men think it beneath their dignity to take less than an hour."

Certainly, so far as the first speech was concerned, Colonel Challoner was right. It was delivered from the opposition bench by an ex-minister, William Kenway, a man of a kindly and generous disposition who yet managed by some perversity of tact to rasp the temper of the House from wall to wall. For a full hour he stood there now, saying the wrong thing with determination, giving little lessons with the air of a schoolmaster, irritating by a certain priggishness his friends behind him as well as his opponents in front.

Rames sat and listened. He realized that the very opportunity which he wanted was being given to him. Kenway, with a white paper in his hand, came to the problem of Asiatic immigration. Rames was no longer trying to remember the consecution of his speech. He sat waiting for the long speech to end, making a note or two, grasping at a beginning for his speech, and clinging firmly to it.

When Kenway sat down, he found himself standing upon his legs. He was aware at once that some one was standing

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beside him, Colonel Challoner. Both men had risen. Almost he resumed his seat, and then he heard his name called by the chairman and from a very long way off an encouraging cheer reached his ears.

He was conscious of the lack of a table in front of him or the barrier of a platform —something on which he could rest a hand. He felt strangely defenceless without it. He faltered through his opening sentences in a voice which sounded to his ears weak and thin as a ghost's. He saw a member take off his hat on the opposite benches, rise, and make his way out; and at once he was certain that he was making a dismal failure. Suddenly he remembered one member who had risen to speak, had been called upon and had sunk back in his seat without uttering more than a few unintelligible words. Was his to be the same fate, he asked himself? And asking himself he lost the thread of what he was saying and with a gasp retrieved it.

"It seemed to me," he said in describing the scene to Cynthia, "that I stood there dumb and helpless for twenty seconds. As a matter of fact, the interval was so short that not even my neighbors noticed it. I suppose that I only paused for the fraction of a second, really."

"Yes," said Cynthia and the trifle remained in her mind.

He was speaking too with a haze before his eyes, and his hands clutching at the edges of his coat. But he went on and then quite suddenly the haze cleared so that he saw the House and he heard his voice ringing out clear and firm, not loud nor arrogant, filling the Chamber and with just that note of deference which he had planned to strike and had struck because the deference was sincere. He turned in his place. He was no longer conscious of the need of a table in front of him; he looked down the House toward the clock above the entrance door, and he saw that the bar was thronged with members. Curiosity, no doubt, had brought them in from the library and the smoking-room and the lobby when his name went up on the tape—he had, after all, a reputation. He, the least romantic of men, had some aura of romance about him in that assembly; enough at all events to invite a momentary interest. But they stayed, and as he spoke in a voice that went steadily forward with the rhythm of marching men, he saw now one, now another come out from the throng at the bar and slip into a seat. With a throb of joy he realized that he was not failing, that now he was not going to fail. The House had filled since he had risen and on all the benches there was a great quiet. He turned toward the speaker's chair. The space at the sides of it was crowded too. He saw more than one cabinet minister standing. Above, behind the grille, he saw the big hats and shadowy forms of the ladies in their gallery, and here and there the gleam of an ermine stole against the light behind them. That happened to him again which had happened in the Corn Exchange at Ludsey. He turned over the consecutions of his argument like the pages of a printed book. He was master of himself. He worked in his predecessor's points and replied to them with force and without offence because they were just the points he had foreseen. He provoked interruptions from his opponents; he had foreseen them and was ready, and the cheers broke out from the benches about him and behind him. He spoke for just twenty minutes. The applause, generous and friendly, came from both sides of the House when he resumed his seat. The Prime-Minister leaned across the gangway and shook him by the hand. And as for the great battleship at Spithead anybody could have it as a gift.

Rames leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. So the third step of the great career had been taken. He had been chosen candidate, he had been elected member, he had made something of a small triumph out of his maiden speech. Now he would wait without any hurry. He would make one speech more later on in the session, perhaps two—not more than two, certainly. And next session he would plunge boldly and take up his part in the impromptu debating on the Committee stages of Bills. In that work lay the real test of parliamentary capacity.

Thus he planned, and content with his plan he opened his eyes again. At once he was made uneasy. He met the eyes of a small, white-haired man with a deeply lined, brown face who was watching him fixedly from the benches opposite. This

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was Albert Coulter, a man of many expeditions in untravelled countries, when there were countries still untravelled, whose name had become a signal for dark whispers. A callous selfishness, when selfishness might mean the life or health of his companions, and a relentless severity with his natives, was rightly or wrongly imputed. The survivors of his expeditions came back with queer stories. But he had never failed until the moment, when at the age of fifty and with the looks of seventy, he entered the House of Commons. There, an interesting yet ineffective figure, he sat day after day, solitary, disliked, with brooding eyes under a bristle of gray eyebrows which seemed to be haunted with sinister memories of deep tropical forests and days long past. His eyes rested upon Harry Rames now, not enviously, not encouragingly, but without expression, almost indeed like the eyes of a dead man. Their fixed gaze chilled the blood of Harry Rames and all his satisfaction was marred. He had to move from his place and beyond the reach of those brooding eyes before he shook the impression off. And even now so distinct was it in his memories that he omitted it altogether and deliberately from the story he told that afternoon to Cynthia Daventry. He related in its place another incident which had happened later in the evening.

"We had a division," he said. "I was walking through the lobby and just at the turnstiles where the clerks tick off our names, I found Henry Smale in front of me. The R's and the S's go through the same turnstile. He turned round as I passed through behind him, and said to me in a low voice, 'You have the ear of the House now. Keep your eye on the treasury bench.' That from Smale, who was dissuading me to enter Parliament, means a good deal."

Harry Rames turned and looked at Cynthia.

"Yes," said Cynthia.

There was a smile upon her face rather wistful, rather ironic.

"So you have turnstiles in your House of Commons," she said slowly.

"Yes," said he, "of course. Turnstiles where a clerk stands and registers your votes for publication. Otherwise where would party government be?"

"You mean if the votes weren't published men would vote according to their convictions?"

Rames nodded.

"But it's a superficial view," he said. "You have got to take the sum of your policy. As a whole, is it better than the other fellow's? That's what you have to ask yourself when you are going to register a vote upon some particular point which may help to turn your government out and let the other fellows in."

"Yes, I see that," said Cynthia; and once more her eyes fell upon the *Times* and she was suddenly conscious of a queer pride. Others to-day were aware of the success which Harry Rames had made; probably she alone was aware of the thought, and the apprehension and the tribulation of soul which had gone to the making of the success. To the others he would just be one of the inevitably successful—what indeed she had herself been wont to think him. To-day, however, he was to her human as he had never been. He had shown himself to her, bleating with fear like an ordinary man at the approach of the fateful moment which was to put him to the test. He had drawn the picture with a sense of humor, but he had not blurred it. Would he have drawn it for any one else, she asked herself? She turned impulsively toward him:

"I wanted you to come to me this week," she said impulsively. "And I thank you very much for telling me not merely that you succeeded, but how near you were to breaking down. But," and she hesitated for a few moments, "I should have been still more grateful if you had come to me the day before you made your speech."

"I almost did," said Harry Rames.

XIX

AND A PROPOSAL

CYNTHIA smiled, but she did not believe.

"I think," she said, "that this is the very first time you have gone beyond the truth to say a pleasant thing to me."

"It is the truth," he insisted. "I almost did more than come to you. I almost asked you to let me inflict my speech on you before I made it in the House."

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"Oh, I wish you had!" cried Cynthia. "It would have made a difference to me this last week—a great difference." Then she turned swiftly toward Harry Rames with a glance of distrust. "Why didn't you come, then?" she asked coldly. "There was nothing to hinder you. You knew that you would have been very welcome. I should like to have known beforehand what you were going to say"; and once more a gentle wistfulness crept into her voice. "I should have liked also to have heard you in the House. I should have liked, in a word—not to have been shut out."

"You weren't shut out," Harry Rames exclaimed. "You mustn't fancy that! It's not true. If I did not come, it was really because I had you in my thoughts. Yes. I stayed away deliberately because of a saying of Smale's which I know to be true, which I quoted to you at Ludsey."

The distrust grew stronger in Cynthia's mind. What had Smale to do with the matter? Her face hardened. Harry Rames had, till this moment, at all events, been honest, had always stood apart in her eyes by reason of his honesty. Must she strip him now of that quality even as she had had to do of those imagined ones clothed in which he had once long ago walked with her amongst the flowers of her enchanted garden?

"What saying?" she asked.

"That many a man may cut a great figure upon the platforms who will never get the ear of the House of Commons. I wanted to be sure that I was not one of those—before I came to you."

A particular significance in the intonation of the words warned her—and then troubled her. She looked at him swiftly, and as swiftly looked away. The blood mounted into her face and flushed her throat.

"I wanted to be sure that I should come not quite empty-handed," he continued.

Cynthia made no pretence to misunderstand him, and no answer. All was explained to her now: why he had stayed away, why he now returned—all those particulars which he had told her she might have guessed, and not one of which had to this moment entered her head. She had never stepped beyond the border-line of friendship in her thoughts of Harry Rames—never once. She was startled now that she was asked to. She needed time to adjust herself to the new point of view. He had been honest with her, after all. That was her first instinctive recollection.

"So I am here now to ask you to marry me," he continued. He spoke very quietly and simply. He did not simulate any passion, and again in her heart, comparing him with that other wooer in the Row, she thanked him for his honesty.

Still she made no answer, but calmness had returned to her. She sat looking out of the window, straight ahead of her, with her chin propped in the palm of her hand. She was quite still, and the stillness of her attitude was no greater than the stillness of her mind. There was no throb of joy at her heart. But Harry Rames had been honest with her, and she had been taught not to expect so very much.

"I think you know whom you will be marrying," he resumed. "I have tried to make what I know about myself clear to you as well as to me. You once agreed that I left you no illusions about me."

"Yes. On the platform at the Corn Exchange in Ludsey," Cynthia replied. "I remember quite well. I remember your answer too: That you did not mean to."

"Yes," said Harry Rames. "That was my answer."

Cynthia paused for a few seconds. Then in her turn she began to question him.

"So even then you were thinking that if you succeeded in Parliament—this afternoon would come?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps even before then?"

"Yes, even before then."

Cynthia nodded her head. With a smile in which there was irony and a little of her old resentment, she remarked:

"Yes, you have always looked ahead."

Harry replied simply and gravely:

"Always."

"Thank you," said Cynthia.

She thanked him because he was so perfectly honest with her. He admitted—for his words were no less than such an admission—that he had deliberately thought of her because she had money. On the other hand, it was true that he had stood by and left the opportunity open for any one to snatch until he could himself bring something into the partnership. That weighed with her in his favor.

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"Will you tell me when you first began to think of me in this way?" she asked with an earnestness which to Harry Rames appeared quite singular. To his direct mind the one question which needed answering was whether she meant to marry him or no.

"Does the exact date matter?"

"Very much."

Rebellion again broke out in Cynthia. "I believe it is quite a usual question for maidens to ask on these occasions. But no doubt I ought to have asked it with a deeper bashfulness."

Harry reflected. Here was one of the nice subtleties of the feminine mind which somehow he must satisfy.

"It was after I had driven out once or twice from Ludsey to see you. That is as near as I can put it. It was after I had got to know you a little."

"As soon, in a word, as you concluded that I would suit the place." Though the sentence was phrased still in the ironical form, the irony had suddenly gone from her voice. She was so relieved that a smile trembled about her lips. Her next words gave the reason of her relief.

"So really and truly you want me personally—as well."

The question would have sounded vague to a stranger, but these two understood that it was her fortune which she omitted to name. Cynthia knew, as she could not but know, that her wealth had first set his thoughts running toward her. But it was some personal quality which in the end had decided him to ask for her. He must have money—yes, but other help than money as well. It was a satisfaction to her pride that he found it in her.

"Yes" he returned. "A wife can do so much for a man in politics if she is the right wife. I should be very glad if you would marry me," Rames resumed. "I think that we should get along together very well, and together we might do important things."

"Be important things," Cynthia corrected.

Harry Rames smiled.

"That's an old quarrel of ours, Cynthia. I mean 'do' this time."

Cynthia looked at him quickly. She was in the mood to find in that hope the strongest of appeals.

"You really think so?"

"I do. I should owe so very much to you. I should be conscious of my debt. I should try with all my strength to pay it back."

Cynthia gave him her face frankly now. A smile of confidence quite lit it up.

"I have no doubt of that," she said; and then the smile faded, and there came a look of longing.

"But I would rather, of course, that it were work for love of me, than work to repay me. There's a difference, isn't there? But I suppose one can't have everything, and—perhaps—I might be content to help you on."

She fell again to a wistful silence, pursuing the vision of a happiness which might have been down an avenue of bright imagined years. The happiness did exist. She had seen the evidences of it often enough. All men were not *tant soit peu cochons*, as she had once heard an unhappy French lady describe them, nor were all women neurotic. She had heard of lovers who felt that they had been waiting for one another since the beginning of the world. But it seemed that such happiness was for others, not for her.

"Tell me!" she said, "when you were making your speech, after the agitation had passed and when you were master of yourself, you looked up to the ladies' gallery, you said, and noticed the women behind the grille?"

"Yes."

"Well—it is a little difficult to ask the question—But"—she stopped for a moment or two, and then went on with an appealing timidity, while the color once more mounted into her face—"but I suppose that then—when you knew you were making a success—it never came into your mind that you would have liked to have got me up there in the gallery while you were speaking?"

The temptation to lie was strong upon Harry Rames now. The very timidity of her appeal moved him. It taught him that the truth would hurt her much more than he had ever dreamed. He hesitated. For the first time in her company he was at a loss.

"The truth, please," she pleaded earnestly. "You said that your mind was free, that you could stand outside yourself and look on at what you were doing, as artists do. It never once occurred to you that you

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wanted me up there in the ladies' gallery too, at the moment of your success, to witness it—to—yes, to share it with you?"

The word was out at last—the word which she had been striving with her modesty to reach.

"Be frank, please," she prayed.

Harry Rames was at a loss how to wrap the brutal truth up so that it should not hurt overmuch. He had no other intention at this moment. He was for once not considering what effect his answer would have upon his own prospects and future.

"You were in my thoughts," he said. "That's true. For I was thinking that now I could come to you. But, yes, I wanted to be sure of myself first."

"Yes," said Cynthia slowly, and with humility she analyzed the meaning of his words. "You never thought of me as a kind of inspiration to an even greater success in the future if you succeeded now, or as a kind of consolation if you failed. It may be vanity to say so, but I think that is what a woman in whom you were interested, and who was interested in you, would have liked you to have thought. I was, after all, shut out, wasn't I? I was to hear of the achievement after it was done and over, and I was neither to share the preliminary fears, nor feel the revulsion when the triumph came."

"Yes, but look at it from my point of view. There are many who want to marry you—men with something to offer. It wouldn't have been fair if I didn't bring something in my basket too."

"Fair!" cried Cynthia scornfully. "Oh, I know that's the point of view of the man—at least," and as she realized that she had been unjust, her face dimpled to smiles, "of the men one rather likes." For it occurred to her that Lord Helmsdale would have been troubled by no such scruples.

"No," she said. "You wouldn't have borrowed another man's thoroughbred so that you might cut a dashing figure while you proposed."

Rames had no idea of what she meant, and he behaved as he usually did when unintelligible things were said to him by women. He asked for no explanations and just took no notice of Cynthia's words. He sat quietly at her side and waited.

The clock struck the hour. He put his hand into his pocket, and at the movement Cynthia started.

"There is no hurry," said Harry Rames. "I was only getting out my cigarette case. May I smoke?"

"Of course," replied Cynthia; she was relieved that she need not answer upon the moment. She was still in a great perplexity; and while Harry Rames smoked his cigarette she sought this way and that for a light to guide her. Here was not the marriage of which she had dreamed. No. But he was honest. It was possible, too, that she might be able to help him on, as he had said. And it might be well worth doing. It might be true that the ambitious men are the world's best servants, and not the men possessed with ideas. Ideas, she remembered, with a bitter little smile at her folly, had once given the right of entrance to her enchanted garden. But she had travelled far from its gateway, and the flowers were all dead in it, and its pathways overgrown. It might be that the fixed idea meant the narrow vision. Harry Rames might be right; and if he were, by helping him on, she would make her money of real and great value. It was a gray world anyway—and Harry Rames was honest. She could trust him—though he wounded her.

She turned suddenly toward him.

"Do you remember the supper party at Ludsey?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "And the little Frenchman, Monsieur Poizat."

"I was not thinking of him," said Cynthia. A sentence or two spoken at that table by Colonel Challoner had leaped into her memory. Politics meant color in the lives of men. It was the craving for color which fired enthusiasm in the towns of the provinces. Well, she herself craved for bright colors in her life too. Might she not get them out of the paint-pot of politics just as men did?

"If I were to say yes," she remarked, "I would not be content to be merely the witness of your success. I must share the fears which go to make it. I could not sit quiet and twirl my thumbs, shut out from the hopes and apprehensions and endeavors, and just smile admiringly at the result. I must share everything."

"Of course," said Harry Rames. "From the moment you say 'yes,' you share everything. I meant that too when I said that I needed your help."

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He spoke gravely and sincerely, and again Cynthia said: "Thank you."

She sat for a little while longer, hesitating upon the brink. To say yes would solve the question of a companion. Oh, certainly, there were practical advantages in the acceptance of Harry Rames's proposal. She would have to abandon the hope of beauty in her life. Color, excitement, interest, she might get. But the beautiful life would not be for her. Still, under no circumstances, perhaps, might it have been for her. No one, she reflected, and with some sadness—no one by his approach had ever set her heart beating to a quicker tune. Perhaps there was some defect in her, some want of human passion, she reflected, which placed her in the second rank of women. When Cynthia was humble there was no girl so humble as Cynthia. And, after all, Harry Rames was honest. To that one stable point all her questions brought her back.

She moved at last, and Harry Rames rose and stood before her.

"Well?" he asked.

Cynthia dropped her hands loose at her sides and answered with a smile:

"Why not?"

It was in those words that she accepted him. There was no spirit in them, and very little of expectation. But she had come to expect not very much; and she had travelled a long way from the garden of her dreams.

"After all, there's a Turnstile in this affair too," she said, with a note of bitterness. "A very important one too. For it leads not into a garden, but straight to the Treasury bench."

Harry Rames was bewildered. But he made no comment. Women were queer, and it was good to disregard their moments of excitement. Cynthia sprang up the next moment and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, yes, we'll follow Mr. Smale's advice, Harry," she cried, "and we'll keep our eyes on the Treasury bench. Why not? Now go, and come back to-morrow."

She was laughing a little wildly, and Harry Rames had the sense to take her at her word. He went out of the room, and Cynthia flung herself down upon the cushions and cried for an hour by the clock.

"Well," she said to herself at the end, as she rose and dried her eyes, "Mr. Benoliel will be satisfied. That's one thing." Almost she seemed to blame Mr. Benoliel for the fact of her engagement.

XX

AT CULVER

THE odd thing in the affair, however, was that Mr. Benoliel did not seem satisfied. Cynthia asked him over the telephone the next day to come to her, and when he came she told him of her engagement.

"But no one knows of it as yet except yourself," she added; "and no one is to know, for the present. I want it kept a secret."

"Oh?" said Mr. Benoliel, looking at her curiously. "And why?"

"There will be a certain amount of ill-natured talk," Cynthia returned in a confusion. "And I want the time for it to be as short as possible. It will cease after we are married."

"People will say that Rames is an adventurer, who is marrying you for your money," said Mr. Benoliel bluntly, and Cynthia turned on him with spirit.

"Lord Helmsdale's mother will, and other mothers would have said the same of Lord Helmsdale if I had married him."

"So it's to spare the feelings of Harry Rames that you are keeping your engagement secret," said Mr. Benoliel with an ironical wonder. "I should never have suspected him of such delicate susceptibilities."

"Well, I should be uncomfortable too!" cried Cynthia, bending puzzled and indignant brows at him. "I think you are quite horrid."

Benoliel sustained her indignation unabashed.

"Is that the only reason, Cynthia?" he asked.

"You wanted me married," Cynthia continued. "You ought to be very, very pleased."

Mr. Benoliel, however, was not to be lured from his question into a discussion upon the propriety of his feelings. He repeated it.

"Is fear of gossip the only reason, Cynthia, which makes you keep your engagement secret?"

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Cynthia again showed signs of confusion. Mr. Benoliel wore his air of omniscience. She sat down upon a chair.

"What do you mean, Mr. Benoliel?"

"This," said he. "I have noticed that the young ladies who keep their engagements secret are not, as a rule, very much in love with the men they are engaged to. They leave themselves a loop-hole of escape."

Cynthia's cheeks flamed. Mr. Benoliel had hit shrewdly. Certainly she had intended to spare Harry Rames and herself some uncomfortable weeks. But would she have minded those weeks had she cared for him? The question came swiftly, and as swiftly was answered. Had she cared for him she would have wanted to wear him like a ribbon on her breast for all the world to see. She realized it with a pang. She would have run quickly forward to meet the gossip and do battle. But she had not run forward. It was true that she had left herself a pathway of retreat, and rather by instinct than from any deliberate plan. Her wariness had prompted her. Once more she had wanted to be safe. But nothing of this was she going to acknowledge to Mr. Benoliel.

"I think you are very horrid," she said again with a cold dignity, and hoped that her stateliness would crush her inquisitor.

"When do you propose to marry, then?" he asked.

"Just before Whitsuntide. The House will rise for ten days, I hear, at the least. We shall announce the marriage just before the House rises"; and that indeed was the plan upon which she had agreed only that morning with Harry Rames.

"Then there is no hurry," said Mr. Benoliel. "Perhaps you and Captain Rames will pay me a visit in the country before Whitsuntide comes."

He spoke as though he accepted the situation, and turned to other subjects, fearing to confirm Cynthia in obstinacy by any show of opposition.

"Certainly," she said; "we shall be pleased to come"; and a month later she and Harry Rames came one Friday afternoon to Culver.

The house stood within hearing of the bells of Ludsey, but on the side of that city opposite to the white house. Benoliel had built it himself, and to those who knew the man but slightly it was an astonishing production. Captain Rames, for instance, whose taste was not very meticulous, never ceased to marvel at it. Even this Friday afternoon, as the car swung round a turn of the country road and the thing stood before him, he contemplated it with amazement. It was nothing but a monstrous new villa of red and yellow brick, a pretentious ghastliness of towers and flashing glass rising from the middle of a small bare field within twenty yards of the roadway. An avenue of fir-trees not yet shoulder-high wound to the front door, and there was no need for it to wind. Circular beds of glaring flowers disfigured the new lawns, and little bushes of evergreens, which would one distant day make an effort to be shrubberies, gave to the house a most desolate and suburban look. It seemed wonderful to Harry Rames that so nice and delicate a person as Mr. Benoliel could bear to live in it at all; and still more wonderful that with a dozen of the most beautiful houses in England bosomed in deep meadows and whispered to by immemorial elms, within an easy motor-ride to choose from as his models, he should have devised this unconscionable edifice.

Sir James Burrell, the surgeon, however, who was sitting opposite to Harry Rames in the car, and next to Cynthia, took a different view. He gazed at the house with satisfaction. For it would add yet another subtle paragraph to his character sketch of Mr. Benoliel.

"How extraordinary," he cried, "and yet how like the man! That's just the house which Benoliel would have built. Only one had not the insight to guess it. I love it!" and he leaned his head out of the window and chuckled at the building's grotesqueness. "Yes, I love it. The fitness of things appeals to me." And he turned to the astonished Captain Rames. "You don't see the exquisite appropriateness of that—let us not call it a house—that detached residence to Isaac Benoliel?"

"Well, I don't," said Harry Rames. "He always seemed to me to set up as a lover of beautiful things."

"And the love is genuine," said Sir James, fairly off at a gallop upon his hobby. "He doesn't set up. The love is almost a quality of his race. Yes, but his race doesn't always know what things are beau-

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tiful. There's the explanation of that building—*race*, which confounds logic and is quite untroubled by inconsistencies. There's Benoliel's race in every line of it. He's of the Orient. He loves flamboyancy and gaudiness. He may conceal it carefully from us. But every now and then it must break out, and it has run riot here. Does the East repair and mend? No, it lets its old buildings decay and builds afresh. That's why Mr. Benoliel passes by your stately houses all up for sale in their parks and builds this villa. Remember, Captain Rames, though Mr. Benoliel talks with you and walks with you, he doesn't think with you. Behind those old tired eyes of his, he thinks as the East thinks."

Thus Sir James Burrell, and the car stopped at the front door before he could utter another word. He was not sorry, nor indeed were the other occupants of the carriage. He was merely trying his new paragraph on the dog, so to speak. He needed time to eliminate the unnecessary, and make it vivid with the single word, and fix it up with a nice juxtaposition of paradoxes and altogether to furbish it for presentation.

"He does talk!" said Harry Rames to Cynthia.

"Yes, doesn't he," she replied with a laugh, and then grew serious. "But I wonder whether he's right. I wonder whether Mr. Benoliel thinks and judges from principles which are true to him, but not true to us." Her eyes rested with a strange and thoughtful scrutiny on Harry's face.

"Why should you trouble?" said Harry Rames.

"It makes a little difference to me," said Cynthia. "Perhaps more than a little."

For old Daventry's last words weighed upon her. He had bidden her in troubles and difficulties to seek advice from Isaac Benoliel. He had thought much of his wisdom. She had herself accepted it as a thing beyond question, and a timely help. Now, she began to ask herself, was his wisdom, if it was born of the East and tempered by the instincts of his race, fit for service in her generation and for her people? She pondered the question during the next two days, and leaned more and more to Sir James Burrell's way of thinking from a trivial reason; the inside of Culver agreed so completely with its exterior. Its flamboyancy set the eyes aching. Its wall papers were indigestibly rich with colored flowers, and never was there a blue so vividly blue as the blue of his velvet curtains and triple-pile carpets. It is true that there were treasures of art in Culver, glowing pictures of the early Flemish school, with their crowds of figures, each one a finished miniature, and behind the crowds the clear sky and translucent air; there were marvels of jade, and glorious little statues of silver and marble, but their delicate beauty was spoilt and lost in the riot of gorgeousness which framed them.

One homely place alone there was in that building. The great hall, all colonnades and galleries, occupied the centre of the house. But on each side of the wide chimney, where of an evening, even in the summer, a fire usually burned, a great screen was drawn; and these screens enclosed a space before the fire set about with comfortable chairs, a sofa or two, and little mahogany tables, and made of it a place of comfort. In this space on the Sunday night Cynthia came to grips with Isaac Benoliel, and understood at last his life, and something of his philosophy.

It was eleven o'clock, or a little later. The ladies were retiring for the night. Cynthia herself had her foot upon the lowest step of the stair, and was thinking that after all she was to be spared an argument, when Mr. Benoliel came from the corridor of the smoking-room where he had left the men.

"Will you give me a few minutes, Cynthia?" he asked, and she turned at once and walked to the fire. She stood with a foot upon the rail of the hearth and a hand upon the mantel-shelf, quiet but mutinous. Mr. Benoliel followed her and sat down in a straight-backed arm-chair, facing the fire, and a little way behind her.

"You have not yet announced your engagement, Cynthia?" he began.

"No."

"Yet Whitsuntide is very close. Perhaps you have thought better of it?"

"No."

Mr. Benoliel looked at her as she stood, aggressively showing him her back, and smiled at her, with some amusement, a great deal of affection, and a little pity.

"Of course," he said, "I have not much right to interfere, and yet I should like you

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to hear, Cynthia, what I have to say. Otherwise I shall fail your father.'"

Cynthia turned about at once, and her manner toward him changed with her movement. The appeal of his voice and words had its effect upon her, and not that alone. Mr. Benoliel was so neat and supple, he sat with so upright a figure in his chair, his hair was so black and sleek and thick that she was seldom really conscious of his age. But at times, as now, when by chance she looked straight into his eyes and noticed their fatigue and their patience, and how the light had quite gone out of them, it came upon her almost as a shock that this was an old, old man; and because she was surprised she exaggerated his age, and gave to him in return for his pity the cruel pity of youth. She was in the mood almost to admit his right to interfere. But her gift of silence and the wariness which had become instinctive checked her. She moved forward to him with a gracious deference—that was all—and said, standing in front of him:

"I am glad of course to hear anything you have to say, Mr. Benoliel. You disapprove of my marriage."

"Yes."

"Yet you wanted me married."

"To the right person."

"Lord Helmsdale," said Cynthia, with a little pout of disdain.

"Youth should marry youth," returned Mr. Benoliel.

He looked the girl over from head to foot. She stood in front of him in her delicate frock of soft white satin and lace, long-limbed and slender, with the gloss of youth upon the heavy curls of her fair hair, and the rose of youth on her cheeks, and the sheen of youth upon her white and pretty shoulders. She was the color of a flower, and had the freshness of a flower upon a morning of dew. From the tip of her slim satin slipper to the ribbon in her hair, she was dressed with a daintiness which set her beauty proudly off. To Mr. Benoliel she was radiant and wonderful with youth.

"Yes," he repeated, "youth should marry youth, Cynthia, especially when it is such rare youth as yours."

Cynthia was pleased. She knew a compliment when she heard it.

"You have shifted your ground, Mr. Benoliel," she said, smiling down at him.

"No," he answered.

"It was social position, which you wanted me to marry in Lord Helmsdale."

"That, too. Yes. I don't make light of it. I am old enough not to blow a trumpet round the walls of Jericho in these days," he said. "But I did not tell you all my thought. I am an old man, and there are certain things I am shy of talking about. I am like you in that, Cynthia, eh? We neither of us wear our hearts upon our sleeves or are fond of talking sentiment. But I am compelled to to-night. I think the most beautiful thing in the world is a couple of young lovers facing all the unknown future, hand in hand, high of hope and courage, and serious with the uplifting seriousness of love. Now you are not in love, Cynthia, and he's not young. So, from my point of view, on both sides this marriage falls short of the marriage which should be."

"Captain Rames is not old," replied Cynthia. She omitted all reference to the point in which she herself failed according to Benoliel's standard. Isaac Benoliel noticed her admission, and, though he made no comment, he became still more determined to prevent the marriage if by any means he could. He had drawn his bow at a venture. With that touch of charlatanism which made him delight in posing as omniscient, he had stated as a fact what he only suspected. But she would have denied the suggestion, and indignantly, had it been false. He was sure now that she did not care for Harry Rames as a young woman should care for the man she is to marry. Moreover there had been a note of involuntary regret in Cynthia's voice as she had answered him. It seemed that she too agreed with him as to what should have been, and grieved that it was not to be.

"No," he conceded, "Captain Rames is not old. But neither is he young. He is forty, or thereabouts. He has lived by eighteen years longer than you have. And so—I will tell you the truth, Cynthia"—and he leaned forward with his hands upon his knees and his eyes shrewdly watching her face—"and so I am afraid. Yes, I look forward into your future, and I am afraid."

He saw Cynthia wince. So often had she spoken just such words to herself. Ever since she had crouched by the door in the dark room at the estancia, fear had

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walked at her heels with its shadow thrown upon the road beyond her feet. Was it to lie in front of her all her life? Here was her chosen adviser thinking her thoughts. She was not to be comforted by Sir James Burrell's reasonings. Mr. Benoliel might be altogether compact of the Orient. None the less his words knocked shrewdly at her heart. She sank down at the end of a sofa close at Mr. Benoliel's side, her face all troubled and discouraged.

"But I accepted Harry so that I might be safe," she cried tremulously, "so that I might no longer be afraid," and then sat with her cheeks afire, conscious that she had betrayed herself.

"I mean—" she corrected herself hastily.

"Just what you said, Cynthia," rejoined Mr. Benoliel. Once more he had shot his arrow at a venture and reached the mark. He had now for the first time the key to her. Much was explained to him. But he spoke as though the explanation had long been known to him.

"Yes, ever since I have known you, you have lived in fear, Cynthia," he said.

Cynthia did not again deny the truth. She found a better argument in her recollection of old Mr. Daventry's death-bed.

"But there was no reason for the fear," she cried. "It was groundless. I tortured myself for nothing. It was all due to a foolish mistake." She hesitated, choosing her words, so that they might carry some sort of conviction and yet reveal nothing. "The mistake arose because—people—were silent—and they were silent because they wished to spare, and thought that knowledge would hurt. It was the silence which hurt."

"This time," said Mr. Benoliel, "silence shall not do harm. Nor shall a thought to spare. I will be frank with you as to why I am afraid, if you will listen to me. I shall have to tell you a little about myself. I shall not spare myself."

He spoke with reluctance. For he was reticent about himself. Cynthia realized suddenly how very little she knew of him, though she probably knew him more intimately than any one else, except the separated wife in Eaton Square. He had kept his secrets better than she had kept hers. Now he was going to reveal himself, and certainly to open old wounds for her sake.

"Thank you," she said gently. "I shall know of what you are afraid, of something perhaps which I may now be able to avert. But I ought to tell you at once, that nothing which you say can change me."

(To be continued.)

AWAKENING

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE tender glamour of the dreamy days
Before Love's full effulgence was complete,
Dwells in my soul. The dim untrodden ways
That wooed our eager, yet reluctant feet,
The mute communion of our meeting eyes,
The hand's elusive touch, when still no word
With its supreme, significant surprise,
The pregnant passions of our beings stirred.
The shadowy dawn of unawakened pain,
Love's counterpart, with its evasive thrill,
Haunted our hearts, and like the minor strain
Of some great anthem ere the sound is still,
Mingled, with all the rapture yet to be,
A note of anguish in its harmony.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

SEVERAL years ago I was told of two clergymen, distant relatives of mine, who had just given up their chosen calling to go into real-estate business. The fact lingered long in my mind, with a certain discomfort, making me scan past and future with dim misgivings. Real estate versus the realm of the spirit—I did not like the antithesis. So, they had forsaken the Heavenly City for Long Island, the exposition of the charm of golden streets for the new boulevard! But is the Pennsylvania Railroad, I asked indignantly, any true substitute for the narrow way? For a time I felt bankrupt, as one does when some great crisis has caused panic, subverted values, made worthless the priceless securities of yesterday. My inheritance seemed to depreciate rapidly, for my ancestors had staked their all upon that invisible reality which is now being quoted lower and lower in the markets of the world. Did they, I asked myself, who turned their faces heavenward with so rich a sense of possession, after all die intestate? From the innermost corner of my soul came the echoed answer, "No!" and again I hugged my old cloak of dreams about me, resolving that, whatever befell, I would never join the rank of those who could misinterpret the word "real" as meaning mere things.

Real Estate

That was three years ago. Now, alas! I have fallen from my high estate of the invisible. I, too, have come to traffic in so-called "real estate," not with a view of providing other people with homes, but to providing myself. I have deserted my sky-chamber, and have purchased a small piece of ground. No longer have I the right to scorn those who mistake finite things for reality. The earth has laid hold upon me. I understand now the greed wherewith men have clutched and held it, from earliest savage days to the Oklahoma scandals of land-grabbing. The curse of property has descended upon me; the selfishness of the landed gentry which I have so scorned as I have driven past high English walls, set with jagged glass, is no longer unintelligible to me. My pleasure in touching my small bit of land betrays me akin to those I have censured. I could put an English county into my pocket! Remembering the vast acres of Sherwood Forest, at present ironically embodied in the "dukeries," I wonder whether I should now, as always of yore, be on Robin Hood's side. There is strange delight in standing upon your own plot of ground; I color with displeasure when a wrong foot is put upon it. In moments of compunction I realize how fully it possesses me, instead of my possessing it, and I become, for a mood or so, converted to the doctrines of Henry George, not because ownership of land is unfair to other men, but because it is unfair to one's self. I grow limited, selfish. One not good at bargains might as readily change his inner self for a hundred and twenty foot lot as for the whole world, perhaps.

Real estate! There is the house and all the to do of building it. For months my soul has gone howling in a wilderness of things. It has been as if, for an awful season, the world of the materialists had come true, and there existed only a universe of objects, hard, tangible, impenetrable. Even the sense that my own fierce resentment disproves such a theory, that I could not so rebel if there existed nothing but length and breadth and height, does not do away with a dismayed feeling that it is so. My universe is bounded by a long tape-measure; my mind is a mere wood-pile, a brick heap, a collection of paint-pots. I used to think that within me dwelt an immortal spirit—they taught me this when I was young; nothing dwells there now save bath-tubs and fireplaces, and dormer-windows. A quick, electric flash of thought used sometimes to thrill through me; now, idea meets idea as wood knocks on wood, and my thoughts jangle one on another like our new hardware. I am oppressed by fears of flood and fire, and of thieves that may break in and steal. I, who worry about the silver, never used to worry lest some one had stolen my aspirations. My hopes were burglar-proof; my thoughts where

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moth and rust do not corrupt. Busy all my life with airy nothingnesses, from the point of view of the real-estate agent, with the eternal verities, from my own point of view, I count over my increasing material possessions with an increasing sense of loss. We are insured from injury by fire, but who can insure the middle-aged from the loss of their ideals?

The Hold of the Earth

FOR it is not only my anxieties but my content that alarms me. There are moments when I look at this little white house, child of so many sleepless nights and haggard days, with a feeling that desire could go no farther. It fills up the measure of my affection; it is just as high as my heart. If, following the suggestion of Queen Mary, you should open this organ, you would find engraved there not "Calais," but "pergola." I might add that a short grass path leads to it from the butler's pantry door, and that we mean to dine there on spring evenings, while the hylas call from the brookside below, and on late autumn afternoons, while crickets chirp near by. At times I struggle with a sudden sense of limitation; my soul used to be more than thirty-eight by thirty-two! I would rather have it back. I was not in the old days walled about and roofed in. Now I have but windows and a skylight through which I can see, faint and far, a few of the stars that used to seem so near above my wandering head.

But, more than in the house, in yard and garden I fatten on a low content. As I work, upon my knees—a posture that once, alas! served other ends—my hands touching the cool, crumbling clods, I can feel all my inner self creeping down in roots and fibres, changing into those small seed grains that will quicken into the misty blue of the delphiniums, the pale gold of the iris. The curving gray walk shuts off all glimpse of the far trails on the heavenly hills; the ripple of the birch leaves, the hum of the bees, keep all more distant music from my ears; the oriole wins me from desire to hear the angels sing; subtle, penetrating fragrances from fern and grass and clove pinks close the door to that inmost me where thought and aspiration used sometimes to enter hand in hand. Now come only dim wonderings, as I watch the sunlight, golden-green through grape-vine leaves: has the soul color? Will anything beyond make good the loss of the touch on cheek and nostril of the deep-red rose that bends above my work? Earth to earth—will going back to the great all-mother be a wholly pleasant feeling, like this?

From such moods I waken with a start, tugging at my chain of sense, conscious of a lost domain. Where are my old sympathies, and the remembered wrongs that were not mine? I cease to mourn, among these fragrances, for St. Bartholomew and the burning of the Slocum, for the hurt of suffering children and maimed animals. In this insidious content I lose myself and the only real me, that desire to know all and share all, which is the seed of immortality. I rise in quick resolve. Grass shall no longer grow through the inner part of me. I will not barter my kingdom of the air for a mess of dirt, however full at times of that wet fragrance that takes me back to my earthworm days. It is dragging me down, this bit of earth, to what I was before my soul was born when yet I wriggled, through moist, reedy things, in the grateful coolness of mind. The grain of dust wherewith one starts, the six feet one needs at the last, are all the real estate that one may claim. I will arise and sell my plot of ground, and put the gold-pieces in my pocket, for mine and others' use. The endless road for me!

The Friendless Heroine of Romance

A DISCRIMINATING study of fiction proves beyond a doubt, that there exists no deadlier foe to romance than the early acquisition of friends. How understandingly does the Grandisonian school of the eighteenth century treat this matter! When Arabella, or Melinda, in either case the loveliest and most delicately nurtured of her sex, is cast upon a heartless world, it is a foregone conclusion that she finds no other place of refuge than the cottage of her old nurse.

But what a cottage, and what adjuncts! Thatched roof and rose-embowered lattices, rustic arbors, babbling brooks, clotted cream, honey fresh from the hive, and, in the background, the manor-house of Lord Lovelace or Sir Willoughby! Let us for a little follow the fortunes of one of these fair disconsolates, who, in spite of every known charm and virtue, possesses "not a friend in all the world."

"Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy!" It is Amanda, in "The Children of the Abbey," apostrophizing the lowly cot of her nurse. "Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy! Content and innocence reside beneath your humble

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roof, and charity, unboastful of the good it renders. Here surely I shall be guarded from duplicity—here unmolested may I wait till the rude storm of sorrow is overblown, and my father's arms are again expanded to receive me."

"Such were the words of Amanda, as the chaise (which she had hired at a neighboring village on quitting the mail) turned down a little verdant lane, almost darkened by old trees, whose interwoven branches allowed her scarcely a glimpse of her nurse's cottage till she had reached the door."

Here we stand on the threshold of real romance—rustic innocence, humble roof, the rude storm of sorrow, verdant lanes and interwoven branches; and soon we are fairly started on the labyrinth of misapprehensions, jealousies, cross-purposes, plots, tears of sensibility, languors, swoonings, post-chaise abductions—the latter on the part of a certain profligate Belgrave—all of which Amanda, sustained solely on occasional sips of tea, is forced to endure uncounselled, unassisted. And yet, from the charms and graces of the lovely girl, we marvel the whole world does not rush to her aid.

"Her large blue eyes were half concealed by their long lashes, but the beams which stole from beneath those fringed curtains were full of sweetness and sensibility. Her fine hair, discomposed by the jolting of the carriage and the blowing of the wind, had partly escaped the braid on which it was turned under her hat, and hung in long ringlets of glossy brown upon her shoulders and careless curls about her face, giving a sweet simplicity to it, which heightened its beauty."

Almost shamefacedly, at this juncture, we pause to count over our own list of intimates. If beauty, innocence, piety such as Arabella's go unappreciated through a callous generation, may not the cultivation of friendship presuppose, on our part, some bread-and-butter commonplaceness of nature?—some damning lack of distinction? How, one questions, in deep perplexity, do these creatures of more than mortal loveliness escape the lot of average humanity in the gathering to themselves of congenial spirits?

Amanda's one essay in companionship with a certain Lady Greystock proving disastrous, she is brought to the lowest straits.

"Her painting and embroidery still went on. She had executed some elegant pictures in both, which, if obliged to dispose of, she was sure would bring a good price; yet, whenever compelled by reflection to this idea, a tear of tender melancholy would fall upon her lovely cheek—a tear which was ever hastily wiped away, while she endeavored to fortify her mind with pious resignation to whatever should be her future fate."

It is to the adventuress of the story that the only heretical observations on conduct are attributed.

"I always, my dear," says that arch fiend, Lady Greystock, "make use of the friendship professed for me, and thus endeavor to render the great road of life delightful!"

When have sentiments of a like nature ever sullied the lips of our Amanda! We are at once prepared for any perfidy on the part of Lady Greystock, and are not surprised to learn, in the general summing up of events, that, despite all her friends, she dies of a lingering illness, brought on by "vexation, disappointment, and grief." Our heroine, however, we leave shedding tears of "sweet sensibility," as Lord Cherbury folds to his bosom "his own Amanda."

And now, to take an example from a very different school, how discreetly careful is Jane Austen, in her incomparable vignettes of English life, never to let the high lights fall on characters that should be kept subordinate. Even her most charming and original heroine, Elizabeth, in "Pride and Prejudice," must content herself, in the way of an intimate, with the dull respectability of a Charlotte Lucas. Yet it is well she did, for who but a Charlotte Lucas would have married a Mr. Collins, and had Elizabeth not visited the Collins's she might never again have met the superb Darcy and received from him that patronizing and memorable offer of heart and hand.

In Dickens's time the friend is already an established fact to be reckoned with, but even here is he by no means permitted to push his claims to the detriment of the true romantic interest of the plot. When the delightful Nicklebys come up to London, they leave apparently not one tie behind them, and Nicholas—for hero as well as heroine is subject to this same devastating blight—Nicholas, all fire, devotion, chivalry, talent as he is, has, after his flight from Dotheboys Hall, not one fidus Achates in England to apply to by letter or word of mouth, but poor, unfortunate Newman Noggs.

"I have not so many friends," says Nicholas to Noggs, "that I shall grow confused among

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the number and forget my best ones." It is true, this same social leper then proceeds to endear himself right and left to every one who crosses his path, and we might ask of so alluring a youth what he had been about all these years not to have laid up a few well-wishers against a rainy day. When, however, we meet the Cheeryble brothers and their lovely ward, Madelaine Bray, we are aware how wise Nicholas had been in holding his best affections in reserve for the prize fate had been keeping up her sleeve for him.

In the present day and generation, it is solely in the pages of some obscure novelist of newsstand fame, some writer uncontaminated by the craze for realism, that one finds the friend relegated to his proper obscurity. In "Snatched from the Poison Cup," the exquisite, golden-haired Gladys Montravers, who has up to her sixteenth year led the ordinary life of a New York girl of means, "never had a friend." This is stated quite simply, and no explanation offered. To the student of romantic fiction none is needed. It is entirely obvious, that if she had even had one or two calling acquaintances she would never have resorted to the extreme measures so graphically narrated in chapter forty-three. The step-mother—a baleful vampire—tries to poison Gladys, and the poor girl flies in the dead of night to a castellated mansion on the Hudson, to throw herself on the protection of its master. She had seen this gentleman but once, and that quite cursorily as he tore past her window on his foaming roan. Nevertheless, it all ends comfortably and with decorum; there is a wedding dress of ivory satin, and a frosted cake, and Gladys none the worse for "never having known a friend."

Do not let me be misunderstood. I do not pretend to deny to fidus Achates his legitimate place in fiction, and admit that a judicious and discriminating introduction of him may be countenanced. How innocuous a figure, for instance, is "the confidant" of the old drama. It is only among the realistic novelists of to-day that the alter ego with his common-sense advice, his zeal in hunting up work, his hospitality and ever-ready check-book, has grown a stubborn and intractable menace, irretrievably blocking the pathway of romance. For, despite the solitary struggles of the old-time hero and heroine, how brilliant, after all, are the prospects that on the last page of their adventures invariably open out before them. Dare our modern pair of lovers ever hope to realize such bliss?

Furthermore, to transfer the theme to the pages of our own life histories, is there any chance that we, behind our bulwark of devotion, may attain a like dramatic picturesqueness of calamity or triumph?

No, we are forced to admit, not for us the rose-embowered cot, the clotted cream, the honey from the hive, the flattering, if too pressing, attentions of a Belgrave; the shimmer of a coronet upon our ringlets. Above all, let us keep hidden away in the secret recesses of our hearts, the furtive, the guilty, the ungrateful suggestion whether, but for the cherished incubus of friends, we ourselves might not have figured as heroines of romance.

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THE FIELD OF ART

DECORATIONS IN THE HUDSON COUNTY COURT-HOUSE BY FRANK D. MILLET

FOR the corridors on the third floor of the new Hudson County Court-House, on the heights overlooking Jersey City, Mr. Millet, having charge of the interior decorations, elected to paint, himself, two large historic lunettes on two of the walls, and commissioned Mr. Charles Y. Turner to paint the other two. These corridors, on the upper floors, surround the great central opening under the dome. Practically on the same level as these wall paintings, but directly under the dome, are Mr. Blashfield's four great figures of Fame in the pendentives of the arches, somewhat larger in scale and in a completely different field of the decorative art—as, indeed, their position requires. Mr. Millet's and Mr. Turner's paintings, set on the flat spaces of the long, low walls, without direct daylight, and within the spectator's reach if he so chooses, required other inspiration and rendering. For the first of these the subjects selected were from the very early history of the commonwealth of New Jersey, the skirmish between Henry Hudson's crew and the natives in the bay, off Bergen Point, September 3, 1609, and the purchase from the Indians, in 1658, of Pavonia, the site of the present towns of Jersey City and Hoboken. Mr. Turner's two episodes are much later in date, the first representing Washington, with his staff, watching from the heights of Fort Lee the attack on Fort Washington on the Manhattan shore, November 16, 1776, and the second, the first passage of the steamer *Clermont* down the Hudson, August 17, 1807. All four paintings are semicircular in shape, about thirty-six by twenty feet, the corridors are about ten feet wide, and the bottoms of the paintings three feet from the floor. The diffused illumination from the great circular skylight in the top of the dome is sufficient on a clear day, and is increased by the numerous electric globes. Owing to the narrowness of the corridors, the pictures can be seen to the best advantage from the opposite side of the building, and they also look well from the mezzanine floor below, though the lower portion of each is then cut off by the white marble balustrade protecting the corridor.

Study for a figure in lunette.
Repulse of the Dutch group.

Under these circumstances the two painters selected somewhat different theories and practices—Mr. Millet, to seek the requisite distinction of tone and color by a tapestry effect, and Mr. Turner, by a greater brilliancy and forcefulness which would hold its own in the absence of strong lighting and at the same time be not unmindful of the white marble walls and columns. Both of them gave their canvases a sufficient degree of finish and detail to please the too proximate spectator. All the architecture around them is of white marble with the exception of the walls of the mezzanine floor below them, which can be seen from this floor, and the interior of the dome above. The former are finished in rather brilliant, flat tones of buff and orange (on which are hung portraits in bronze frames of distinguished New Jersey jurists); and the curve of

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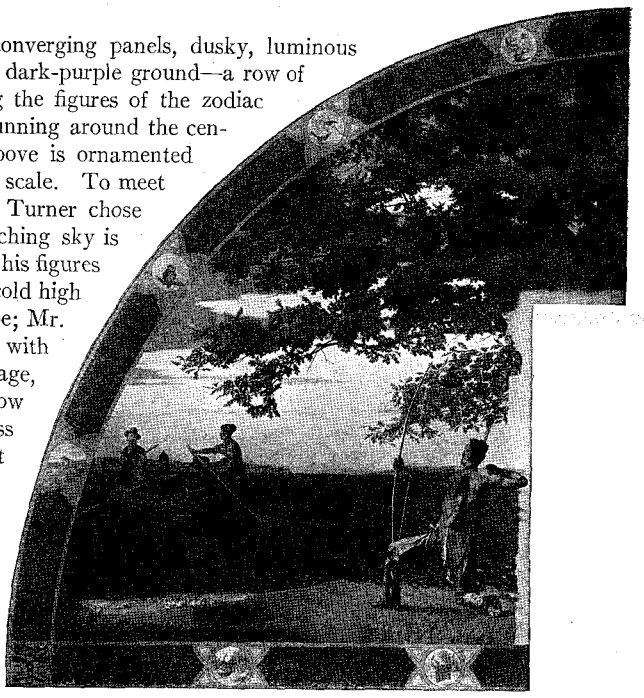
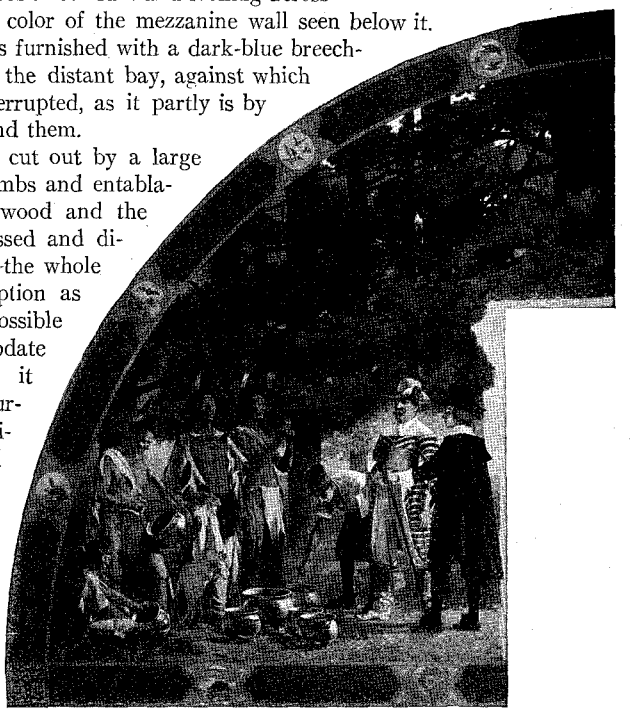
the dome presents long, upright, converging panels, dusky, luminous figures, arabesques and border on a dark-purple ground—a row of circular and oblong panels carrying the figures of the zodiac in white on a grayish-red ground running around the centre. The circular glass skylight above is ornamented with a delicate pattern on a smaller scale. To meet this white marble environment Mr. Turner chose sunny summer weather—his overarching sky is pale blue with rosy white clouds and his figures strongly relieved—warm tones with cold high lights—against this cheerful landscape; Mr. Millet filled the tops of his arches with monumental masses of sombre foliage, pines and oaks, and his figures below in lighter and warmer tones but less positively defined. His sky, where it is seen, is a deep and luminous blue, the clouds alone—very white—seeming to consider the white marble; the waters of New York Bay, seen in the background in both cases, also deep blue in color. The warm light reddish-brown of the Indians' naked bodies and their gray leather leggings harmonize in the color scheme; the reds are confined to occasional accents and high notes, the most brilliant being in the broad scarf of the patroon in the land-purchase scene. Standing in the opposite corridor and looking across at it this brilliant spot carries up the color of the mezzanine wall seen below it. In this same scene the central chief is furnished with a dark-blue breech-clout that the long, dark-blue line of the distant bay, against which they are seen, be not too much interrupted, as it partly is by their figures and the tree stems behind them.



Repulse of the Dutch,
Lunette by Frank

In all four paintings the centre is cut out by a large doorway with heavy white marble jambs and entablature, the doors themselves of dark wood and the large transom lights above them crossed and divided up by very positive mullions—the whole constituting as disturbing an interruption as could well be desired. As it is impossible for the pictured scene to accommodate itself to this unmannerly intrusion it wisely ignores it. Both artists have surrounded their paintings with appropriate borders—Mr. Turner's light and graceful, the title modestly appearing at the bottom on each side of the doorway; Mr. Millet's border, wider and heavier, carries intertwining wreaths of autumn leaves on a grayish-blue ground interrupted by circular medallions on which are painted in neutral tones representative species of the fauna of the locality. In the centre of each of his arches at the top a light-blue tablet with the



Paying for the Land,
Lunette by Frank

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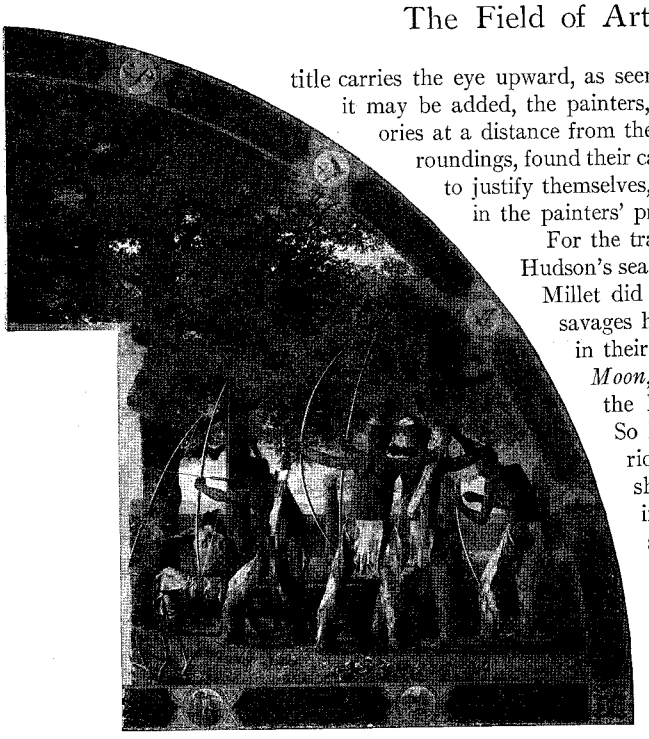

September 13, 1609.
D. Millet.

title carries the eye upward, as seems to be required. In both cases, it may be added, the painters, working out their respective theories at a distance from the building and in totally alien surroundings, found their canvases when mounted on the walls to justify themselves, very much as they had been seen in the painters' prophetic mental visions.

For the tragedy of the death of one of Henry Hudson's seamen, slain by an Indian arrow, Mr. Millet did not consider it probable that the savages had pushed out into the open bay in their canoes and surrounded the *Half Moon*, but rather that they had resented the landing of the invading strangers. So he represents a group of their warriors, five or six in number, under the shade of some spreading oaks, bending their bows against a boat-load of sailors pulling away from the shore, but without undue haste, though an arrow is already sticking in the stern of their boat. One of them, standing erect in the bow, with a musket, makes no effort to return the fire. The Indians are nude to the waist, like those on the opposite wall; the necessary touches of scarlet are introduced by a red vine creeping up one of the tree trunks and the trimming of the quiver of the stooping archer at the left of the group. The red cap of the steersman in the boat also makes a ruddy spot of reflection in the water. The death of this unfortunate seaman, John Coleman, by an arrow in the throat, is recorded by some of the New Jersey historians as the first homicide in the long and bloody intercourse between the Europeans and the natives.

January 30, 1658.
D. Millet.

This painting occupies the north wall; facing it on the south wall is the peaceable scene of the purchase of the site of these two adjoining towns from the red men in 1658 for a certain number of fathoms of wampum, of cloth, of brass kettles, blankets, and a half-barrel of strong beer. The exact locality of this transaction is said to be at the corner of Grand and Washington Streets, Jersey City. In the painting the land seen dimly across the bay—tree tops, occasional houses and windmills, and a square-rigged vessel at anchor—is the lower end of Manhattan Island. At the left of the central doorway appears the principal group: the patroon, richly dressed, with his clerk in black, stands facing a group of four savages, the three men of which are naked to the waist, with black and white feathers stuck upright in their partly shaven heads. The chief in the centre, impassive and very upright, seems to regard the white man's commodities with disapproval; one of the others, equally

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upright, is making a calculation on his fingers; a third has picked up one of the kettles and is examining it; the woman, seated on the ground on a little couch of pine leaves, is also inspecting a pot, probably with a more practical interest. The costume of the Dutch merchant offers the richest color of the whole composition: his jerkin and breeches are striped blue and yellow, round his waist is a broad scarlet scarf, the front of his breeches is protected by a sort of riding overalls in yellow leather, his high boots—gray in color—have falling tops lined with scarlet leather, his gray felt hat has a blue cockade, and round his neck is a broad white linen collar. On the right of the central doorway two men bring up the half-barrel of strong beer from their boat, beached behind them. To the pictorial narration of these two not very important historical incidents is given a most unusual dignity—a sort of pomp—by the towering masses of very dark foliage and the long stretch of "the wine-dark sea" beyond.

In other fields of art, differing widely from these great mural paintings, there is one in which Mr. Millet—among his numerous avocations—has peculiarly excelled; the rendering by very skilful but unassertive technique of mellow, restful, picturesque, human situations—incidents and conditions in which there is a touch of humor, possibly of quaintness, cheerful, subtle, suggestive. The heroic and the passionate are far away—the theme may be nearly commonplace, but the rendering must be with that selection and rejecting and refining which makes art; there may be a little pathos, or sentiment, mingled with the humor, but the work must be mellow and the workman must have excellent instincts. These qualifications, naturally, greatly restrict the production; but it is difficult to put in words the impalpable charm of these works for the truly appreciative. In several of his easel paintings, as in the "Between Two Fires," purchased from the Royal Academy of 1892 by the Chantrey Fund, in the admirable "Piping Times of Peace," in that most cheerful and ingenious satire on a certain period of United States history, called (first title, changed afterward) "The Expansionist," Mr. Millet has done this very thing excellently. If a little speculation be permissible, the question may be raised if certain types and things are not unadaptable, in both the intimate and the grandiose, as the red North American Indian. The big-breeched Hollander of our early colonial days is good material for both the painter and the historian, but the aborigine—through his inevitable limitations—can probably remain outside the real temple of art, as do other savages and the beasts of the field—horses excepted.

The human temperament not being amenable to rules, we are, of course, not entitled to much surprise at discovering mellow and restful pictures in the baggage of a painter who has exhibited so very many other qualities in the course of a long and singularly active and varied career—war correspondent, commissioner-general, manager, vice-president, director, secretary, special newspaper artist, medallist, juryman, and painter both by land and by sea of many and diverse moods. In other large historical mural decorations, not unlike these New Jersey lunettes in theme—as in the series of long panels for the Cleveland Trust Company Building typifying the pioneer movement in the great West—he has presented simply and directly, in very ingenious compositions, a picturesque synthesis of the representative incidents; for the Post Office Department of the Cleveland Federal Building he was commissioned by the Treasury Department to paint a frieze, in some thirty-four panels, representing the various methods of carrying and delivering the mail throughout the world "from the reindeer, or dog, sledge to the turbine liner"; in the vast ceiling of the call-room of the Baltimore Custom-House he has rendered, in a long space, a great line of sailing vessels, covered with canvas, stretched out over a long, rolling sea and advancing through the morning mists—a most stately presentation of Navigation.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE *CLERMONT*.

—"Early Steamboat Days," page 297.

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